

Jubilee Number.
Completion of Fiftieth Year of "The Leisure Hour."

The Leisure Hour

January 1902



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*Other portraits will be found
on pp. 244—257.*



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Fifty Years of *The Leisure Hour*

1852

THE first number of *The Leisure Hour* is dated January 1, 1852. It was commenced as a weekly penny magazine of sixteen pages, bearing the sub-title, "A Family Journal of Instruction and Recreation."

In an introductory article the following statement is made of the aims and hopes of the promoters :

" We dedicate our pen to the thoughtful of every class. We aspire to catch the attention of peer and peasant, of master and man . . . In the prosecution of our task we shall endeavour to lay under tribute the various departments of literature, science, and art . . . Learning wisdom from the past, we shall turn with sober, yet eager zest, to the many-coloured page of the present.

" We have our own opinions respecting the future that awaits us . . . We have no notion of London being some day a heap of ruins, and furnishing matter of pleasant speculation to some tourist from the banks of the Missouri . . . Our greatness is not built on conquest. The basement of our grandeur does not rest on the shoulders of prostrate nations. Whatever elements exist (and there are many) for drawing a dark picture of our country, it may safely be affirmed that the bulk of the people were never better educated or had more religious advantages—that they were never as a body freer from the dominion of gross vices, or animated by feelings of healthier patriotism. All this and much more is at hand to kindle within us cheering hopes. May He who ruleth among the nations guard them from disappointment; may every pious and patriotic hand help on the work of healthy progress, and may the papers which we propose henceforth to place weekly in the hand of the reader be instrumental in hastening on the true jubilee of the people!"

As we look over the first volume, one of the first things which strikes us is the fewness of the illustrations. There is usually only one woodcut on the first page of each number. Most of the woodcuts are by Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Gilbert, who for many years continued to be the principal artist of *The Leisure Hour*. Occasionally two or three small illustrations accompany an article on natural history or science. In contrast with later times, it may be interesting to note that Gilbert at the height of his fame never charged more than five guineas a drawing; but he drew so rapidly that he would often design and complete an illustration while a messenger waited. It was customary to allow a week or a fortnight for the engraving. At a later period the wood blocks were of several pieces, which were detached and given to several hands.

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Fiction, too, occupies a smaller proportion of the space than is usual in our popular magazines of to-day. The long serial story is unknown, a story running into four weekly numbers being the longest. It should be noted that the *Penny Magazine*, which preceded, had no fiction whatever.

The poetry consists chiefly of selections from standard authors, such as Wordsworth, Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, Milner, Southey, Montgomery, Young, Kirke White, Heber, Moir, Mrs. Sigourney. It is usually grouped under headings—"Poetry of the Hours"; "Poetry of Home"; "Poetry of the Sea," etc.

Travel and discovery occupy in the early numbers, as they have done all through the later history of *The Leisure Hour*, a prominent place. Sir John Franklin's Arctic Expedition, then exciting so much interest, is the subject of three papers by "J. K." afterwards Dr. John Kennedy, who revised proofs of his reminiscences for this magazine as recently as 1900. There are many valuable papers on Australia, the then recently-discovered gold-diggings, and the prospects of the emigrant to that favoured land.

Many incidental touches show us the difference between then and now. In a paper on "The Submarine Electrical Telegraph" (September 1852) we read :

" M. Dupont proposes a work far more stupendous. It is to span the Atlantic. He would suspend a cable by buoys placed at certain determinate distances apart . . . The very thought is startling of a message from the city of London traversing the breadth of England, Ireland, and the great Atlantic Ocean, and being delivered in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, with electrical speed; yet, who that looks on what has been already and so recently accomplished, will venture to affirm that even this wonder shall not become familiar to another generation?"

In an account of a visit to Ramsgate (August 1852) it is stated :

" It is pleasant to remark that the authorities of Ramsgate, in some degree at least, disown the violation of the Sabbath. Carriages for hire are not allowed to ply in the town or upon the beach on Sunday, and there is at present no Sunday boat from London."

" Tips" to waiters and servants seem to have been then, as now, a source of discomfort to many. In a paper on "The 'What-You-Please' System," the writer says that it prevails ten times more in Britain

o

Fifty Years of *The Leisure Hour*

than in any other part of the world. He tells the following amusing incident:

"It is related of a foreign nobleman of eccentric manners, resident in England during the age of 'vails' [payment to servants after dinner], that after having given a banquet to his friends, seeing them about to tender the usual perquisites to his servants, he gravely held out his hand, saying, 'Give me de money!—I did give de dinner—I did pay de wines!'"

THE EDITORS

The first editor was Mr. W. Haig Miller, author of *The Mirage of Life*, and other well-known works. Mr. Miller was a banker, but arranged to give some hours daily to his literary work. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said of his book, *The Great Rest-Giver*:

"We sorrow that the pen of our dear friend, Mr. Haig Miller, will no more write for his Lord upon pages scanned by mortal eye. Ah, he could write! He had been a mighty reader, and a great taker of notes, and so his writing was like a fountain which flowed from an inexhaustible fulness within. We never enjoyed any kind of reading more than that which he produced; he was a master of the art of simple, touching, illustrative book-talking. We would have all men read this, his last book, if they desire peace of mind and joy of heart."

After a few years' editorship, he was succeeded by James Macaulay, M.D., who continued in the editorial chair for more than thirty years. Dr. Macaulay left the mark of his personality upon *The Leisure Hour*, giving it range and distinctive character. He attracted to its pages many eminent writers, and his own contributions, scattered through its volumes, were always readable, instructive, and vivacious.

He was succeeded by Mr. William Stevens, who had been for many years his colleague, and for a considerable part of that time acting editor. Mr. Stevens' work as editor was marked by a high literary standard and by rare self-effacement. On his retirement from the editorship in 1900, he was entertained at luncheon by his numerous friends and contributors, Mr. F. Carruthers Gould presiding.

Among the contributors to the first volume were the Rev. (afterwards Dr.) John Stoughton, who wrote for it chiefly historical papers on old London, and who died in 1897 in his 90th year; John Kennedy, already mentioned; Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dunckley, so well known as an editor; George Mogridge, better known as "Old Humphrey"; and Mr. Charles Manby Smith, who wrote descriptive papers on Ramsgate, Dover, Hastings, Brighton,

Paris. Most of the fiction was contributed by Mr. G. E. Sargent.

1853

The same variety of reading characterises the second volume. A notable feature is the series of eleven papers on "Birmingham and Her Manufacturers," and one of four papers on "The Staffordshire Potteries." This attention to the manufacturing, industrial, and commercial interests has characterised *The Leisure Hour* all through its history.

Travel and discovery are signalised by papers on Layard's explorations at Nineveh, on Pompeii, and on Mont Blanc, Australia, Tasmania. Another article commemorates Commander McClure's famous voyage, by which, in April 1853, after three centuries of effort, the circumnavigation of North America was proved possible by the North-West Passage.

That there is nothing new under the sun is a reflection often suggested by the perusal of old books and papers. This volume shows us how even some of our advanced methods of railway travel were anticipated. A ride on the "Blackwall Extension Railway" is described, and the writer says that

"The fare from any one station on the whole line to any other, be the distance either a single mile or the whole ten, is a uniform rate of four-pence. . . . Having paid your money at the foot of the stairs, you surrendered your ticket as soon as you got it, and mounted to the platform."

Here we find one of the "novel" methods of the Twopenny Tube, which was already in use on the Elevated Railroad of New York, practised in London nearly fifty years ago.

The "Interview" is sometimes believed to be a mischievous innovation of modern journalism. Yet in this volume of *The Leisure Hour* for 1853, we find an account of "A Last Visit to Ebenezer Elliot," the Corn-Law Rhymer, which is quite in the style of a twentieth-century magazine interview.

1854

In this volume fiction begins to assume the longer serial form. The principal serial, "Frank Layton," an Australian story by G. E. Sargent, runs for six months.

Russia, as might be expected, bulks largely in this volume. Woolwich Arsenal is the subject of an article, and there are illustrated papers on "The Deadly Art of War."

Biographical papers are numerous this

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year—among the subjects being Charles James Fox, Benjamin Franklin, General Suwarrow, Richard Williams, the surgeon-missionary to Tierra del Fuego, Thomas Shillitoe, of the Society of Friends, Mrs. Opie of Norwich, the Spanish General Espartero, and Edgar Allan Poe.

1855

Echoes of the Crimean War still reverberate through these pages. An interesting article in January relates a visit to the Russian prisoners of war, 400 in number, at Lewes. They were evidently treated with great kindness, to their own surprise. They were allowed to produce toys and ornamental work, and, by the sale of these, to provide themselves with many comforts. "On first receiving an intimation that they were to be taken out for a walk, they wept and wrung their hands, supposing they were to be led to execution; so little did they understand the dispositions of Englishmen." . . . "Even the boys who, on the 5th of November, hold a sort of English carnival in the usually quiet streets of Lewes, out of respect to their captive guests, abstained from burning, among the effigies of other objects of their dislike, that of the Emperor of Russia."

One of Gilbert's illustrations, which we reproduce, shows the mode of dress in 1855.

1856

In this year Mr. C. Manby Smith contributed a series on "The Sketcher in London," and there are papers on "The Reporter in the British Senate."

1857

This volume contains a series of delightful papers on "The Months in London" by

C. Manby Smith; Sargent's serial story of a City Arab, "Roland Leigh," with illustrations by John Gilbert; and several papers on Manchester, and "The Overland Route to India." One of the most readable papers is one on "London a Hundred Years Hence." The writer sees in his dream changes round St. Paul's Cathedral.

"Ludgate Hill had moved a hundred paces at least to the westward, and Cheapside had gone fifty yards to the east; northward, the Row and Newgate Market, and all that screen of houses between the Cathédral and Newgate Street had vanished altogether; and southward, over a clear open space, a grand flight of milk-white marble steps led down to the very marge of the Thames."

He goes on to add that "some common-

sense person had discovered, about the year 1900, that the production of smoke, for which London had so long been famed, was not only a nuisance most destructive in its effects, but a mighty unprofitable business to the producer." So smoke was abolished by law, and with it the fog disappeared from London! This, unhappily, is still unfulfilled prophecy, like the transformation of gin-shops into reading-rooms. But a perusal of the article will show how many

of that dreamer's

ON THE WAY TO A PICNIC
(*Leisure Hour*, 1855)



Drawn by Sir John Gilbert

dreams of forty-four years ago have already come true. He saw light carriages running in tramways next the footway, "drawn by some application of electric power, and stopping at short intervals."

1858

The volume for 1858 is full of memories of the Indian Mutiny. There are many interesting papers, historical and descriptive, on India, and the serial story by G. E. Sargent is entitled "An Indian Nabob." The laying of the Atlantic Cable is also commemorated in a series of papers.

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1859

We reproduce some of the illustrations from this volume. One of the Zoo shows the type of dress prevailing at that time, and the other celebrates an event of public interest, the establishment of the first drinking fountains in London in this year. Dr. Scoffern contributes a series of papers on "South Kensington Museum."

1860

American life is described in a series of papers in this volume, which also contains a large number of "Indian Sketches," articles on Life Insurance, and descriptive papers on "The Black Country."

1861

The war in Italy, ending in the retirement of the French fleet from Gaeta, the surrender of that fortress in February 1861, and the subsequent meeting in the same month of the first Italian Parliament, gives special interest to a paper on "Garibaldi at Caprera," the illustration of which we reproduce, and also to one on Count Cavour. The commencement of the Civil War in America in April of the same year is commemorated by a paper on "Washington under a War Aspect."

1862

A new and enlarged series was this year launched. Great changes were taking place in popular literature. The new series opened with a story by Mrs. Henry Wood, who was



Drawn by McConnell

THE ZOO IN 1859

(*Leisure Hour*, 1859)

then at the beginning of her fame; she had won her prize for *Danesbury House*, and it was while she was writing this story that *East Lynne* appeared, and was pronounced by *The Times* the novel of the year, with the result, as she told the editor of this magazine at the time, that a publisher offered her an open cheque for her next book. The new tale, "A Life's Secret," touched on the disputed question of strikes, and called forth a protest from the Trades Unions against some of its characters. *The Leisure Hour*, however, which its earliest projectors had thought of naming "The Friend of the People," has remained throughout its course true to this first desire; one of its most constant aims being to aid in all that ministers to social progress.

Its papers from this period forward took a still wider range; "information for the people," in the then undeveloped state of education, and when the daily newspaper with its sixpenny circulation was the privilege of the wealthier classes, was a popular demand, and *The Leisure Hour*, while blending many elements, did its best to meet this need among others. As one consequence, its writers came from all quarters, and sometimes from strange out-of-the-way places; whoever had anything to tell, had as a rule his hearing. There was then as now a crowd of miscellaneous writers pressing for a place. For many years the annual average of manuscripts reaching the office was about two thousand. They came from many classes. Every event that touched the national heart brought out its score of would-be laureates.



THE FIRST PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN

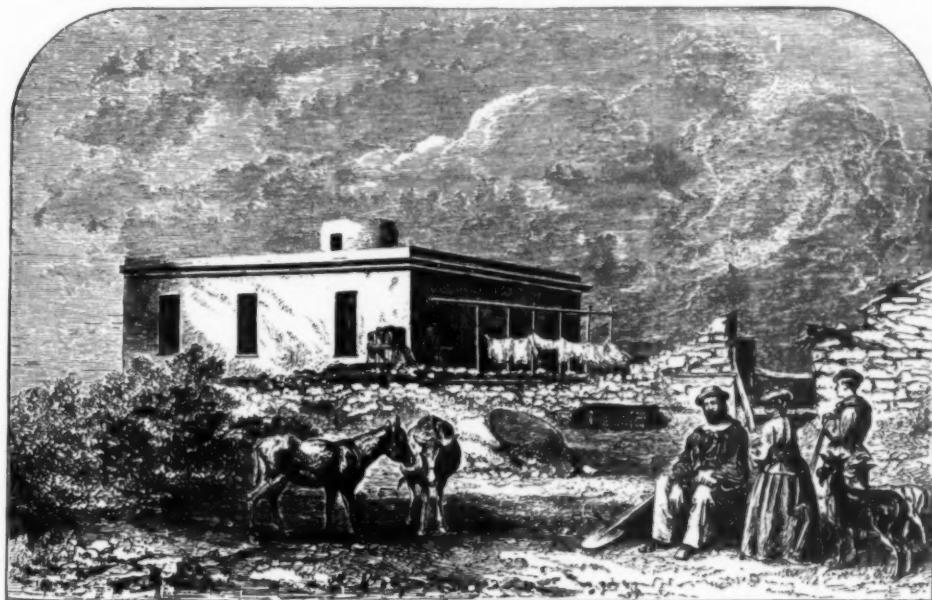
(*Leisure Hour*, 1859)

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Some of these literary aspirants were virtually beggars, others mere adventurers. The globe-trotter was not then born; the universal tourist, now so prolific a scribe, was still on the horizon; and the runaway lad who had seen the world, or some botanical enthusiast, or hunter of wild animals, had the chance—or thought he had—of telling what he had seen. Sometimes a lady's-maid, relic of the grand touring days, would essay to instruct stay-at-home people. Beside this medley of manuscript, on the same desk fell papers from quiet cultured homes, from the rooms

with *The Leisure Hour*. It appeared to be wherever one was found. It was heard of from the Mediterranean ports, from Egypt, from India, from the Australian bush, from the sun-scorched African farm.

From this volume we reproduce two woodcuts, illustrative of the holiday aspect of our people forty years ago—one a scene at the Crystal Palace Station and the other at Broadstairs. "Otago: or a Rush to the Gold Fields of New Zealand," is the title of several interesting papers of personal experiences by one who went from Melbourne to Otago in 1861.



GARIBALDI AT CAPRERA

(*Leisure Hour*, 1861)

of briefless barristers, from the tables of lone students, from the laboratories of science, or the libraries of scholars. The system of shutting out all but known contributors is fatal to freshness. Many a fact of value is shaped from chaos. Many whose names are familiar to-day have come by these ways, out of such depths, to distinguished place and influence. As with the Quarters and the newspapers, anonymity was for a long period the prevailing rule with magazines.

If manuscripts came from all countries, it was because readers were found there. As botanists used to tell us that certain plants followed an Englishman, so it seemed

This volume is chiefly notable in the history of *The Leisure Hour* for the first appearance of coloured frontispiece plates. There are no less than twelve of them in the volume. It was at this period that the magazine attained its largest circulation.

1863

The most important series of papers this year are, "Four Years in the Prisons of Rome" by one who had been a judge in Venice, "African Exploration," and an able paper on "The War in New Zealand." *The Leisure Hour* was certainly not afraid

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON A FÊTE DAY
(*Leisure Hour*, 1862)

Drawn by McConnell



BROADSTAIRS
(*Leisure Hour*, 1862)

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to make outspoken criticism, for in the last-named article on the Maori War the writer says :

"In prosecuting this war of extermination a heavy responsibility falls upon the imperial as well as the local Government. It has been through the shortcomings of incompetent and selfish officials that it has chiefly reached its present gigantic proportions. . . . All now is a tangled wilderness, and the blood of thousands has reddened the homes of natives and of settlers, which might have been prevented by timely conciliations and a just regard for the rights of the Maori population."

the same volume Edwin Dunkin contributed papers on "Total Eclipses of the Sun."

1866

In this volume Mr. Edward Whymper describes his ascent of the Aiguille Verte, and there is a colour plate of that famous mountain-peak. "Stock Exchange Notes" is the title of a series of interesting papers, appropriate to that time of great panics.



"ITALY THINKS THAT IT IS NOW TIME FOR VICTOR EMANUEL TO TAKE THE HELM"

(From an Italian caricature of the time. Napoleon III has the helm in his hand, but imploring Italia beseeches him to give it up to Victor Emanuel. The Pope is disappearing over the bow.)

(*Leisure Hour*, 1864)

1865

From this volume we reproduce a portrait of Arminius Vambéry, the celebrated traveller, in his dervish dress (see also p. 254 of the present number). We also give a reproduction in black and white of a picture by the Princess Royal of England (then Crown Princess of Prussia, and afterwards Empress Frederick of Germany), which appears in colours in the volume for 1865, entitled "The Battlefield." This picture was painted by Her Royal Highness in 1855 in aid of the fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers who fell in the Crimea. To

1867

Mr. Howard Hopley's nineteen papers entitled "On the Nile"—showing what a trip on that historic river was like before Cook's tourists went there—are a special feature of this volume, which also contains papers on "Familiar Natural History of India" and "Periodical Peeps at Female Costume in England," with illustrations.

1868

The Abyssinian War of 1867-8 is recalled by papers written by one of the captives at Magdala, entitled "Life on Amba Mag-

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PRINCESS VICTORIA'S PICTURE : THE BATTLEFIELD
(*Leisure Hour*, 1865)

dala, the State Prison of Abyssinia." "Peeps through Loopholes, at Men, Manners, and Customs" is the title of a series of papers by Cuthbert Bede (Rev. Edward Bradley), author of the then most popular *Verdant Green*.

1869

Notable papers in this volume are a series on "Government Offices," by Mr. Rowsell, of the Admiralty, who afterwards attained to high position in Egypt; "Two Months in Palestine"; and "Country Strolls," a series of meditations by the author of *The Harvest of a Quiet Eye*.

1870

We reproduce a picture from this volume representing the "London Scottish" in camp at Wimbledon. This volume contains Mr. J. K. Lord's papers on "The Peninsula of Sinai" (an account of an exploring expedition, of which he had command, sent out by the Khedive of Egypt, see p. 250 of the present number), and Frances Browne's serial story, "The House of de Valdez."

1871

This year's volume is chiefly remarkable for a curious episode in connection with the personal and literary life of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards Earl of Beaconsfield.

Writing in the number of October 14 in that year, Mr. John Timbs in a chapter of his autobiography said :

"In the autumn of that same year (1830) I completed a *Handbook on Wines*, for Marsh and Miller, publishers, Oxford Street. In visits to their shop I inquired, 'Who is that gentleman, with a profusion of hair, and whom I often see



PROFESSOR VAMBÉRY, IN HIS DRESS AS A DERVISH
(*Leisure Hour*, 1865)

Fifty Years of *The Leisure Hour*



THE AMENITIES OF A WET DAY

(*Leisure Hour*, 1870)



THE READING OF THE PERIOD

(*Leisure Hour*, 1870)



THE CAMP AT WIMBLEDON

(*Leisure Hour*, 1870)

Fifty Years of *The Leisure Hour*

here?' 'That is young Disraeli,' was the publisher's reply; 'and he will be glad to execute any literary work for a guinea or two.' He had recently published a *Key to Almack's*, and a piece of more piquant satire entitled *A Geographical and Historical Account of the Great World*; to which is added *A Voyage to its Several Islands with a Vocabulary of the Language, and a Map*; and shortly after there was announced for publication a periodical to be called the *Star Chamber*, to be edited by Mr. B. Disraeli, who was then in his twenty-fifth year."

This brought the following denial from Mr. Disraeli, which appears on p. 816 of that volume, with the editor's regret that erroneous statements should have appeared in his pages:

" 6, Victoria Street,
"Westminster Abbey, S.W.,
"October 19, 1871.

"Sir,

"The attention of Mr. Disraeli has been called to an article headed 'Mr. Disraeli at Twenty-five,' which has been extensively copied into the London and country newspapers, and purports to be an extract from the autobiography of Mr. John Timbs, which appeared in the October number of *The Leisure Hour*.

"Mr. Disraeli has rarely thought fit to notice any of the gossip circulated about himself, however absurd or inaccurate it may be, but in the present instance it is difficult to imagine that so many misstatements could have been comprised within the limits of a single paragraph.

"1. Mr. Disraeli never to his knowledge entered the shop of Messrs. Marsh and Miller, publishers, Oxford Street, if, indeed, there be such publishers.

"2. Mr. Disraeli never in his life required or received any remuneration for anything he wrote, except for books bearing his name.

"3. Mr. Disraeli never wrote a work called *A Key to Almack's* or *A Geographical and Historical Account of the Great World*, etc., nor ever heard of such works.

"4. Mr. Disraeli never was editor of the *Star Chamber* or any other newspaper, journal, review, or magazine, or anything else.

"5. At the very period, 1830, when the auto-biographer describes himself as often seeing Mr. Disraeli in Messrs. Marsh and Miller's shop, Mr. Disraeli was in Greece, and did not return from his travels, as I personally well remember, until just previous to the general election of 1831, when he returned to his father's residence in Buckinghamshire, to stand for the borough of High Wycombe.

"I am to request that you will insert this authoritative contradiction in the earliest unprinted number of *The Leisure Hour*, and I am sure that you will regret that statements so utterly erroneous should have first appeared in a publication of such high character.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"PHILIP ROSE.

"To the editor of *The Leisure Hour*."

The *Daily Telegraph* devoted a leading article to the subject, and the statements

and their denial were the theme of considerable comment.

In the same volume of *The Leisure Hour* appeared an important series of papers entitled "First Impressions of America and Its People," by Dr. James Macaulay.

1872

The most important papers this year are those on "A Midland Tour," describing Birmingham, its industries, social life, and notable men; Dudley, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Kidderminster, Warwick, Coventry, and other centres. Art is represented by a criticism on Doré by Mr. W. Stevens. Mr. John Timbs continues his personal recollections, in a series of papers on "Thirty Years of the Life of Queen Victoria."

1873

To this volume Dr. Macaulay contributed a series of papers on "Leisure Hours in Ireland." "Our Iron Roads" is the title of another interesting series, and there are some articles on "The Working Classes Abroad" containing much valuable information about the mode of life on the continent of Europe.

1874

General "Chinese" Gordon and the Taiping Rebellion form the basis of a serial story by Samuel Mossman, entitled "The Mandarin's Daughter." Mr. Mossman knew Gordon personally, and was eyewitness of part of his wonderful career in China. Professor Tyndall's famous Belfast address, at the meeting of the British Association in that city, is the subject of a poem by William Stevens, having the initials "W. S." so familiar to the readers of *The Leisure Hour* during more than thirty years. Addressing Science, the writer says:

"The whence thou searchest with thy backward gaze,
But whither go we through this mighty maze?"

And then he concludes thus:

"But One stands forth, by whom the worlds were made.

He treads our lowly sphere in mortal guise,
And bids our earth-bound hopes on wings arise,
Eternal wisdom in His word unfolds,
The key of knowledge in His hand He holds ;
He solves the mystery of human strife,
And crowns our striving with immortal life."

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1875

Dr. Rimbault contributes a series of papers on "By-paths of Musical History"; Sir Charles Reed some papers on "The London School Board"; C. Manby Smith a history of "Caricature and Caricaturists," with reproductions of caricatures by Hogarth, Gillray, Cruikshank, John Doyle ("H. B."), Leech, and Tenniel.

1876

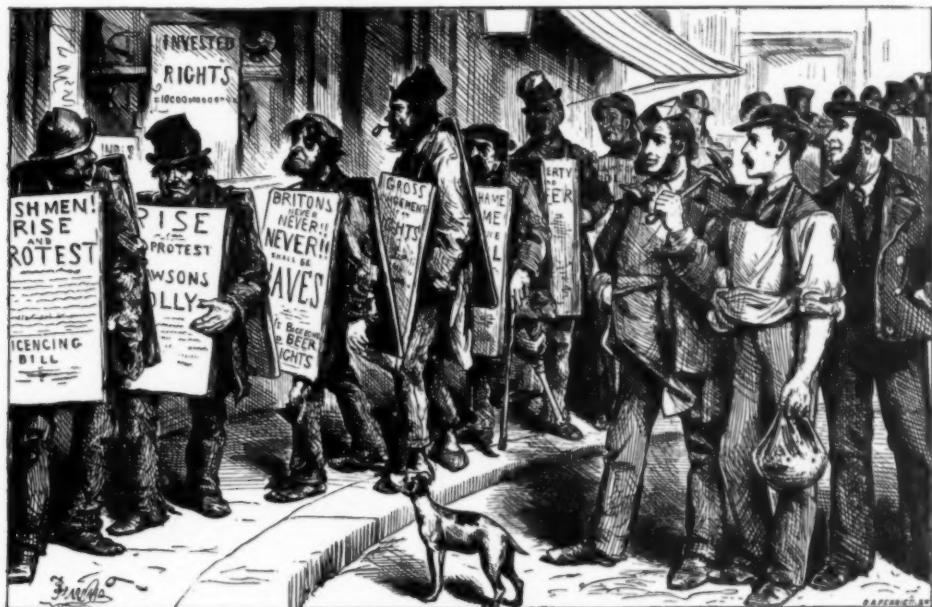
Notable papers in this volume are "The Old Lotteries" and "The Royal Academy,"

author of *The Early Religion of Israel*, etc. There are also two valuable articles on "Spiritualism," by a vigorous and well-informed writer. The article ends thus:

"Spiritualism has had an eventful life of thirty years and is well-nigh exhausted. It is a system of imposture for which no words of condemnation can be too strong, and the belief in which we must hold with Professor Tyndall, to be 'degrading.'"

1878

Notable articles this year are those by Mr. C. E. Pascoe on "Great Public Schools



APPEAL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC
(*Leisure Hour*, 1872)

both by C. M. Smith. The latter is accompanied by a page illustration from a picture dated 1787, of the Exhibition of the Academy in that year at Somerset House. The then Prince of Wales is in the foreground, and other figures in the picture are those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

1877

"The Koran and the Bible" is the subject of a series of articles by the Rev. James Robertson, then of Beyrouth, and since that year Professor of Hebrew and Semitic Languages in the University of Glasgow,

of England"; "The Days of the Week and their Folk Lore" by the Rev. J. Thistleton Dyer, and "Travelling Experiences" by Thomas Cook, founder of the world-wide Cook's Excursion System. Mr. Cook informed the editor that the payment he received for his two papers was the first money he had ever made by his pen, and that it would go to the building of the Baptist chapel in Rome.

1879

From among many illustrations in this volume we reproduce the woodcut "Too Late." An interesting series of papers is

Fifty Years of *The Leisure Hour*

entitled "Utopian Experiments and Social Pioneerings" by the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A.

1880

This volume contains some beautiful frontispieces and other plates. Jules Verne contributes a serial story, "The Troubles of a Chinaman," and Mrs. S. C. Hall writes on "Growing Old Gracefully."

1881

Important changes now took place. The weekly issue was abandoned, and the monthly form, pure and simple, adopted. It had been the custom with many magazines to publish every week, and to issue also the weekly numbers as collected in a monthly part. With the coming of the cheap daily newspaper, and the new impulses given by the Board Schools, and also from other causes, the preferences of the public changed. It was the general experience that the demand for the weekly number fell off, while the monthly sale increased. Some years later things changed again, and weekly issues held once more the field. Meanwhile *The Leisure Hour* was no exception; while the monthly Part held its way, the weekly sales dwindled to a few thousands. By adopting the monthly form, other changes were made possible.

Of far more moment was the coming of *The Boy's Own Paper*. Entirely new and freshly manned, it was published from the office of *The Leisure Hour*. Not long afterwards appeared *The Girl's Own Paper*. Their coming altered many things. They broke directly upon the home circles of the older magazines; but any check *The Leisure Hour* received was many times compensated by the larger area of influence which the new magazines secured. They widened also the general field of work.

Any one who looks back over the "Fifty Years of *The Leisure Hour*" must include in his vision other magazines which had more or less of the same purpose. The beginning of *Chambers' Journal* is part of history; John Cassell is a name that cannot be forgotten; Charles Dickens wrought on other lines, but he had a large place in shaping magazine literature, and keeping it pure; and the high standard to which *Good Words* attained will be ever memorable. *Blackwood* still remains to remind us of the intellectual reach of the earlier magazines; and so also the *Cornhill*, the

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first year of which brought together some of the best writers of the Victorian age. We mention these together here as recalling more clearly how great was the change which followed in the larger place afterwards given to illustrations. This was in part, but only in part, due to the influence of the American magazines. More and more the engraving encroached upon the pages, till at last it became almost more important than the literature. To what perfection the engraving could be carried was perhaps best seen in Macmillan's *English Illustrated Magazine*. In this general aspiration after higher standards *The Leisure Hour* had part. It would be a deeply interesting chapter if we could add an account of all the magazines that appeared and vanished while *The Leisure Hour* held on its way.

The new series began with greater elasticity. This year music was introduced for the first time, Sullivan contributing a beautiful duet, "The Sisters," based on newly published words, for the use of which Tennyson gave special permission. "Memorable Scenes in the House of Commons" is the title of a series of twelve historical papers by Paxton Hood. Art is well represented by papers on J. M. W. Turner, Gainsborough, John Constable, George Morland, David Wilkie, and "Haunts of our Landscape Painters."

1882

Among the articles in this volume are "Jenner and his Successors," by the late Sir J. Risdon Bennett; papers on John Linnel and Millet; "The Historical MSS. Commission" (by Ernest G. Atkinson, of the Record Office). The page illustrations include a reproduction of Seymour Lucas's picture "The Armada in Sight." "A Month's Voyage," by W. Stevens, describes a trip to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Tangiers, and the south of Spain. The new developments of Electricity, then startling the world, were shown in a series of practical papers by Mr. Munro.

1883

This volume contains papers on "Hughenden and Lord Beaconsfield"; "Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden"; "Knowsley, the Home of the Stanleys"; "Hatfield, the Home of the Cecils"; and one on "Kililarney and Father Mathew in 1845" by a niece of Daniel O'Connell. A bird picture

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gives early illustration of F. C. Gould's humour, which is now the source of so much enjoyment to thousands.

1884

Professor Leone Levi contributes a series of papers on the "British People: Their Income and Expenditure, their Virtues and their Vices." Sir William Dawson supplies the "Rough Notes of a Naturalist's visit to the East." Dr. James Macaulay contributes a paper on "Popular Literature" which he read at the Church Congress at

great historical and present interest on "Municipalities." Mrs. Oliphant's story, "A Poor Gentleman," appears in serial form. Mrs. Bishop describes "A Pilgrimage to Sinai." Among the poems are "Some Studies from Life," by Dr. G. A. Chadwick, now Bishop of Derry.

1887

In this volume R. L. Stevenson's poem, "A Mile and a Bittock," appears. It is reproduced on p. 258 of the present number. There are descriptive and historical articles



TOO LATE!
(*Leisure Hour*, 1879)

Carlisle. We reproduce from this volume a page illustration, "A Button Off Again!"

1885

In this volume Professor Mandell Creighton commences his "Story of the English Shires" with an account of Northumberland; and among other descriptive papers are "Knole, the Home of the Sackvilles," "Althorp, the Home of the Spencers," and "Hardwick Hall, the Home of the Huntingdons."

1886

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson) contributes to this volume an article of

by Mr. John T. Beighton on "Richmond Park," and Mr. W. J. Gordon writes on "Training for the Navy," and "Life in the Navy."

1888

"The Queen's Homes" is the title of a series of papers, illustrated by original drawings, by Mr. C. E. Pascoe, who also contributes an article on "Downing Street." Miss C. A. Macirone writes on "The Philharmonic Society"; and gives her recollections of Mendelssohn as one of his pupils; and Mr. W. Stevens on William Barnes, the Dorset poet.

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1889

In this volume Mr. Myles B. Foster writes on Edward Grieg, the composer; Dr. Grenfell on "Life in Winter on the North Sea"; the Countess of Meath on "The Brabazon Pauper Employment Scheme"; Dr. Macaulay describes "A Supper at Frank Buckland's"; Mr. W. J. Gordon writes on "The Feeding of London" after a comprehensive inquiry, the fortification and defence of London being then under debate, and arrives at the conclusion that a week's siege would exhaust its supplies. Mrs. Mayo portrays Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall as she knew them.

1890

"The Sovereigns of Europe" are described in a series of illustrated papers by Miss Helen Zimmern. Dr. Welldon, then head-master of Harrow School, writes on "Some Aspects of Popular Literature." "The Everyday Life of a Policeman" is described by Mr. W. J. Gordon. "The Montyon Prize: Its Heroes and Heroines" are pictured in a series of papers by L. G. Séguin.

1891

"Francis Cludde," by Stanley Weyman, was the leading tale. "Statesmen of Europe" are described, and Dr. Macaulay gives some personal recollections of "London Sixty Years Ago." A pleasant feature is the series "Under Discussion," which supplemented a previous series, "Voices from the Highways and Hedges," both by Mrs. Mayo, being an endeavour to bring home to the middle classes the principles of social reform then regarded as innovations.

1892

This volume contains many noteworthy articles. Among them are Mr. Massingham's series on "The London Daily Press." A very special and curious interest attaches to "The Horse World of London," the facts being for the first time collected by W. J. Gordon, and their value freely recognised by all who know anything of the subject. "The Chronicles of a Sid" are the unique experience of Adela Gates, an American lady who travelled as one of the common people while painting the flora of many countries. Mr. Stanley Weyman's travel-papers on "The Land of the Corsairs" had also place. The very popular series of

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"Second Thoughts" began this year. They were an attempt to give a keener sense of life in brief awakening phrase.

1893

Following the papers on "The Sovereigns of Europe" and "The Statesmen of Europe," this year and the next there is a series on "The Peoples of Europe," by the same author. These papers were derived from original sources; the last series was the result of special inquiries made in the different countries. Mrs. Bishop describes her experiences among the Tibetans, and Mrs. Georgina M. Syngc writes on "The Days of Yore at Youghal."

1894

David Carnegie, one of the early English residents at Bulawayo, when Lobengula was in the ascendant, contributes a paper on "How They Live in Matabele-land." The Earl of Rosebery's career is narrated by Mr. John Hair; and Mr. S. R. Crockett writes two papers on Galloway.

1895

Sir Robert Ball writes on "The Milky Way," with illustrations; Commissioner H. H. Johnston (now Sir Harry Johnston of Uganda), Consul-General for Central Africa, writes on "The Hausa People"; Mrs. Mayo on "John Stuart Blackie"; Mr. E. M. Wimperis, V.P.R.I., contributes several papers on "Favourite Sketching Grounds" and "Sketching in Water-Colours"; and Canon Tristram is the author of a series on "Rambles in Japan." May Crommelin breaks less-frequented ground in South America.

1896

The British Museum is described in a series of papers by Sir E. Maunde Thompson; the story of the Royal Society is told in a series by Mr. Herbert Rix, B.A.; and Mr. Goddard H. Orpen writes on "The Round Towers of Ireland." By chance coincidence with the Jameson raid, Mr. W. Stevens gives a general view of New South Africa, which is followed by papers from one long resident at the Cape, describing the politics, trade and condition of the several sections of the country.

1897

Sir Reginald Palgrave writes on "The Queen and Her Ministers"; Sir W. Besant

Fifty Years of *The Leisure Hour*

on "The Suppression of the Religious Houses in London"; Mr. Coulson Kernahan on Charlotte Brontë; there is a poem by Mr. William Stevens on "The Commonwealth of Books"; and Marie A. Belloc writes on "Future Kings." This year contains also one of the most valuable things it was ever the good fortune of the magazine to reproduce—the facsimile of a long letter by Elizabeth Barrett (Browning) on subjects of the deepest interest.

1898

"Sixty Years a Painter" is the title of an illustrated article on Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., by Esther Wood, illustrated by fine reproductions from his work; the toned or tinted copies of many famous pictures are a conspicuous feature of these years. There are papers, moreover, on the Royal Academy, with portraits and autographs of its presidents, on Sir John Gilbert, and on Richard Wagner. Mr. Gladstone's death is commemorated by "A Nation's Tribute," a selection from utterances of statesmen, preachers, and others. A charming paper is entitled

"Mrs. Oliphant and 'Maga' on the Thames." It is by Mrs. Coghill, to whom in a few years fell the duty of writing her Life. The writer gives some recollections of a party of friends who celebrated in 1877, at Mrs. Oliphant's invitation, the twenty-fifth year of her contributing to *Blackwood* by spending a day at Magna Charta Island. Among the guests were John Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. Craik (author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*), Mr. Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War, Anthony Trollope, Henry Reeve, and R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*.



A BUTTON OFF AGAIN!
(*Leisure Hour*, 1884)

1899

Mr. W. J. Gordon's papers on "The Port of London," Belfast, and Glasgow appear in this volume, which also contains papers on Bismarck, Chopin, Henry Reeve, R. H. Hutton, Ruskin; "Cycling in Ireland," by A. R. Quinton; French Presidents; and Apothecaries' Hall.

1900

In this year the size and appearance of *The Leisure Hour* were considerably altered.

The change in the magazine world was as conspicuous in the closing years of the century as the development of newspapers was after the telegraph completed the work of the railways. The history of *The Leisure Hour* affords some curious instances of transformation. For instance, for many years, and even when its circulation was largest, it eschewed all advertisements except a few from its own publisher; the commercial advantage was held to be subordinate to the general aim.

The very processes changed. The marvellous re-structure of the

printing-machine was but representative of the revolution. Photography came into competition with art. Instead of slow and costly engraving came many forms of reproduction, some of them very fine. The governing aims of general literature became less literary and more commercial. The slow conclusions of the cautious publisher were overlapped by the daring speculations of the capitalist. A chief consequence has been an immense addition, almost beyond counting, to the number of readers. The old and radical needs are not changed.

Fifty Years of *The Leisure Hour*

Sir Walter Besant's story "The Alabaster Box" begins this new series. The Right Hon. James Bryce writes on "Reading." Papers on "Betting" and "The Growth of Great Cities" have the nature of a symposium, to which many eminent men contribute. The Rev. Fleming Williams writes strongly on "The Housing of the Poor." If these show the social side, the European outlook is seen in "The Kaiser's Navy," as described by Mr. M. A. Morrison. Other lighter features include the aid of many pens.



LOCHABER NO MORE
From the Painting by J. Watson Nicol in the Collection of Eli Levi, Esq.
(*Leisure Hour*, 1886)

1901

Our fiftieth volume contains Mr. Silas K. Hocking's serial story "The Awakening of Anthony Weir"; and papers on "The Alarm Bell of the Century," by W. Stevens; stories by Ethel and Lilian Turner; "Travancore," by Sir George Wolseley; "Weather Forecasting," by F. T. Bullen; "Queen Victoria," by the Dean of Canterbury; and "The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth," by our Australian correspondent, who has rendered us valuable service.

Cornwall

WHERE the wild waves leap and the winds blow free,
And the primrose blooms by the vast, lone sea—
Where we hear the great voice of the waters roll,
And a sense of our littleness fills the soul—
Let us pause, like ships with their white sails furled,
And look far out on the wide, lone world:
All unknown as the pathless sea,
Yet ships have their course, and so have we.
On the chart Above 'tis plainly writ;
Our orders will come when the time is fit.
Out on the wide world's heaving breast
Fearless we sail toward the far-off West,
Where the stars that we loved have sunk to rest.

E. BOYD BAYLY.

John Austin's Will

BY W. MONTROSE

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

JOHN AUSTIN, an old Australian squatter, who has spent forty years on his "run" without leaving it, takes an unaccountable whim of going to Sydney. Stopping a night in a hotel on the way, he meets a young lawyer, John Millington, who has just succeeded in getting a prisoner acquitted at Talworth, in spite of very strong evidence against him. After he reaches Sydney, John Austin is seated one day in the Park; he notices seated near him a refined-looking woman (Mrs. Moss), shabbily dressed, and evidently in great trouble. The old man speaks to her some words of comfort and hope in God, and obtains a situation for her as housekeeper to a clergyman's wife. After six months' residence in Sydney, John Austin feels himself very unwell. He sends for Millington and Mrs. Moss, announces his intention of going back to Malugalala, and tells them that, with the exception of one or two legacies to his old servants, he is leaving them the residue of his estate to be divided equally between them. Some months after, John Austin dies, with his two friends near him. But his will cannot be found. At the sale of his furniture, his old chair, a picture, and a sideboard are bought by a man going to England, where they come into the hands of Walter Reid. The latter, through adverse circumstances, is obliged to go to the colonies, taking with him the chair and picture.

A claimant to John Austin's estates turns up in the person of an adventurer called John William Candler. He makes an unsuccessful attempt to get John Millington to take up his case, and then puts it into the hands of Henry Geeves, a lawyer who had fallen low through drink.

Harold Crapp, for whom Mrs. Moss had agreed to keep house, goes to live at Narenita Station, by the invitation of its owner, who is leaving for a visit to Scotland. There he finds Alfred Greenlands, the manager, and his wife good neighbours and kind to Mrs. Moss. There they hear of the well-known "lady-bushrangers," the Miss Fieldings, who went about disguised as men.

Walter Reid, soon after his arrival in Sydney, dies, leaving his family in straitened circumstances, and John Austin's chair and picture are again sold. His daughter goes as companion to Mrs. Greenlands at Narenita.

CHAPTER VIII.—IN THE DEALER'S STORE

A DEALER bought John Austin's old chair and picture at the Reid sale. He got them for a mere song, and for a long time had them standing in his shop in the Redfern end of Pitt Street. They stood there so long that he grew tired of seeing them in the place, and at last pushed them away in a corner of his store-room. Here they remained among a lot of rubbish of broken and generally dilapidated articles, such as are found in every dealer's store-house. He congratulated himself more than once that he had given so little for them, as they were likely to prove a very bad bargain. No one wanted them, he thought. Had he but known, Mrs. Moss would have gladly saved her money for months that she might once more become their happy possessor.

The dealer moved into Castlereagh Street soon after this. Having trouble with one of his customers over money matters, he applied to John Millington for legal advice. After detailing the case he went on to talk of other matters, and told him about the old chair and picture for which he could

find no purchaser. Millington promised to call and see them.

Next morning Millington received a letter from Mrs. Moss stating, among other topics of local interest, that it was generally believed in the district that Malugalala was haunted, that John Austin's spirit had been seen in different parts of the station, and in the empty homestead.

"They are all beginning to see or hear of ghosts," said John with some contempt. "I wish they would have the sense to question John Austin's ghost when they see him, and ask him what he did with his will," he muttered.

Turning to the letter once more he was soon deeply interested in its contents, for here was something more to the point than senseless stories of ghosts. "I have made a discovery, or at least Bob Hawke has," wrote Mrs. Moss. "It will interest you when you come up, though it throws no light upon the lost will that I can see. Another item of interest, the man Candler is here, and has brought a man with him whom he declares to be his lawyer. They are staying at Yeo's, and I thought Mrs. Yeo somewhat offensive in manner the other day when I called there at your

John Austin's Will

request. Mr. Yeo does not seem to approve of their presence on the station, and Bob Hawke wishes them at the bottom of the sea. He is very suspicious of them, and watches them carefully. Mrs. Greenlands has a young lady-governess, recently from England. She is a nice girl. I am quite in love with her, and wish you were here to be the same. The Fielding girls are home, but I have not met them yet, though I expect to do so to-morrow night at the Coruna dance. You should be here, we are so very gay."

The young lawyer smiled grimly. "No use my falling in love with anybody," he mused disconsolately. He had been defeated in one of his cases the day before, and was very much cast down about it. He was utterly at a loss to know how it had gone against him; the case was so clear. He did not know, nor did it come out for many years after, that two of the jury were closely interested in the prosecution of the prisoner, and had influenced their fellow-jurymen. This of course he did not then know, and he took the case very much to heart, as indeed he did with all his cases.

The following morning he was at the furniture-dealer's, and asked to see the chair and picture.

"You shall, sir," replied the client. "They are in the back room."

But Millington was doomed that day not to go into the store. Just as the dealer was turning over his bunch of keys he was called away to a customer. "I'll be back presently, sir, if I can," he said as he hurried off, but he was delayed much longer than he expected, and John Millington could not wait. He did not trouble about it any further, as his mind was now engrossed with a cause that demanded all his faculties.

A squatter of eminence and wealth, one of the chief squatters in the colony, needed legal assistance. He came to Sydney with his difficulty, not knowing to whom to entrust his case. He was sitting in a café in the Royal Arcade having a cup of coffee. Two men came in engrossed in earnest conversation. "I tell you he is the finest young fellow in the profession."

"I can tell you we have honest lawyers in Sydney, and John Millington is the truest and best of them all, deny it who will."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Dingle, the squatter in question, rising, "I am needing the assistance of a lawyer of ability. Will

you be so good as to give me the gentleman's name and address?"

The two young men looked at him in surprise. "Certainly," replied the champion of Sydney's legal men. "Mr. John Millington, Vanbrugh Chambers, 1940 Pitt Street. Pitt Street, you know, is the hot-bed of lawyers," he said, smiling. "Mr. Millington is a young man, but he is emphatically a clever one, and you can rely upon him fully."

Thanking the young fellow, he hurried off to Vanbrugh Chambers, and was soon stating his case to the young lawyer.

Mr. Dingle had inherited his immense properties on the Riverina from his father, who, having been one of the pioneers of the district, had received the lands originally as a grant from Government. On entering upon his inheritance he had glanced over what he thought was a copy of the deed of grant. He had not read it certainly. Now the Government, which had long wanted the land, demanded to see the deeds. To his horror and astonishment they were not complete, and the poor squatter was nearly paralysed at the discovery.

"What do you advise?" he asked, when he had stated his case, of which John had made some rough notes.

"I cannot say yet. I must have time to consider it," was the reply, "and I must carefully study all the documents bearing upon the matter. You must furnish me with all you have of them."

"I will. I have them at my hotel, and will bring them over to you."

The next morning Mr. Dingle reached the office, but the lawyer was out. He penned a hasty note, and gave it to the office-boy with particular injunctions to be sure and give it to his master on his return. Then slipping half-a-crown into the lad's hand, he hurried off, and caught the southern mail.

A few days later he was once more in John Millington's office in a state of intense excitement. "I am quite convinced," he exclaimed, as he shook hands with the lawyer. "There is not the slightest doubt about it."

"Well, sit down, and let us talk it over, for I really do not know to what you are referring. In your note you hinted at a clue you thought you had received, and I am all anxiety to know what it is."

"I did get a clue. Don't laugh, Millington, but it is this way. After I saw you

John Austin's Will

last, a voice seemed to say to me to go back to Yeltana and search in the old trunk which Muldoon left in the stable-loft there."

"Who was Muldoon?"

"An inveterate enemy of my father. What he had against him no one knows. For my own part I believe it was jealousy against the old gentleman. They both went to the Riverina about the same time, and they both received equal grants of land. My father succeeded, Muldoon failed, and he grew terribly jealous of him. He tried in every way to annoy and thwart him. For many years he disappeared from the district. The very day of my father's death he arrived at Yeltana. He joined in the funeral procession, although I was hardly pleased at the action. Late the same evening one of the men came and told me the old man was lying in the loft very ill. I went at once to see him. He was ill, dying in fact. I wanted him to let us take him into the house, but he shook his head at the suggestion. He tried hard to speak, but his powers of speech had failed, and he died that night. It was very terrible, wasn't it, two deaths, two funerals in one week? After the funeral I went up into the loft to see if there were any of his belongings. There was only an old leather trunk, half portmanteau and half hand-bag. There were some old papers in it which I deemed worthless. The fact was, I did not read them. I pushed them back into the valise, and flung it into a corner. It is a wonderful act of Providence that the old thing had not been destroyed with its contents. When I reached home the other day Mrs. Dingle was greatly surprised to see me, I can tell you. I hardly waited to speak to her, but rushed off at once to the loft. My wife fancied I must have gone wrong, and sent one of the men after me. I am very glad she did, as he was a witness of all that afterward took place. I found the old trunk, and was too excited to bother with opening it. I ripped it open with my knife. All the papers fell out. I read them all, as you may be sure, and I found these," he almost shouted in his excitement, pointing to two documents he placed on the table. "The remains of the trunk, and the other papers are in a cab at the door. I brought them with me. I am glad Scott was with me when I made the discovery, as you can call him for a witness. Shall I go down and fetch the papers and trunk?"

Millington nodded. He was deep in the

perusal of the documents. "Splendid," he cried as Mr. Dingle came back. "We'll let the case go to the court, and won't we surprise the plaintiffs! The case, 'N. S. W. Government v. Dingle,' will be a *cause célèbre*," and he commenced dancing gaily round the room. "We are bound to win, we are bound to win," he kept chanting to himself all that day, quite unmindful of how little he had had to do with the finding of the papers.

CHAPTER IX.—BOB HAWKE'S DISCOVERY

BOB HAWKE was by no means pleased at the re-appearance of John William Candler upon the run. Still more was he annoyed and disgusted to find that the said gentleman's companion was a man of law. He looked upon all such with very grave suspicion.

He watched the two unwelcome visitors with a close, suspicious watchfulness. He kept them as much in sight as his duties would allow. He would see their tricks and perhaps circumvent them, but if they were out of his range of vision there was no knowing what they might do. Fortunately he had a spell of general fence-repairing to undertake, so could follow the two worthies about, and still be engaged in his legitimate duties. The fence certainly needed a thorough overhauling, and took him all over the holding. He was very careful that the necessary repairs should take him into the neighbourhood of the two worthies.

One morning he saw them making their way to the little cemetery. He had fenced it in soon after the old gentleman's death, and had been considerably surprised at the time to find the indications of a good many burials therein. He had only expected to find two graves, that of John Austin and his old, long since dead, friend, but there were several nameless mounds. He carefully did them up, cut away the grass, and made them more presentable in every way. No stone had as yet been placed over the old squatter's grave, John Millington not deeming it necessary to do so until the final settlement of the property was determined upon. Mrs. Moss had wondered at his hesitancy when she had suggested a stone. It was so unlike the young lawyer's kindly nature, she thought. Bob Hawke also wondered at the seeming neglect, but he made no comment thereon. He planted a

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few pines and English trees he managed to get hold of at Talworth one day, and the little "God's acre" began to wear a cared-for, attended-to appearance. That little bush cemetery appealed very strongly to the young fellow's sympathies, and he spent many a spare hour there doing it up. His was indeed a truly sympathetic, manly nature.

He watched the two as they went towards the graveyard, and gathering up his tools, was soon following them. He was utterly disgusted when he saw them seat themselves on his late master's grave, a spot to him most sacred. "I'll put a fence round that. They won't sit there again," he muttered to himself. They lounged about on that little mound as irreverently, he thought, as if they were seated on the veriest log. When spoken to he answered quietly enough, but inwardly he was raging. How gladly he would have dashed their two heads together, and his fingers tingled at the thought of it.

"That's Mr. Austin's grave," he said, unable to contain himself any longer.

"We know that," replied Candler, removing his pipe and deliberately spitting on the little mound.

"I have to cut the grass there, so must ask you to move."

"Can't you begin somewhere else then?" asked the lawyer.

"No."

"Who told you to cut the grass?" demanded the claimant in an insolent tone.

"Mr. Yeo's my boss, as I think you already know," Bob answered as coolly as possible, though he would have liked so much to have taken him by the scruff of the neck and flung him over the fence.

"You'll have another boss here soon, I can tell you," returned Candler. The lawyer nudged him to hold his tongue. "Oh, it's all right," he retorted. "When I'm boss here I'll make a good many changes, see if I don't."

"Yes," drawled Bob in a dry tone.

"Yes," not perceiving the satire and scorn in the little word just used. "Yes, I'll have that fence down, level these graves, and throw it into the run. It's only wasting a couple of acres to no purpose. Wait till I'm boss here, that's all," and he nodded his head sagaciously.

"You're not boss here, mate, that's certain, nor yet likely to be, which is also certain, so don't keep me hanging about

here all day. I don't want to hear you spouting nonsense," replied Bob sententiously.

"We shall please ourselves, my man," returned Henry Geeves, the lawyer.

"You'll come out of there, I reckon," and Bob spat on his hands. "If you had any self-respect you would not hang on where you are not wanted. You've sponged on this claim too long already, so come out of it."

They did come out of it. They concluded it was best to do so, and went over to the fence, against which they leaned their backs, smoking and talking.

Bob commenced to cut the grass, which he did tenderly and reverently. Like all old John Austin's employés he loved and respected the memory of his late master, so the resting-place of those honoured ashes was sacred to him.

When he had been working some three hours, he arose and stretched himself. His two unwelcome companions were still in the cemetery, and were now lounging over the fence. He went over by the side of the grave of the convict Percy Craig, John Austin's old friend, and flung himself on the ground for a brief spell. He lay there plucking and chewing blades of grass, and just dreaming in the bright, pleasant sunshine. One blade resisted his efforts, and he gave it a strong tug. It came away, turning up a flat piece of stone, disclosing a small tin box buried in the soil. He lazily lifted it out, and found it was an old tea or coffee tin, capable of holding a couple of pounds. With the aid of his pocket-knife he wrenched off the lid for want of something to do, and was greatly surprised to find it was full of papers carefully rolled up. He had his hand on them to take them out when he became conscious of Candler and the lawyer watching him intently. He half turned away, and with an air of nonchalance put the tin into the bosom of his shirt.

"Made a find?" asked Candler, sauntering up, and bending over him with a keen look.

"Yes," replied Bob with an expression of great simplicity.

"What is it?" the lawyer broke in.

"Do you know if these are the colours of gold?" and he scooped out a handful of dirt from the hole, thus intentionally removing all shape of the tin which had been buried therein. He did not wish them to see that he had taken anything therefrom; but they were very suspicious, despite all

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WITH THE AID OF HIS POCKET-KNIFE HE WRENCHED OFF THE LID

his efforts. He offered them the stuff for examination.

The lawyer turned away with a gesture of contempt. "What were you doing with your penknife?" he demanded.

"Just breaking the lumps," and he began crushing the earth with it.

Still they were by no means satisfied, as the young fellow could plainly see. He rose hastily, feeling very indignant with them. We always are indignant when people doubt our word, especially when we are trying to deceive them.

The sudden movement caused his shirt-front to open, and out rolled the box. Candler stooped hastily to pick it up, but Bob was too quick for him. He picked it up quietly, and replacing the lid on it put it back into his bosom. He then

returned to his grass-cutting.

The two watched his every movement, but he went on with his work, apparently unconcerned. They both felt a great desire to see what was in the tin, but the young fellow was too sharp for them. Why they wanted to know the contents of the little box they could not have told.

Bob went on with his work, though his eyes positively ached to read those papers, and his whole frame trembled with excitement. He felt he had made an important find. Perhaps it was the long-lost will, and his very being shook at the thought.

At last the two intruders walked

slowly out of the cemetery. "We'll go behind a tree and watch that fellow," said the lawyer, as they went through the gate. "He was very 'cute, but not 'cute enough. His yarn about the gold was very ready, but rather too thin. That box was what he found, and there is something in it more substantial than air, or I am a Dutchman." They stood for some little time watching his every movement.

Presently Bob looked up, and finding himself alone, arose and stretched himself. He was surprised to find they were already out of sight, and knew at once they must be hiding. He stretched himself once more, and then went on working. "I'll keep you watching, my friends," he said, chuckling to himself. "We'll see who has the longest patience." His proved to be

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the most enduring, for about half-an-hour afterwards he saw them going slowly up the hill towards the house, so that he was fully confirmed in his suspicions regarding them. The question now was how to get to Mrs. Moss without arousing suspicion. He knew she was greatly interested in the discovery of the will, though to what extent he could not tell. He thought if he went back to the station and got his horse it would set the two men wondering, and they might even be inclined to follow him. Besides, it was getting late, so he decided there was nothing to be done but to walk the five miles to Narenita, much as he objected to walking. He was like all bushmen, he would walk two miles to find a horse to carry him one. One thing, he could glance over the contents of the box as he went along. He pulled out the tin and took the first paper that came to hand. He read it as he walked to the gate leading on to the run to which he was going. As he read his cheek became pale, and he stood still. He looked helplessly around as if dazed, then with a sudden effort he returned the document to the tin and hurried on as fast as he could.

Mrs. Moss was alone, and had carried her cup of four-o'clock tea on to the verandah. "Why, Bob, is it you? What brings you to Narenita? What's the matter?" she cried, as she saw the grave look upon his face. She was extremely partial to the young fellow, and the more she saw of him the more she respected him, knowing him to be a true-hearted, worthy young fellow.

"I have something to show you, Mrs. Moss. Can you spare me an hour or two?" he said gravely, as he stepped on to the verandah.

"Of course. Come into the office. But you will have a cup of tea?"

"I never say no to that."

The tea was carried to the office, and the good lady would not allow him to say a word upon business until he had done justice to the good things she placed before him. When he had satisfied the inner man and refused anything further, she turned to him and said, "Well, Bob, and what is it?"

He produced the little tin and emptied it on to the desk. He told her quietly how and where he had found it. "I partly read one," he said in a whisper.

With trembling hands they smoothed

the documents out. There were four of them, marked A, B, C and D.

"We will take them in order," said Mrs. Moss, her heart beating high within her.

A was the certificate of marriage between John Austin Ashcroft, carrier, and Mary Helen Williams. It was dated some seventy years previous. B was the copy of the registration of the birth of John Austin Ashcroft.

"Why, the old gentleman was ninety-four years of age when he died," she said in a tone of awe, looking up from the discoloured, old paper. "What a great age, to be sure. One would never have thought from his appearance he was so old."

C was a bulky document. Mrs. Moss's hand trembled violently as she took it up, and began to read. It was the story of John Austin Ashcroft's life. It ran: "I was born in London, and came with my widowed mother to the colonies when but a lad of thirteen. My father had been a briefless lawyer, and at his death left us penniless. My mother, who was the daughter of a City alderman, applied to her father when she realised the state of her husband's affairs. He was unable to help her, and as a few months later he died penniless, his inability was evidently real. He did what he could to obtain a situation for her, and at last got an appointment for her as companion to the wife of the Governor of N.S.W. The lady was about to join her husband, and was glad to have an educated person as companion on the voyage. She consented to my accompanying them as I was my mother's only child.

"On our arrival in the colony my mother, who was not lacking in business capacity, having now to think for her child and herself, applied for a grant of land, which was given her, and we started for the interior to take it up. We had reached this neighbourhood, and were making inquiries *re* the land, when my mother took ill and died. There was only a blackfellow with us at the time, and we knew not what to do. I sat beside the cart where my dead mother's body lay, weeping bitterly. A young man—Henry Burgoyne, I afterwards found his name was—came up with his team. His kindness to the orphan boy I can never forget. He helped us dig the grave, and gently placed the corpse therein. We buried her not far from the roadside, and young Burgoyne prayed

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a short prayer. He took me with him to his home, and kept me six years. He had married by this time, and had one son born to him just before I left him. He advised me to start a team of my own, and by his help I did so. I have often wondered what became of the child. Years after I learned that Henry Burgoyne and his wife had died at Mudgee, and that they only had the one son, the little Ronald."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Moss. "Ronald Burgoyne of Mudgee was my father, and his father's name was Henry."

Bob Hawke looked eagerly at her. "How strange it is!" he said softly. "Then the man who helped the old boss was your grandfather?"

"Yes," and Mrs. Moss paused for a few moments, her head upon her hand. "How mysterious are the ways of Providence!" she whispered. "The kindness shown by my grandfather to one in distress was long years after returned to me. God never forgets the lightest actions."

She turned once more to the document before her, and continued reading: "I pray God that He may allow me to show to Henry Burgoyne's descendants some appreciation of his kindness to me, an orphan boy. While on a visit to Sydney I met Mary Williams, a true, good girl, though she was an assigned servant in a boarding-house. The offence for which she was sent out was trivial in the extreme. She made me a good, true wife. We started with the team and came up into this district. Here we lived for three years. With my own hands I built our little home, and here my only child, a boy, was born. How I rejoiced over him! When he was but two years old my little Willie sickened and died. No doctor was available, and his mother and I had to bury him. We laid him by the side of my mother by the roadside. I now resolved to apply for the land on which I had settled, and where the bodies of two of my loved ones were lying. I went to Sydney to have the matter attended to. To my surprise I found the land had already been alienated, and to my further astonishment found it had been granted to my own mother. After some little trouble I established my claim to it, with a further grant of territory to myself. While in Sydney I met Percy Craig and had him assigned to me. My wife had accompanied me, and the day we left the metropolis she com-

plained of feeling unwell. A few weeks after our return she died, and again a grave in the little cemetery was opened. Poor girl, she never recovered the loss of her child. Percy Craig stood beside me at the grave, as with emotions too deep for words we buried her. He was a convict then, a poor fellow who had been badly treated, and who had been regarded as a dangerous character. Men in Sydney wondered that I trusted myself alone in his company, but a kinder, more sympathetic heart never beat in the breast of man. With all a woman's tenderness he led me away from that little mound and tried his utmost to comfort me. His story, written partly by himself and partly by his son, is now in the hands of the master of Foxwood, who has promised me that it shall one day see the light. God prospered me, and gradually people came around me, and though I am an only child, the only child of only children on both sides, I have the greatest cause for thankfulness. My heavenly Father has prospered me more and more abundantly. Some years ago my old friend who had passed through such vicissitudes came to me at Malugalala, and after a few days died here. At his own request I buried him in the little graveyard." The narrative broke off abruptly.

"What a grand old man he was!" said Bob with deep emotion, as Mrs. Moss finished reading.

Tremblingly she opened the fourth paper, and then almost groaned aloud. It was destroyed by damp, and discoloured. It had originally been written in pencil, and the greater part of it was washed out. It was evidently the copy of a will roughly written, but what its contents were none could tell. One line at the end was only just legible—"the original is written"—and the remainder was quite blotted out.

"Are we never to find it?" she cried passionately, as she folded the papers up and returned them to the box. "Don't mention it to any one yet," she continued, turning to the young man. "You had better make a declaration before a justice of the peace as to your discovery, and I will send or take it to Mr. Millington."

"Mr. Greenlands is a J.P. I'll go and bring him up," and Bob arose. "I did hope it had been the will. I wonder why he dropped his real name."

"I don't know. I am terribly disappointed, Bob. I also hoped it would have

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settled the vexed question of the property. Time is passing, and we seem as far off the solution as ever," she replied sadly.

It was late before Robert Hawke left Narenita. He borrowed a horse, and without saddle or bridle rode off in the direction of Malugalala, thinking of all he had heard that day.

When he reached the gate leading from the one run into the other he dismounted, and turning the horse towards its home gave it a slight blow on the flanks and away the animal started. He knew it would reach the home-paddock safely, and he went on his way with an easy mind. Before he knew where he was going or what he was doing, he found himself once more by the fence surrounding the little cemetery. He was by no means nervous, but it must be confessed he did feel a slight tremor when he realised where he was. The life-tragedies to which he had been listening came rushing back to his remembrance.

The night was moonless, but the stars were very bright. It is really never dark in the Australian bush, in the sense of blackness. Mysterious the night always is. He walked briskly on, and almost jumped out of his skin when suddenly a native bear in the graveyard set up its weird, wailing cry. At first he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if his heart stopped, the next moment he roared with laughter. He could not have believed that a native bear would have frightened him so, and yet when one thinks of it he was not much to blame. The cry of the Australian native bear is one of the saddest in nature, and heard in the dead of night away in the solitude of the bush is enough to freeze the stoutest heart.

The note of all Australian birds and animals is sad. Even the ringing note of the laughing jackass has an accent of sadness in it which is not the less noticeable in the mocking tone.

Bob's laugh echoed among the hills, repeating itself over and over again with growing faintness. As it died away he heard a long-drawn "Cooee." In ringing tones, not particularly loud, he sent it back again, that peculiarly Australian cry.

Cooee is a halloo drawn out, and depends not so much upon the volume of sound as the timbre of the voice. What, to one standing near the caller, might seem weak and powerless will penetrate far. It

is a cry dear to the bushman's heart, and accords thoroughly with the Australian bush. In all the colonies it is to be heard. Men, women, and children are equally able to send it along. Who was the first to utter it history telleth not, nor is it ever likely to be known. Did it belong to the poor, despised aboriginal? Many there are who have never been able, nor ever will be able, to utter the cry properly. It is highly amusing to hear the "new chum's" efforts to get it, and the sounds then uttered baffle all description. Yet boys and girls just mere mites will send it along without the least effort quite liquidly and penetrating.

Bob received an answer, and presently a horseman came crashing through the bush towards him. Unlike the poor, foolish biped, the bush-horse seldom gets lost or "bushed" as it is termed.

"Can you put me on the road for Narenita?" said a voice.

"Yes, Mr. Crapp," replied Bob, recognising the tones. "So you've got bushed, sir?"

"I have. But who is it I am speaking to?" and he tried to scan the features.

"Bob Hawke," was the reply. "Your horse seems quite knocked up. Have you been far? You had better go up with me to the station for the night. We can give you a shake-down, and your horse a feed. You see, it is nearer to our place than to Narenita."

"I think I had better go up with you, for my horse is quite done, I fear, and I am a wee bit nervous. I have had one or two rather startling experiences."

"Yes? You had better dismount, for your poor beast can hardly drag itself along. Where did you say you had been?"

"I have been out to see old Rogers at the tanks," and Harold Crapp dismounted from his horse.

"Did you go out there this afternoon?" asked the young fellow in astonishment.

"After lunch I started."

"You new chums are too hard on your animals. You seem to have no idea that the poor beasts are not made of iron. Why, you have done nearly eighty miles. You're a good old nag," and he patted the animal's neck affectionately.

"But I rested at Roger's place."

"Did you give the poor thing a feed?"

"Oh, yes. There were corn and chaff up there, and he had a good feed."

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"CAN YOU PUT ME ON THE ROAD FOR NARENITA?"

"That's right," he replied, more mollified.
"What happened to you?"

"Some little distance from here I was bailed up by a bushranger and relieved of my watch, chain, and money. I would like to know who the man is. I would pretty soon give him in charge."

Bob laughed. "You were stuck up by a woman. Had she not a long cloak on?" he asked.

"He had. It fell all round his horse."

"The same old style. No, Mr. Crapp, you have been held up by one of our lady-bushrangers. They have not lost much time in getting to work again."

"Do you mean the Miss Fieldings of

whom I have heard so much?" and Harold felt that he was being made a laughing-stock.

"Don't be angry over it, sir. They are strange girls, but when they find you belong to this district your belongings will be returned to you again."

"Then as I came down the bush over there," anxious to turn the conversation into another channel, "I heard an awful wailing. My horse pricked up his ears and seemed frightened. What could it be, I wonder? It was like the cry of some poor, lost child. I called out, but there was no response, and I began to think it must be a banshee, as they say in Scotland."

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I was wondering what to do when I heard your laugh."

"What frightened you startled me, and then caused me to laugh."

"I thought at first it was a jackass," replied Harold with unconscious sarcasm.

"Perhaps I am one," and Bob smiled in the darkness. "Hark! Isn't that the same cry?"

"Yes," said Mr. Crapp, stopping. "What is it?"

"The cry of a native bear. That's what frightened us two goats. Go into my camp, and I'll fix your nag up comfortably for the night," and he went towards the stable.

CHAPTER X.—THE WINNERS OF TATTERSALL'S SWEEP

GAMBLING is one of the most marked as it is one of the most mischievous features of Australian life. Gambling of all kinds—as is hardly to be wondered at in a country where a poor man breaking down the stone with his pick to-day, may to-morrow be the lucky digger with his thousands—is prevalent. All classes indulge in it. Some may shudder at the idea of backing a horse, but they will smilingly put money on mining-scrip, or participate in a land-boom if by that means they can augment their balance at the bank. But gambling on racing is the most popular form of speculation. Despite sermons innumerable the custom grows and prevails. Every township, no matter how small, has its race-course and its races, which are certainly more frequent than annual. Local sweeps and consultations are got up, and a good deal of money changes hands. The larger towns have their race-days which are public holidays in the district, while the racing events in the capital city are regarded with every attention. Melbourne Cup-day is one of the great days in Australasia, and all the colonies are agog. Parsons preach their sermons on the Sunday previous to the race, and the congregations hurry out to put their money on the horses, or in the various sweeps.

Some of the colonies refuse to allow the racing consultations to appear in the papers, and try to prevent the advertisements passing through the post, yet the spirit grows apace, and holds high revel on the great

carnival.¹ From the most distant and insignificant post-office to the great G.P.O.s of the colonies the money comes in for the Tattersall's consultations, and tickets therein are sent out. Syndicates are formed, and so the game goes on merrily.

The O'Haras were a poor, ignorant family at Wallaby Swamp, Dingo Flat, Kangaroo Creek, Bandicoot Station. They were rather looked down upon by their neighbours as being almost too insignificant for anything. The family consisted of father and mother O'Hara, two grown-up children, Pat, and Eliza Jane, and a whole tribe of small fry. They were, as may be guessed from their patronymic, from Ireland, and not quite among the most learned of their race.

One day Pat, the eldest born, was in Tawsworth, and heard all about Tattersall's consultations. He opened his sleepy eyes a bit more widely than usual, and when he reached home he told his fair sister the news he had learned.

"Did you buy a ticket?" demanded the lady.

"No, I didn't," was the sheepish reply.

"How much was they?"

"Five bob."

"Whew!" and the lady gave a loud, prolonged whistle. "What be the prizes?"

"£17,000, the first; £3000, the second; £1500, the third; and a lot of little ones," he replied slowly.

"What, you fat-head?" she screamed.

He produced a handbill, which she snatched from him, and began with difficulty to spell out. When she had accomplished this, she demanded—

"And didn't ye buy a ticket, you long-jawed bandicoot?"

"No."

"Just like you. Now don't sit there blowing yourself out like a jew-lizard. Go and git one at onst."

"It's so late. Look 'ere, you go whacks and I'll git it," and he brightened up considerably.

"Ere goes then," and she handed him half-a-crown which she had some difficulty in extracting from some hidden part of her person. "Now mind, we're to win the first prize or I'll hunt ye."

¹ We are glad to see that the new Federal Parliament of Australia has already passed a bill which will prevent the Post Office all over Australia being used as a medium for "Tattersall's" betting papers.—ED. L. H.

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The ticket arrived in due course, and the fair maiden hid it in her private receptacle. The race also took place and the list of winning numbers arrived at Wallaby Swamp, Dingo Flat, Kangaroo Creek, Bandicoot Station, and was taken possession of by the gentle Eliza Jane.

As she did not possess a boudoir of her own, but a close, stuffy, tumble-down room with several of her younger sisters, one of whom was occupying it at the time, waiting while her clothes were being washed, she carried list and ticket to the only private place on the selection. She scanned the paper eagerly, but was quite at a loss to understand it. The numbers began with the £100 prizes, and then went on to the £5 ones. Then followed a list of horses. She gave a start of surprise at seeing the number of their ticket standing opposite "The Demon." What it meant she did not

know, and was on the point of tearing up both list and ticket when she heard her brother's footstep coming in the direction of her hiding-place. She pushed back the sack hanging at the doorway in place of a door, and came out.

Pat had a newspaper in his hand. "Liz, we've got the first prize. Our fortune's made. We're big bugs now, and we'll go to Europe in style," he said.

No work was done that day on the O'Hara selection. Father O'Hara flung his old spade into the bush where he afterwards spent days looking for it, and came bounding into the house when he heard the news. Mother O'Hara threw out the potatoes she had in her apron and

which she was going to put into the pot on the fire, and squatted herself down on a block of wood in lieu of a chair. The rest of the family took up various positions and watched Eliza Jane and Patrick



SHE PUSHED BACK THE SACK, AND CAME OUT

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Julius with respectful interest, as if they had never seen them before. The twain sat side by side on an old box their father had brought with him to the country.

"Ye'll be goin' 'ome now to the ould counthry, sure," began O'Hara père in a wheedling tone of voice. "Ye'll go an' see my ould mother. She was in the Worruk 'Ouse whin I came out forty years ago. But phwhat'll ye do fur us now, honeys?"

Miss Eliza Jane regarded her amiable parent with ineffable disdain and vouchsafed no reply. She was looking unspeakably unamiable. She was wearing a very dirty, greasy cotton gown very much torn. Her hair, not having been dressed for a week, was in a delightful state of friz *au naturel*.

Pat sat by her side equally unwashed and unkempt, his hands on his knees, evidently at a loss to understand his own feelings.

"Ye'll go an' see the Queen, God bless 'er," interposed mère O'Hara, as if fully believing they would start off as they were. "Oi've 'eard as she's fair gone on Orstrally, an' wan 'as only to go an' knock at the door av the Castle an' till 'em as ye've come from this great lone land, and she'll ax ye into tay at onst."

The news of their good fortune spread far and wide, and while they still sat looking at one another the neighbours began to arrive from all parts. They came with all sorts of excuses, the one motive being to see and hear all they could. The O'Haras jumped into request at a moment's notice. The two principal persons concerned arose and went out on to the verandah, where they each held a small levee at either end of the same. The women young and old gathered admiringly round the fair Eliza, and the men with deep feelings of envy paid rough court to Pat.

"You'll be gittin' married now, Eliza," said one of the women.

"She'll be marrit to a dook or the Gov'nor, only he's got a wife already," remarked another.

"We are goin' to the old country," replied the heiress, tossing her head proudly.

"Ye don't say," echoed her court in tones of awe.

After a good deal of wrangling it was decided that the family, all duly provided

with new clothes, were to accompany Pat and Eliza to Sydney and see their departure for the trip round the world.

"I don't expect to see anything better than we have at Wallaby Swamp," said the accomplished Eliza Jane to some people she met in the train on their way to the capital.

As they went aboard the ship one of the younger O'Haras was carrying a small box belonging to the fair voyager. He was going up the gangway in front of his sister, and was evidently not walking fast enough for that gracious dame. She raised her dainty foot and gave him a sounding kick, exclaiming, "Git up, you fat-head."

"Classical," remarked a gentleman who had overheard the remark, and had seen the action.

"Australian," replied his friend who was standing by.

"Not necessarily."

Poor things, how those two did suffer on the voyage! They were wretched sailors, and lay side by side in deck-chairs groaning in all the agonies of *mal-de-mer*.

"Oh, 'Liza, I wish I'd stayed at Wallaby Swamp," gasped Pat in agony.

"So do I," groaned his sister.

The two worthies carried their whole fortune in a portmanteau which the lady would not allow out of her sight. Many were the squabbles which took place over the custody of the said treasure.

At Colombo they took it ashore with them, not dreaming for one moment of leaving it in the care of the captain of the vessel. Here, whether it was the joy of being on land once more, or the relief from the motion of the vessel, or the heat of the place—they were certainly very thirsty—history sayeth not, but it is true the two voyagers were very excited. Each in a ricksha went all over the place with great noise and display, the gentle Eliza finding particular pleasure in prodding her human beast of burden with her umbrella. Their fellow-passengers who saw them declared they were intoxicated.

Here, unaware of the fact, they were relieved of a very large sum of money. They were very anxious to make the two ricksha-men understand the good fortune that had come to them, and where they had the treasure stowed away. One of the men officially carried up the portmanteau to the hotel where they had

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decided to dine, and whilst they were quarrelling over what they should, or should not order, succeeded in opening the trunk and abstracting a pretty considerable sum. They returned to the ship utterly ignorant of their loss.

CHAPTER XI.—THE CORUNA DANCE

ALL the district was in a state of the greatest excitement over the coming festivities at Coruna. Invitations went out in shoals far and wide, and young hearts danced with pleasurable anticipations. These dances were the great events of the district for many, many miles round. Every one who knew anything of them knew they could be relied upon, and were bound to exceed all expectation, no matter how brightly-coloured those expectations may be. As will be seen, the Coruna dances were extremely popular.

They took place in the large shearing-shed, which it was always held by the dancers contained the most perfect floor in the whole neighbourhood for miles round. As the shearing every year was the largest in the district, the floor, as may be guessed, was well greased. Some of the more fastidious declared the floor was dirty and soiled their shoes and dresses, but the majority of the guests totally ignored the idea and enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. "Could folks expect to have everything, and in the bush too?" they said. The seats round the walls, though mainly sundry boxes, were made as comfortable as possible, and Mr. Swales, a real old English gentleman, had dyed sacks placed in front of the seats for the sitters' feet to rest upon. At one end of the building, the sorting-room, well lighted up, made an excellent place to lounge in, while at the other the tally-office made a comfortable retiring and dressing-room for ladies. The walk across the paddock to the woolshed was always a delightful feature of the entertainment, for the dances were held as near the full moon as possible.

It was the first dance held in the district since our friends had come to Narenita, and they had heard so much about it that they looked eagerly forward to it. Kate was very undecided about going, and shrank from entering into festivities of the kind. Very kindly both Mrs. Greenlands and Mrs. Moss spoke to her, fearing lest she should fall into a morbid state,

and at last persuaded her to go with them.

The buggy was to take up the Greenlands portion of the contingent at the slip-rails, the gate being still in embryo. Bob Hawke had offered to drive them over, and they all joyfully accepted the services of so accomplished a Jehu.

Mrs. Moss and Harold Crapp stood in the drawing-room waiting for the buggy to come round. The lady looked extremely well and charming in her simple attire. She could not afford anything expensive, but everything she wore always suited her, and seemed to look better than it really was, so the black lustre hanging in graceful folds had almost the appearance of silk, while the evening blouse of black satin and lace was quite rich-looking. At her throat she wore some webby lace, once part of her mother's bridal veil, and which came originally from a Belgian convent. Nestling in this was a pin-brooch containing three stones, which, though not of the first water, sparkled with a remarkably fine lustre, deceiving even experts. A bunch of scarlet berries completed her toilet. She stood there drawing on her gloves, every inch a lady.

Harold Crapp was in full evening-dress, an unusual thing in the bush. A bunch of red geraniums, with their pretty bronze leaf, gleamed in his button-hole bright and brilliant against the black. He was rather partial to these flowers, and wore them in spite of all protests. And why should they not be worn? Their texture is beautiful, and they do not fade in a hot room so quickly as do many others.

With a great clatter the buggy drew up to the door, and Mr. Moss came out of his room at the same moment. He wore a small bunch of the same berries as adorned his wife's dress. They always chose the same flowers to wear, a feature every one remarked upon with pleasure, as being a charming custom.

"Put a shawl or a cloak in the buggy, Mrs. Moss," Bob called out cheerily. "You will find the air a bit keen, and you gentlemen had better bring your overcoats. Coming back it will be a bit fresh, you may rely on."

"What lovely moonlight," said the lady as she stepped into the vehicle, the two horses chafing to be off. At the slip-rails the rest of the party got in, Mr. Crapp going on to the box with Bob.

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They drew the opossum rugs round them, and calling out "Right" were off. The horses, guided by the driver's firm hand, cantered along splendidly. The moon slowly rising above the tree-tops cast weird, romantic shadows around them.

"Bob knows every inch of the way, every stump, and every rut," whispered Mrs. Moss to Kate, placing her hand affectionately on that of the girl's, lest she should be nervous, and they all chatted away in merry mood.

"I heard to-day that the Swales have visitors," said Mr. Greenlands, who seemed to be one of the first to hear all the news of the district. "Some folks from the back-blocks."

"Who are they?" asked his wife.

"I did not hear their names. They are from the Riverina, the Darling River district."

"They will find this a great change to that, I reckon," said Mr. Moss.

"Indeed they will," replied Alfred Greenlands.

"Are they going to take up land here?" questioned Kate.

"I don't think so," laughed Mr. Greenlands.

"Besides, everybody that comes here, doesn't come to take up land, Miss Reid," said Harold Crapp, glancing over his shoulder.

"From all accounts they'd have no need to do so," interposed Bob. "The Riverina is a good district, so I am told."

"That it is," returned Mr. Moss. "I was up there some years ago, and though it is a strange country it is a good one."

"What a peculiar place this Australia is," said Kate. "It varies so much in different parts."

"No wonder, when one thinks of its size," and Mrs. Greenlands tucked the rugs more closely around her.

"Then one who has only been to Sydney or just visited a few places can hardly claim to have seen the colony."

"No, Miss Reid, they cannot, although globe-trotters coming here fancy they have. They spend a week in Sydney, a couple of days at Bathurst, and then they go and write a book on Australia, whereas they know nothing of it," interjected Mr. Crapp with some warmth of expression.

"I should certainly like to see the Riverina, and indeed a good deal of Australia before I go back to England," replied Kate.

"You may, dear, see the Riverina some day," replied Mrs. Moss, and then they relapsed into silence, not because of fatigue, but solemnised by the beauty of the scene around them.

Coruna was some fifteen miles from Narenita, through the bush the whole way, and the drive in the moonlight was simply glorious. The moon, rising higher and higher in the heavens, cast a lovely radiance over all. The trees with their tall, light-coloured trunks appeared white and gleaming, the sparse foliage of the eucalyptus caught the moonbeams and reflected back the rays as if burnished, the ruts in the grey-looking roads were black and deep-looking, while the trunks and limbs especially of the dead trees cast distorted, peculiar-shaped shadows. The moon-rays falling among the trees gave the appearance of paths running in all directions through the bush.

Passing through a gate leading into another paddock, they entered land which was being cleared. The rung trees, white and gaunt, lifting their bare, withered arms towards the purple-black vault of heaven, seemed to be appealing to the gods above against their destruction. Where they had fallen to the ground or been burnt they gave the place the appearance of an old battle-field, with its bleached skeletons white and desolate. Away in the middle distance all was dark and mysterious, while the distant hills bathed in silvery light gleamed white and spectral. The breeze, cool and fresh, had that delicious feeling of lightness which is peculiarly Australian. The sounds of the bush were also not without their charm, and when a veteran of the forest fell with a crash they waited to hear its fall, so solemnly grand was it.

"Look, Miss Reid. Do you see that possum there?" said Mr. Greenlands, pointing to a dead tree, in the fork of which sat one of those little animals. Kate gazed upon it with feelings of interest, though it must be confessed that to her it appeared like a small hump on the tree, and she would have passed it quite unnoticed had not her attention been called to it. It certainly requires a trained eye to distinguish an opossum in a tree, and yet the youngest bush-child will at once point it out. A little further along the paddock Kate Reid saw one of these creatures hanging from a bough by its tail, and

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mooning it—*i.e.* getting it between the moon and herself—saw it clearly swaying there preparatory to springing to another limb.

Coruna stands on the side of a hill, and it could be seen some three miles off, and with its illuminations presented a very pretty appearance. The Chinese lanterns hung across the paddock from the shearing-shed to the wool-shed, and the verandahs decorated with the same made a gay and festive appearance. Buggies and horses could be heard coming from all directions, and as the Narenita party reached the culvert crossing the creek in the home-paddock they saw a large number of vehicles were already standing about, while on the hill-side a mob of horses were feeding.

The ladies made their way up to the house while the gentlemen unharnessed the horses, which having done they followed to the homestead also.

The governess—Miss Dawson—did the honours at the house, Mrs. Swales being down at the ball-room to receive her guests there. Mrs. Greenlands introduced her party. "Go into that room, please," said Miss Dawson, indicating a room on the left, and she turned to welcome some fresh arrivals. "That is the gentlemen's room, that one at the end of the verandah where the light is burning," she continued, as the gentlemen of the party came forward.

"I wonder if the Fielding girls are here," said Polly Greenlands, as she gave her hair a gentle pat.

"They, or rather one of them, stuck up Mr. Crapp last night, and took his watch and money," replied Mrs. Moss with some indignation.

"He will get it back again if they are here to-night, or when they learn that he belongs to the district."

"What do they do with their ill-gotten gains?" and Helen Moss turned from the mirror before which she was standing. That mirror was not a cheval-glass. There was only one in the whole district, and that was at Narenita, and regarded throughout the neighbourhood with great respect. No, the glass she had been using was just a small hanging affair brought from the men's rooms for the occasion. Mrs. Greenlands had been using the mirror standing on the dressing-table, and Kate was arranging her dress as best she could by the aid of a very narrow panel in the door of the ward-

robe, but they were all happy under the difficulties of their toilet.

"No one knows what they do with their spoils," replied Mrs. Greenlands in a pre-occupied tone, trying vainly to see down her back the hang of her dress. Turning, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Moss, how nice you do look! You always do."

"Do I?" replied the lady, giving her a friendly pat of thanks. She was not one of the kissing sort, but her affectionate nature was far more real and true than that of the women who are ever kissing each other. Not demonstrative in manner, her nature was true and sincere. "That dress suits you splendidly, dear," she said, surveying Kate with a kindly, critical eye.

It was of black cashmere, with a little good jet trimming on it, and a bow of lavender ribbon at the side. She also wore lavender flowers. The neck of the body was cut a little low, and was veiled with jetté net, as were the short sleeves. Her fan was of black satin sprinkled with silver spangles. Her rich light hair arranged high was adorned with a row of simple pearls, and the full greyish-brown eyes were beaming with a light of quiet joy. Altogether Kate Reid was looking sweet and refreshing, a typical English maiden.

Mrs. Greenlands' dress was the most festive of the three, and was somewhat daringly carried out. It was of heliotrope chiffon, which she had bought at Talworth the day of Kate's arrival, and was lightly trimmed with trailling sprays of rich velvet pansies of a beautiful purple shade. Pale violets nestled on the corsage, interspersed with the faintest yellow-green leaves. Heliotropes with the same tinted leaves rested in her hair, while her fan of pale yellow silk was bordered with a fringe of velvet violets. To make the arrangement more complete, she carried a perfume of heliotrope and violets about her. Certainly it was one of the most original and handsome toilettes there that evening, and was admired by all. In her ears; pendant at her neck; on her right shoulder; and in the bangles on her arms flashed white sapphires, the remembrance of her short stay at Colombo on the voyage years ago to the colony.

In the drawing-room they found the gentlemen awaiting them, and at once proceeded to the ball-room. Here the wide doors thrown right back revealed a very pretty, animated picture. The doorway was bordered with large tree-fern fronds,

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among which were twined long trailing clusters of the wild jasmine. Ferns in barrels painted green stood just inside the door and around the room, and from the rafters hung gaily-coloured flags, Chinese lanterns, and hanging lamps. On the walls were festoons of greenery interspersed with groups of flags and drapery. Under the tree-ferns, arranged at intervals along the walls, were seats placed, giving the whole room an exceedingly pleasant appearance.

On first entering it seemed as if the room was crowded, but Kate found that the guests, on paying their respects to the hostess, made it a practice to keep as close to the door as possible, so as to watch and welcome the fresh arrivals. To the English girl this seemed rude, but no one appeared to regard it at all as unbecoming. She could not help noticing the brightly-coloured sacks placed in front of the seats already referred to. She had heard a great deal of these, and considered Mr. Swales' idea in this respect at any rate a pretty and useful one.

As they entered Mrs. Swales was welcoming a party of four ladies. The eldest, evidently the mother of the other three, was a stout lady, dressed in black velvet, trimmed with scarlet. The room was already warm, and Kate perspired at the sight of the heavy costume. "The Fieldings," whispered Mrs. Greenlands, and at once they became objects of interest to the Narenita party. They were tall young women, graceful in manner and undoubtedly handsome. "I must introduce you," said Polly Greenlands under her voice to Mrs. Moss; "if not they will be sticking up Narenita next week."

Hearing voices, one of the young ladies turned round, and with evident pleasure greeted the manager's wife. She did not wait for them to pay their devoirs to the hostess, but came forward, exclaiming, "So it is you, Mrs. Greenlands, is it? We are back again once more, and for good this time."

"One moment while I introduce my friends to Mrs. Swales," replied Polly, who, a true-born Englishwoman, was a great stickler for the proprieties on such occasions. She would not fall in with the Australian freedoms on these matters. She knew many of her neighbours would have begun a conversation, leaving the lady of the house to wait for the salutation, or to continue

receiving other guests if she chose. Not so with her. She presented her friends to Mrs. Swales and Miss Swales, who were doing the honours.

Miss Fielding, knowing her scruples, laughed lightly and joined her own friends.

The lady of the house received them with real old-fashioned courtesy, and then, having introduced to her daughter those whom she had not met before, presented the whole party to her two visitors, Mrs. Pendrith and Mrs. Clarke, her sister. These ladies were sitting on an old deck-chair just behind their hostess, and were both grey-haired, kindly-looking gentlewomen. They shook hands with the elders, but when Kathleen Reid came forward they looked at her in speechless surprise. "Oh, Kitty, Kitty," they cried, when at last they could speak. "Is it possible?"

The group and many others near looked at them wonderingly.

"Papa used to call me Kitty," replied Kate, her eyes filling with tears, "but I have not the pleasure of knowing to whom I have the honour of speaking," and she held out her hand.

"No, my dear, you have never met us before, but we knew your mother well, and are her cousins. Ann," turning to her sister, "this is Kitty Irving's daughter. You are Miss Reid?" said the elder, Mrs. Clarke.

"Yes, I am."

"Sit down, sit down, my dear. We are her mother's cousins," turning to the two ladies from Narenita. "That is, her third cousins. We went to school together and were very fond of each other. She was younger than we were," explained Mrs. Pendrith eagerly.

Of course the whole party, Mrs. Swales and her daughter included, were greatly surprised, and Mrs. Moss remarked, "How small the world is. Fancy your meeting here. Some one has said, but I forget who it was, that this universe of ours is among the small things of nature, and certainly the statement is true."

"Stay with your friends, Kate, and we will be able to introduce you to the other folks later on," said Mrs. Greenlands as they moved away, leaving Kate with the two old ladies.

They now joined the Fieldings, and Polly performed the business of introducing the one to the other. Mrs. Moss looked at them rather searchingly. Mrs. Fielding was

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unlike any of her daughters, and was a short, heavy-looking woman of rather vulgar appearance, which her loud manner of talking did not tend to condone in any way. Her daughters were tall, and looked older than they were. They were the most striking people in the room. There was that in their air and movement which marked them out from all others. They were graceful and commanding in carriage. Their countenances were of an olive tint, their faces oval. Their hair and eyebrows dark, their eyes of profound depth, and their lips full and red. There was a gentle languor in the tone of their voices which was hardly in keeping with their appearance. Their repose of manner was perfect, though a certain alertness every now and again betokened the immense energy which lay under that calm exterior. They were dressed alike in dark blue serge costumes, relieved with narrow gold braid worked upon the skirt and body. They wore clusters of deep gold-coloured roses in their hair, and in sprays reaching from one shoulder to the waist.

Martha Fielding was the beauty of the three. The eldest of the trio, she was a perfect Juno in face and form. She looked at Harold Crapp sharply, and started when he began to speak on being introduced to her, but she recovered herself instantly. "Sc you belong to this district?" she said, with a superb air which became her wonderfully.

"Yes," he replied, in his soft, tender tones, which never failed to make a favourable impression on the hearer, "I am staying at Narenita. My friend Mr. Nimmo, whom I dare say you know"—she bowed—"desired me to occupy the place while he is in England."

"And how do you like our neighbourhood?" she asked.

"Until last night I thought I liked it, but during the evening I had a most unpleasant experience."

"What was it?" and the three beautiful girls leaned forward with the deepest interest.

"I was stuck up," he continued in a slow, liquid tone, "by some one in a long, loose cloak."

"How exciting!" they cried with animation, while Mrs. Fielding went as scarlet as the bright red roses in her cap. She was a study in red at that moment.

"It was, I can assure you. I was robbed,"

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and every word came with a cutting distinctness, as he watched the three faces before him, but they did not wince, "I was robbed of my watch and some money. I think I will give Narenita best and return to more civilised haunts, where the police do their duty more effectively."

"Are you afraid?" and there was a world of scorn in Martha Fielding's tone. Her sisters did not move a muscle, but listened as if they had never heard so interesting a story before.

"No, I am not frightened, Miss Fielding, and shall carry a loaded revolver with me in future."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mrs. Greenlands, shuddering.

"Yes, I shall," he continued. "It's not the loss of my watch or money, though I could ill afford losing either, but it is such a contemptible thing," and he gave Martha as scornful a glance as she had given him, "for a person to present a revolver at the head of an unarmed man and demand his jewellery and money. There is no heroism in that, but just brutal cowardice."

"Perhaps the pistol was not loaded," faltered Martha, with a slight tremor in her voice. Her sisters looked at her sharply, and she recovered herself instantly.

"Come on, let us look at the decorations," said Mr. Greenlands, turning the conversation, to the relief of all, and they walked round the room.

In the midst of their perambulations the musicians began tuning-up for the opening dance. The music was supplied by a piano brought down from the house, and two violins from the neighbourhood. Nearly everybody in the room stood up for the lancers, which was the set piece with which the ball was to open.

"Will you do me the honour, Miss Fielding?" said Harold in soft tones.

"No," she replied in accents of defiance.

"I trust I have not offended you in any way?"

"How should you?"

"That's what I wish to know. But the figure is about to begin, and they are waiting for us," and to his great surprise and pleasure she arose and gave him her hand. Her mother looked at her inquiringly, as she walked proudly away leaning on the young fellow's arm.

"Was your watch a very valuable one?" she asked, in a more gentle voice than she had done that evening, during a pause in

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the figure, and she glanced down at her feet.

"It was, and it was not. It would not realise much if sold, but it was given to me by my mother when I first went to boarding-school, and she is dead, so that I valued it greatly," he said, dropping his voice.

"I am very sorry," she replied penitently, but the figure requiring their attention they turned to it, and nothing more was said.

As they walked back to a seat under the ferns at the conclusion of the dance, she said, "Would you really shoot the person if they bailed you up again?"

"Most assuredly," he replied decisively.

"You might kill them, you know."

"Very likely."

"But you might shoot a woman," and she tapped the back of her hand with her fan.

"A woman?" he cried, in accents of well-feigned surprise.

She blushed for a moment and said, "Have you not heard of our lady-bushrangers?"

"Lady-bushrangers?" he replied, with an intonation she could not fail to understand. "Would *ladies* descend to such unwomanly practises?"

Her bosom heaved and with a haughty gesture she arose and walked away. She came and sat down by the side of her mother and sisters. "I have done my last 'bail-up,'" she exclaimed in a low voice, trembling with passion.

"I am very glad to hear it, for I have known all along it would come to no good," replied Mrs. Fielding.

"It's low, vulgar and unwomanly," she continued.

"I knew you would throw up the sponge," said Sophia, the second of the three. Martha looked at her meaningly. "I saw it instantly that fair young fellow from Narenita began talking to you. Matt, you're a fool," she exclaimed.

"He has nothing to do with it," replied her sister wearily.

"No? I should think he had, seeing he will have the honour of saying he was the last to be bailed up by Matt Fielding."

"Hush, don't quarrel. Here he comes with his pretty, bright face, such a nice boy," interjected Mary, the youngest sister.

"Miss Fielding, this is to be a waltz, may I have the pleasure?" said Harold, standing before her.

"Here's Soph. Take her," was the reply.

"Well, I never," retorted that lady. "Come on, Mr. Crapp, I'll dance with you," and she took his arm.

Harold was certainly disappointed, but carried it off perfectly, and was rewarded, for Miss Sophia Fielding was a splendid dancer.

"So you are Kitty Irving's daughter. I knew she married Walter Reid," said Mrs. Clarke, as she made room for Kate to sit between herself and her sister, Mrs. Pendrith. "We were invited to her wedding, but we could not go at the time. We were both married women then."

"Where are your parents now, my dear?" said Mrs. Pendrith.

"They are both dead," replied the young girl, her lip quivering.

"Oh dear, you don't say so," and the two kind-hearted old creatures began to weep. Their sympathy touched the girl's heart, and she told them all her circumstances. When they heard that she was separated from her sister and brother, they said that must not be any longer. "You see, my dear," said Mrs. Clarke, wiping her eyes, and who was the more loquacious of the two, "we have only one son between us, my sister and I. He is my nephew really, being Mrs. Pendrith's own son; I never had any children," and she sighed. "We have come out to the colony to see him, and he looks on us both as his mother, the dear boy, and dear Mrs. Swales, who was also at school with us, would have us come and pay her a visit. We have only come out for six months, and nine weeks have gone already. You must return to England with us."

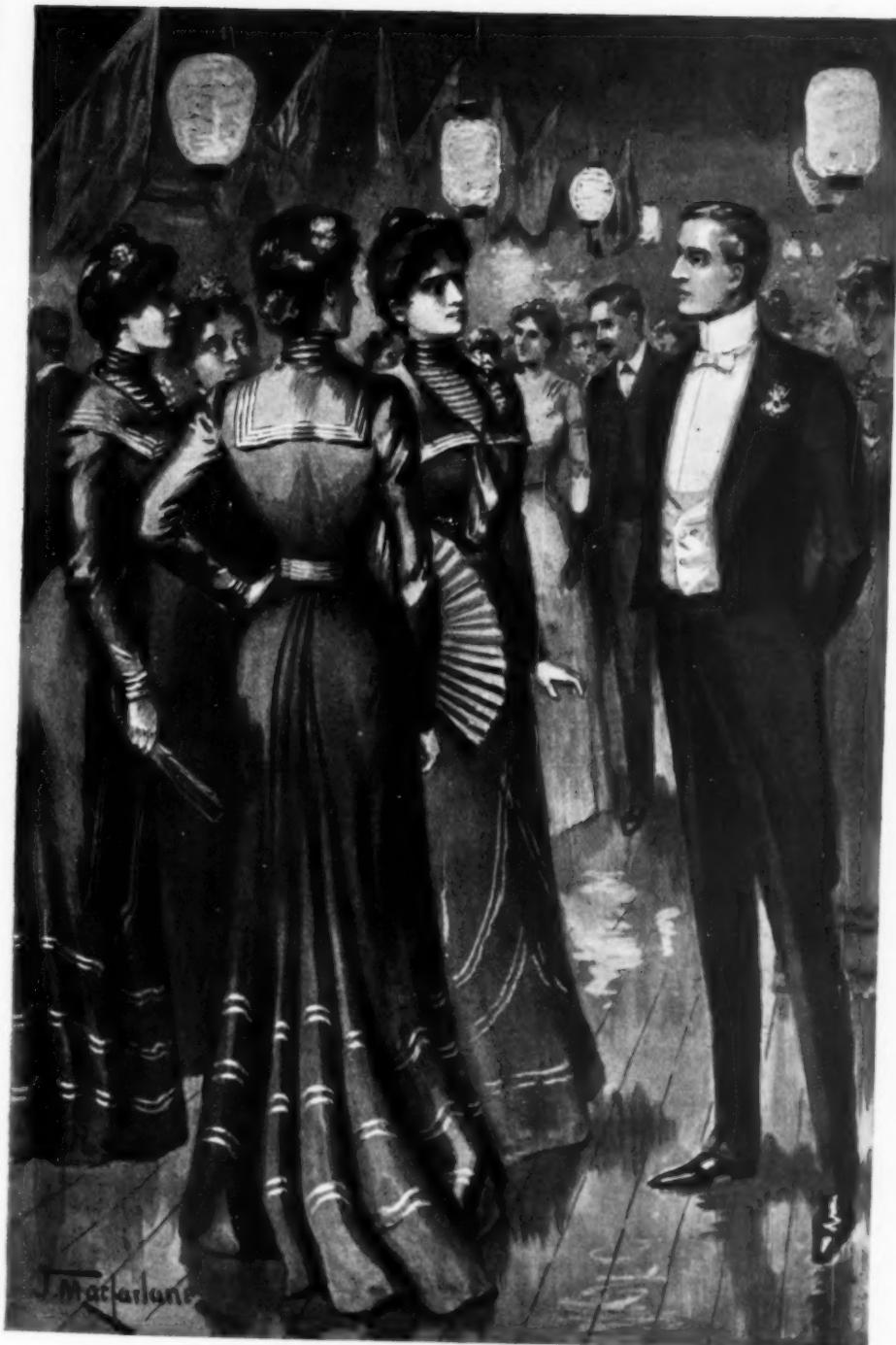
"But what is she to do in the meantime?" said Mrs. Pendrith.

"Go with us to Bertie's home, to be sure. There is plenty of room, and we have sufficient means for the whole of us," and the old lady patted the back of her hands with an air of contentment.

"Thank you so much," replied Kate, "but I shall be very sorry to leave Mrs. Greenlands. She has been so kind to me, and as to Mrs. Moss, I love her."

"We will call on the ladies this week. You said they lived very near one another, did you not?" and Mrs. Pendrith smoothed out her skirts.

"Yes, we live this side of the little brook they call a creek, and the homestead, the larger house of the two, where Mrs. Moss and Mr. Crapp are living, is not a quarter



"I WAS STUCK UP," HE CONTINUED, "BY SOME ONE IN A LONG, LOOSE CLOAK"

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of a mile on the other side. Mr. Greenlands once told me it was the eighth of a mile, and I expect he knows."

The dance was a great success, as everybody said it would be. The company might have been a little mixed according to English ideas, but then, in the Australian bush all sections of the community are invited to these functions, and the owners of Coruna were very kindly souls. Perfect gentlefolk, they were never afraid of being degraded by those they gathered around them, even though they might not perhaps be in quite so good a position as themselves. They took a very warm, friendly interest in the families of the neighbouring selectors, and many were the young people present that evening who had come from rather poor homes. They were all received with the same courtesy, and soon made to feel at ease. As may be expected, the influence of Coruna was great, and most beneficial on the neighbourhood. The costumes were exceptionally varied, and some of the guests boisterous at times, but the freedom of the Australian life, the vivacious influences of the Australian air, must not be forgotten.

Mrs. Swales was a born diplomatist, and though her company might be mixed she was always careful in sorting her guests, especially at table, and as no wines or spirits were allowed to be introduced under any circumstances, those unpleasant scenes sometimes witnessed at bush dances were absent, and one in going to a Coruna festivity needed have no fear of being shocked or disconcerted.

Of course there was a supper, without which an Australian festivity would be incomplete. At one end of the table there was a good deal of horse-play as the repast drew to a close. Some of the young people began throwing orange-peel and banana-skins at one another, seeing which the host quietly announced that dancing was to be resumed, that if any would like games in the paddock, "Jolly Miller" was just beginning, and there was a movement at once.

The moonlight was bright and glorious, and very soon the paddock was ringing with shouts of laughter and merriment.

The eastern horizon was beginning to show signs of the new day when the dance broke up. "Are you riding or driving?" asked Harold Crapp of the Fieldings when they rose to go.

"We are riding," replied Mary.

"Do our roads lie anywhere together?"

"No," replied Martha haughtily. "Our paths go in quite opposite directions." She had been in a strange mood nearly the whole evening, although the young man had paid her every kindness and attention. He followed them to the paddock, and helped to find their horses. This was by no means an easy task, for the horses were all lively, and stamped as soon as an attempt was made to catch any of their number. By the help of others, who were also trying to secure their horses, the Fieldings managed to get their nags at last. Martha Fielding shuddered as Harold brought her horse along, and hoped he might not recognise it. She need have felt no alarm, for he was too much of a new chum to recognise a horse he had only once seen, and that at night too; but the lady judged him from the bush standpoint, and feared lest, like most bushmen, an animal once seen would be remembered for long after.

In common courtesy he was obliged to assist Mrs. Fielding to mount, and when that lady had, after much trouble and many attempts, at last got into the saddle, he found the young ladies already mounted and waiting to be off. "Good-bye," he said cheerily, "a safe and pleasant journey," as he saw them to the first gate.

They had gone some little distance in the bush when Sophia turned to her sister and said, "Shall we have a lark? There's plenty of time to go home, and be back again before the Smythes come up. Are you on, Matt?"

"No, and I wish I had never taken it up. It's downright folly," she replied passionately.

"So, so. You forget it was yourself who started it, my dear. You were out months before Mary and I were. What a short memory you have. Do you not remember how you twitted us upon our reluctance to join you?" and she jerked her rein.

"Don't," was the reply.

At that moment Mary interposed and said, "Girls, I am not having any to-night. I'm a bit off colour."

"Are you turning fine lady too?" retorted Sophia scornfully. "Has the smooth-tongued, pretty-faced boy from Narenita been talking to you too, pointing out how unladylike the practice is?" and she mocked his tones.

"No, my dear, he has not. You know I

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have never really cared for it, and have failed to see the fun therein."

" You are not blessed with the keenest perceptions, my love." The Fielding girls were full of endearing expressions when in scornful moods.

" Perhaps not, darling, but I have perception sufficient to see that people are beginning to think it is time we gave up our youthful practices. Your sticking up that Narenita chap last night, or the night before rather, has got wind, Matt, and is causing unpleasant talk."

" Ah, the fool has been boasting, has he?" exclaimed Martha angrily.

" You know he hasn't. It isn't his style, as you can see. But I tell you, girls, it's time we give it best. I overheard a conversation this evening which has opened my eyes. I was sitting near the sorting-room at the time. By the way, did you notice that we girls did not get many requests to dance? Some of the men were shy of us evidently."

" Fools all," returned Sophy quietly.

" We are fools all," replied Mary. " There is no doubt of it. Well, I sat against some sacks draped with flags which hung over the doorway. I don't know who were there, but I recognised Mr. Greenlands' voice. He's a friend, we know, and Mr. Rutter—"

" What did he say?" demanded Sophy with increased interest, sitting up in her saddle and listening eagerly.

" That touches you, does it?" thought Mary. Aloud she said, " They were talking about the sticking up of Mr. Crapp, and some one mentioned our names. ' Hush,' said Mr. Greenlands, ' leave all names alone, please.' ' It is better so,' replied Mr. Rutter. ' I wonder they don't give it up. It's time they did,' said some one whose voice I did not recognise. ' It's unmaidenly, vulgar and *outré* in the extreme.' ' I wish they would give it up, and have hoped each year would see the last of their escapades.' ' They are young women,' said Mr. Greenlands, ' and they are not unmaidenly or vulgar.' ' They are full of life and spirit,'

said Mr. Rutter, ' and must find the bush very dull.' ' Other girls live in the bush without resorting to such dangerous pastimes,' remarked some one else. ' The Misses——' He stopped before uttering our names. ' The ladies to whom we have referred are not to be compared to other girls. They will quieten down soon and turn out splendid women, mark me if they don't,' Mr. Rutter replied."

" Did he say that?" asked Sophy breathlessly.

" He did, and as they came back into the dance I heard no more."

The sound of heavy snoring caused them to turn, and they saw their mother fast asleep in the saddle, the horse jogging contentedly along.

When they reached the house Martha went straight to her room, and there found her long, black, bushranging cloak, droop-hat and crape-mask lying on the bed where she had placed them before leaving for Coruna, intending to have had some fun after their return. Now she looked at them and groaned aloud. " You hateful things," she gasped, pulling the mask to shreds.

The next day Harold Crapp received his watch and money back. It was in a small parcel on his doorstep, and he saw it the first thing on opening the French lights. He guessed instinctively what it was, and turned the paper over eagerly. In one corner he saw printed by hand the words, " A slight mistake."

During the week old Mrs. Shanks, who lived with her grandson on a small selection, was surprised to find a parcel containing a black dress lying on the verandah, with the words " From a friend" written on it; while a neighbour's daughter was sent into the seventh heaven of delight by a present from an unknown " Well-wisher," of a large droop-hat trimmed with feathers and flowers. They never found out who their unknown friends were, but Harold Crapp, when he heard of these gifts, had a very shrewd suspicion from whom they came, and his heart bounded within him.

(To be continued.)



ABDUL AZIZ, SULTAN OF MOROCCO

TWO direct descendants of Mohammed bear sway in Morocco—his Shereefian Majesty the Sultan, who reigns and rules from the northern capital (Fez), and the southern, Morocco city (Marakesh), and the Grand Shereef, who bears sway at Wazan over a small district, and is under French protection. The latter is reverenced throughout North Africa as a descendant of Mohammed through his daughter Fatmeh, and as possessing a pedigree even more flawless than that of the Sultan. Both occupy high ecclesiastical positions, but that of the Grand Shereef, as head of the powerful Moslem order of Mulai Taïeb, is the higher of the two, and pilgrims bringing him religious homage and substantial offerings visit Wazan, not only from all parts of Morocco, but from many regions of the Islamic world of North-West Africa.

It was not within my programme to see either of these persons, and as the Sultan had never received a Christian woman in audience, I was quite content to contemplate him, as I did twice, from a respectful distance at his annual appearance in public at the great Mohammedan festival of the Aid-el-Kebir. A Moslem public is masculine solely—the larger half of the population being invisible on all occasions. So, when I left Kaid Maclean's house early on the morning of the festival, riding a big mule, Moorish fashion, on a crimson Moorish saddle, veiled all but my eyes, wearing Kaid Maclean's spurs over red Morocco heel-less slippers, and enveloped from head to foot in a Moorish woman's white, hooded drapery, it is probable that I attracted as

MAGIATES OF EL MOGHREB.

By Isabella L. Bishop,

Hon. F.R.S.G.S., etc.

much notice as if I had gone in European dress.

The narrow streets were thronged with men on foot, with men classically draped, on superb saddle-mules, and with tribesmen from all Morocco, sons of the East, on showy, richly-caparisoned barbs. Each man in his snowy drapery, with his jewelled dagger and long gun, curiously inlaid, and his haughty bearing, might have been a sovereign prince. The streets were so crowded that it was only with the aid of our two soldiers that we made even the slowest progress, and it was a relief when the city gate was passed, and the multitude had space in which to expand.

It was a day of fierce heat and intense solar glitter in early April, and the sky had a wonderful purity of blue. The ceremony, in which the Sultan played the leading part, took place on a dry, stony plain, belted by dark palm-groves, but otherwise treeless, on one side of which are the lofty and apparently interminable walls which seclude the imperial palace and its vast surroundings of wood and water from profane gaze. But had the palace, or aught else of human construction, been *en évidence*, it would hardly have distracted attention for a moment from the resplendent glories of the mighty wall of the Atlas Mountains, extending far beyond the limits of vision—a barrier broken into peaks and serrated ridges rearing their dazzling snows into the heavenly blue—the glitter of their purity intensified by the depths of indigo atmosphere which filled their deep ravines.

At 8 A.M. the roll of artillery announced that Abdul Aziz had passed through his palace gates into a large palisaded enclosure, above which a lofty canopy over a daïs denoted the imperial whereabouts. There, lost to vulgar vision, the Sultan remained

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for more than an hour. It was said that he led the prayers of the privileged hundreds or thousands who with him were lost to sight, and that a sermon of inordinate length was preached. Meanwhile the assembled tens of thousands stood silently and patiently. Ten thousand soldiers in lines three deep kept the ground, or in regiments hurried across it at a run from time to time, gleams of colour and polished steel, all in Zouave uniforms of most brilliant dyes. Some regiments wore carnation red tunics and blue breeches, others blue-and-apricot; some violet-and-orange, others dark-blue and sky-blue. The brilliancy of the colouring under the turquoise dome, with the dark fringe of palms and the glittering background of the snowy Atlas, made an enchanting picture.

The total absence of mirth and jocularity in the draped and turbaned crowd was a striking feature, and so was the stolid apathy of members of it who, straying a little out of bounds, were rushed upon by soldiers, who thrashed them soundly with their rifles, which often came down with an ominous crack on the un-turbaned and shaven heads of youths. It was noticeable that all along the line of soldiers there were men between sixty and seventy, and boys from twelve to fourteen, hardly able to carry their rifles. Occasionally Kaïd Maclean, the Scottish instructor of infantry (and much more) in a magnificent Zouave uniform, mounted on a superb barb, and attended by a glittering staff, flashed across the parade-ground. The crimson flag of Morocco, and many another silken banner, floated gaily on the morning breeze, and swarthy tribesmen from the provinces, Kaïds and Sheikhs with their retinues, rode up on their proud horses, forming a compact mass near the door from which their

sovereign was expected to appear, giving the gorgeous spectacle its last touch of Oriental picturesqueness. For three previous days, thirty of the Sultan's fastest mules, ridden by slaves, had dashed up and down at a headlong gallop, through the open spaces and crowded alleys of the capital, to discover which had the best turn for speed, and these animals, which were grouped in front of the Sultan's canopy, occasionally made frantic rushes through the crowd, so as to ensure an open lane when the critical moment should arrive. Attention was focussed on two miserable sheep, which struggled with their tethers in front of the entrance to the enclosure.

Even a Moslem sermon must have an end, and the roar of cannon and galloping to and fro of officers showed that the great event of the day and year was at hand. Non-commissioned officers shouted their orders, a hedge of bayonets gleamed above a brown wall of rifles, the troops stood at attention, and then in the midst of a profound silence the door below the canopy opened and the Sultan emerged, a tall, big figure in a white turban and white robes, followed by the ministers of the State also in white, and a number of black slaves in red. The sacrificial knife gleamed—the Sultan cut the throat of one sheep, and el Menebhi, then Minister for War, that of the other, and the great atonement for the nation was begun. One bleeding victim was



THE GREAT GATE OF MOROCCO CITY

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thrown over the shoulders of the swiftest of the mules, and the whole mob of them started at full gallop for the Sultan's palace. The belief is that if on arrival there is even a quiver of life left in the sheep, the year will be a lucky one, but if it arrives dead ill-luck will follow. This imperial sacrifice inaugurates a day of blood throughout Morocco. Every household through its head sacrifices one or more sheep according to its purse and its needs. The shedding of blood cleanses from the sins of the previous year, and the Moorish world abandons itself to feasting and holiday. On this occasion it was estimated that 60,000 sheep were brought into the capital for slaughter.

After this sacrificial act the Sultan mounted his horse, and, attended by his Ministers and an immense retinue, took up a position near the centre of what may be called the parade-ground, and for a whole hour received the congratulations of the Kaïds and chief men of the tribes who passed before him on their fine horses, to the number of 2000. Indispensable attendants on his Shereefian Majesty are a dignitary holding high aloft a large red or green historic umbrella, and a functionary carrying a fine white cloth, wherewith to flick away the flies from his master and his horse. At the end of this reception the Sultan rode slowly round the ground to his palace, passing near where we had been sitting on our mules for nearly four hours. Very white and emotionless he looked on his superb grey barb—unmoved by the splendour of the tribal host escorting and following him, men and horses alike by face and movement expressing proud disdain. The cannon thundered once more, and amidst smoke, waving banners, glittering bayonets and prancing horses, the Sultan disappeared behind his palace gates to break his long fast, the liver and kidneys of the sheep being the parts which are first partaken of.

Two days later, on a walled parade-ground with immediate access from the palace, the Sultan received the heads of the tribes under his sway, and their notes of the presents which they had brought, but which cannot be regarded in the light of voluntary offerings, for if His Majesty is displeased with the gift or giver, and draws his hand down his face, the unlucky Sheikh is borne away to prison. A narrow street with a narrow gateway is the public entrance to the parade-ground. A broad space on

which the Sultan's private entrance debouches was kept clear by troops in their brilliant uniforms, 10,000, it is said, being present. On the palace side behind the soldiers a vast crowd of men was packed, all on foot. On the other side a crowd of men on foot, evidently of lower degree, had assembled, and men on horseback were allowed a precarious footing on a few mounds. No one, not even Kaid Maclean and the Minister of War, is allowed to remain on horseback on the ground reserved for the Sultan. So the tribesmen, who had previously cut such a magnificent figure, looked worse than insignificant, seated in rows on the dusty ground across the broad highway between the lines of troops. On the palace side the French Military Mission, which drills a portion of the artillery, and curses its exile, made a goodly show in sky-blue and silver uniforms, and four guns with their gunners completed a pageant which under the glorious sunshine was very gorgeous, and by no means deficient in elements of dignity. The silence of the crowd was again noteworthy. There was no hum; no sound; the screaming of the horses, as they attempted to fight each other, alone broke the stillness. I was riding a very fine black barb, lent to me by Kaid Maclean, and he and an officer's charger kept up for the hour and a half of waiting a series of frustrated attempts at single combat, each requiring the undivided attention of two soldiers. One of these men hugged the arched neck of my horse, saying, "My captain rode this horse, he's the finest horse in all Morocco." The Ministers of State, in pure white robes, emerged from the palace, and took up a position in front of the soldiers. There was another long wait, for punctuality is not an Oriental virtue, and then came the Sultan, riding inconceivably slowly, with the State umbrella, this time green, held over him, and the man with the fly-flapper pursuing his avocation at his side. He was followed by four superb led horses, and abreast of him, but at some little distance, a carriage attended him, the horses of which were led, not driven. This curious and apparently unmeaning appendage of Morocco royalty carries one back to a remote era in carriages, for it is a yellow calèche or *coupé*, with much glass, hung on C springs, and was a present from George III. to an ancestor of Abdul Aziz.

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The appearance of the Sultan was announced by blasts upon trumpets and bugles; the tribesmen in batches prostrated themselves before him, presented the notes of their presents, and retired; and as the royal countenance was never covered, it is to be presumed that they were satisfactory. The smile with which a European sovereign suns his people was altogether absent. The Sultan's face was the mask of an automaton, white and expressionless, or expressing only the tutored apathy of the East. When the last tribesman had announced his offering, the Sultan and his suite retired, and the guns saluted in our

etiquette, the gate is opened for the Minister of War, and when he and his suite have passed, the crowd surges through, and fatal accidents frequently occur. Just as the pressure was becoming unbearable, el Mennebhi and Kaïd Maclean, who had both mounted their horses, came within shouting distance, and the Minister called to me to go on, giving orders at the same time for the gate to be opened and for me to go out before him, a glaring and much-commented-on breach of etiquette for which I shall always feel grateful, as it extricated me from a perilous position, and saved me from a severe accident.



PUBLIC FOUNTAINS, MOROCCO CITY

very near neighbourhood, which caused my horse to plunge and the saddle to roll. It has been remarked that in Morocco "the rider rides the saddle and not the horse," and this is partly true, for an accurate balance is indispensable, as the saddle has no girths, and is kept on by a surcingle, breast-plate and back-strap. With every gun that was fired, my horse became more terrified, and as I neared the narrow gateway which is the sole exit for the thousands of people who witness the spectacle, and became entangled in a crowd of men of unconciliatory demeanour, on a horse which had lost his head, the prospect was not a pleasing one. According to rigid

I have written that I never expected to have a nearer view of the Sultan than on these two occasions, but on my return some weeks later from a journey in the Atlas Mountains, Kaïd Maclean said, "Should you like to see the Emperor?" "Very much," I replied, "but I know it to be impossible." "I think not," he said, and the same evening he told me that the Sultan would see me the next day, and that he would have me escorted to the palace of the Minister of War by eight in the morning, where I should wait till His Majesty was ready to grant me an audience, which would probably be about 11.30. We talked over the etiquette to be observed, as there

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was no precedent for the reception of a lady, and decided that I should make three curtsies in walking up to the dais on which the Sultan would be seated, and a fourth at the foot of the throne. I was escorted by a soldier and my own servant, and rode in a Moorish dress, so as not to attract needless comment. The palace of the Minister of War is in the citadel, and has a private entrance to the imperial palace. When I arrived, after riding down long corridors and through several doorways, there was much hesitancy on the part of the attendants as to what to do with me, and as I cannot speak a word of Arabic, I could not help them out. After much low-toned talk, it was decided that I should dismount, and then a young eunuch guided me through mysterious passages and doors into the beautiful court of the harem in which I had previously spent one evening. There were hosts of black female slaves of all ages, chattering and grinning in every doorway and corner, peeping from behind pillars, and growing more audacious every minute. An elderly negress, with a whip made of stout leather thongs, acted as duenna, and when the girls passed all bounds, and threw water from the fountain over each other and me, she brought it down with much good-nature and a loud smack on the shoulders of the offenders, whose responsive yells were equally good-natured.

The show part of this harem consists of two large courts open to the sky, floored with marble, with marble basins in the centre, in which fountains play. The columns which support the gallery above, and the walls, are beautifully decorated with *azulejos*, and the predominance of pale green and white, and the ceaseless splash of falling water, give an impression of delicious coolness. Round the courts are the rooms of the four wives and the favourite concubines, furnished luxuriously with large beds, divans, French mirrors, French clocks, and carpets. Pianos and large musical-boxes were among the furniture of most of these rooms. The style is meretricious, and the beautiful carpets of Rabat with their soft colouring have been discarded for tawdry English patterns and aniline dyes.

There is but one white woman in the establishment, a new acquisition from Fez. Not very long ago this Minister, now Vizier, and the most powerful man in the kingdom, was a private soldier, glad to go errands for

one or two pesetas; but while with us a rising man would indicate his prosperity to the outer world by multiplying horses and servants, the Moor shows his success by constantly purchasing additions to his harem, and decking them with brocades and jewels. There were at least one hundred and fifty women *en évidence* in this establishment, all but one with more or less negro blood. Many of them wore fine emeralds and pearls; two of them had eight strands of large, lustrous, though not very regularly-shaped pearls round their throats. Each of the "upper class" wore three loose dresses of brocade, silk or satin, confined at the waist by stiff embroidered girdles a foot deep, brightly-coloured satin trousers, deeply embroidered in gold and silver, a wide-sleeved *négligé* of clear-flowered muslin covering the whole. Red Morocco-leather slippers complete a costume destitute of elegance, which appears designed to give the wearer the look of being enormously fat. Not one woman had either beauty or grace, and their manners and behaviour were what might be expected from slaves of a low class. There were several babies all about the same age, showing negro blood very markedly.

It would not be seemly to express opinions in detail on the household of the Vizier, but I may say that the experience of that long day greatly intensified my hatred of the system of polygamy, which is unspeakably degrading to men as well as women, and destroys the mental and moral natures of the children born under it. The "ladies" found time hang heavily on their hands. They drank a syrupy infusion of tea and mint constantly, and as constantly ate moist sweetmeats, and "tables" loaded with substantial food were frequently brought to each by slaves, who seemed on a footing of equality with their mistresses. Babies were nursed, older children were played with, and the sores on their heads "mollified with ointment"; nails and finger-tips were re-stained with henna, the shadow below the eyes was darkened with antimony, and the jewels were displayed to envious gazers. Occasionally some of the livelier spirits strummed on the pianos with one finger, or set a musical-box going, or took a hot bath; some romped with the boy eunuchs and got a few lashes from the duenna, but eating and sleeping curled up on the floor were the chief avocations. At 11.30 el Menebhi entered, and the inferior slaves scuttled

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away to their quarters. He said to me, emphasising the words with his fingers, "Sultan, he work, work, work!" by which I understood that my audience was postponed. Shortly after a eunuch made me understand that Kāid Maclean was outside, and he told me that the Sultan was occupied with important dispatches received from Tangier, that he probably could not see me till after three, and that he feared I must consider myself a prisoner!

So the weary hours passed till 3 P.M., varied only by the constant repetition by the women of their lord's sentence, "Sultan, he work, work, work!"—which was always received with a chorus of untutored laughter. At three I was made to understand that Kāid Maclean was outside, and accompanied by him I passed through the private entrance from el Menebhi's house into bare gravel courts with very high walls, in the last of which is a monstrous marquee with an open front, and sides denoted by painted wooden railings. A high and deep platform, also railed, faces the entrance, and this was rather lumbered with packing-cases, a piano, a violoncello, a saddle, and other things, and some modern weapons hung on the wall at the back. The floor is gravelled, and altogether simplicity is carried to the extent of bareness.

At an opening in the railing of the daïs is the Sultan's throne, a long wide ottoman covered with cretonne, approached by several green tile steps, very steep, and on it sat the Sultan. As I walked slowly up the gravel approach, duly making my three curtsies, he seemed very far away and very lofty, and very lofty he continued to be,

even when I had made my final curtsey at the foot of the steps to the throne. The Sultan is barely twenty-two, but he looks fifty. Coming to the throne at fourteen, he was practically held in bondage by an able and unscrupulous Vizier until eighteen months ago, and is only now tasting the sweets of freedom and rule. He is the son of Mulai Hassan, the last emperor, a strong and capable ruler, by a Circassian wife.

His face is very white, pasty, and anaemic, the nose and mouth good, the eyes long and large, the eyebrows straight, dark, and handsome. He wore white robes of a very fine material, and a white turban, below which the crimson rim of his fez gave the solitary touch of colour. I could see that he is a tall man with a very big frame, and he is unfortunately very stout, with a stoutness which suggests flabbiness and unhealthiness.

He welcomed me with a smile which made his face very prepossessing, and entered into conversation, Kāid Maclean acting as interpreter. After a while he asked me if I would like to see his photographic negatives, and a number of them were produced, but except for a portrait of

Kāid Maclean, I thought that they were hardly worthy of the instruction he had received, and the time he spends upon the art, for most of them were more or less "fogged." He is to be respected, however, for developing his own. He is always procuring new cameras from England, and the latest acquisition is an Adams "de Luxe" camera, with all the metal work in gold, which has cost two thousand guineas. After asking some questions about China



KĀID SIR HARRY DE VERE MACLEAN, C.M.G.

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he expressed a wish for some of my photographs. His face does not express strength or ability, but it has a clear, good expression. Kaïd Maclean, who has known him from early boyhood, and is with him for many hours of every day, thinks very highly of his moral qualities and of the goodness of his heart and aspirations, and there is nothing in his face to contradict this verdict, though there are indications that he would be easily led. There was a sort of curious solemnity about this audience. In the idea that granting such an audience for the first time to a Christian woman would be displeasing to the Moors, my escort in the first place could not be recognised as military. The eunuch boy who guided me to Kaïd Maclean vanished, the courts were absolutely vacant, and the Sultan was absolutely unattended, even by a slave page. Just the two most powerful men in the kingdom, el Menebhi, Minister of War, now Grand Vizier, and Kaïd Maclean, now Sir Harry Maclean, stood by the steps of the throne. Of the Vizier it may be said that he is able, unscrupulous, and ambitious, and that it is difficult to read his future. Of Kaïd Maclean, whose sunny face beams with a unique kindness, it may be said that he is the one influence which makes for righteousness in the *entourage* of the monarch; the one man who has the courage to say to his master regarding a proposed act, "My lord, this is not right." He loves the Sultan, and from the sovereign's look and manner it is evident that he is loved in return. His influence is altogether in favour of reform, but the intrigues of the Shereefian, as of other Oriental courts, are limitless and unfathomable, and arrayed against *real* reform are hosts of "vested interests," the sanctity (?) of traditional corruption, and numbers of powerful men who are interested vitally in the maintenance of the infamies of administration as they are.

This audience over, I retired, curtseying as before, going back to the Vizier's house, where, owing to the confusion of tongues, I waited for three more hours before my horses and attendants were announced.

A journey on horse or mule-back of two months took me to Fez, the northern capital, a well-situated and picturesque city, truly Moorish, whereas the southern capital has predominant African characteristics, and is said to resemble Timbuctoo. While staying at the British Vice-Consulate, I was

fortunate enough to meet again Mr. Walter B. Harris, author of *Taflet* and *The Realm of an African Sultan*, who might lay claim to be one of the "magnates of Morocco," for, owing to his Arabic scholarship, colloquial and classical, his comprehension and love of the people, the facility with which on occasion he adopts Moorish habits and style, and his many Moorish friendships, he has become the most influential European in Morocco, and his name is a "household word" in the marble palaces of the rich and the reed huts and brown tents of the Arabs. Wazan, the residence of the Grand Shereef, is now difficult of access for Europeans, owing to the fanaticism of its inhabitants, and though I had a cordial letter of introduction from the Shereefa, who lives at Tangier, to her grandson, it would have been nearly impossible to go, had not Mr. Harris, who is an intimate friend of the acting Grand Shereef, and had lived for a year in Wazan, kindly offered to escort me.

The four days' journey from Fez was not without its risks. The Government had announced that the roads from Fez to Tangier were unsafe, the tribes, the Beni Hassan and the Zemmur, were fighting, the Berber mountaineers were on the war-path, caravans were attacked by armed men and the goods and mules carried off to the mountains, and I think that scarcely any caravans but our own escaped attack and loss during those four days, and our immunity was due to the wholesome dread which the tribesmen have of molesting Europeans, and to the widespread popularity of Mr. Harris. The "holy city" of Wazan is on the slope of a hill richly wooded with olive-groves, with a fine view of valleys and mountains. On the crest of the pass above it we were met by a number of wild-looking, heavily-armed men, who apologised for the smallness of the escort by saying that the Grand Shereef was in camp boar-hunting, and that the soldiers were with him.

Delightful quarters, which may be known as the Water Palace, were provided—large rooms, floored and decorated with encaustic tiles, opening on a very large aquarium with concrete terraces, a pergola on one side and a beautifully-kept garden on the other, with a lovely view at the end of valleys and mountains. The music of living water descending from the hills, and passing through the aquarium, was heard by day and night. The pergola leads to the tomb

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of that Grand Shereef, notorious for having married Miss Keane, an English lady, who now holds the title of Shereefa, and fills a very useful position in Tangier. The Grand Shereef, acting for the actual Grand Shereef, who is insane, returned to welcome Mr. Harris, and at once arranged an audience for me, having heard of my travels in the Far East, in which he is interested.

Mr. Harris and I walked to his simple home, admired the fine tiled tower of the mosque, the courtyard-garden full of flowers, and the quarters of the slaves, bright, comfortable, and clean where a slave who had been badly injured was as comfortable as I could wish to be, and was visited by his master; and after a time we were ushered into Mulai Ali's presence, and into a long narrow room with an English carpet, and divans all round it. Tents of strangers were in the *sok*, and seated on the divans round the wall were their occupants, big, swarthy, handsome men clothed in fine white fabrics from head to foot—the embroidered bands from which their daggers were suspended, the only touch of colour in their picturesque costumes. Silent and motionless these Kaïds and Sheikhs sat for the hour and a quarter that the audience lasted, and scowled unmistakably when the Khalifa put me in the place of honour at his side.

Mulai Ali is a charming-looking young

man, his dark brown eyes sparkle with intelligence, his smile is animated, and his mouth, though mobile, is remarkably firm. Letters were constantly handed to him, and after glancing at them, he gave a brief reply without the slightest hesitation to a venerable secretary who sat beside him.

His lithe, slim figure belongs rather to Arabia than Morocco, his manners are

exquisite, and give an impression of an infinite superiority over our oftentimes graceless formality, and our yet more graceless free-and-easiness. The Khalifa's brilliant expression and olive complexion were set off by the whiteness of his scented outer garment, which opened over an under dress of blue and silver.

There is nothing of the apathy and inertness so often met with in Eastern rulers about Mulai Ali. Whether as speaker or listener he is all animation; he loves the excitement and hardships of the chase, and on the following day he was the most daring and brilliant rider in that wild tornado, the national game

of powder-play.

A syrupy infusion of tea and mint was handed round by a bright little slave, and Mulai Ali asked a good deal about my Asiatic travels, specially about China. His questions were very intelligent, and related to the cultivation, preparation, and distribution of tea, and also of silk, the



THE KOTOBEAH MOSQUE AT MOROCCO CITY

One of the highest towers in the world

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markets for the different sorts of tea, etc. He asked very pertinent questions about Chinese government and administration, and also about the extent of Chinese emigration, and impressed me as favourably mentally, as he did by his bright, handsome face and fine, lithe physique. During the whole audience pilgrims were coming in at the doorway to offer religious homage. A few kissed the Shereef's head, and some his arm, but the majority bent down and kissed his knee. Not one came giftless. They brought horses, mules, and cattle, and the verandah outside the door was piled with French sugar-loaves and packets of candles.

It is not as a territorial ruler, but as a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and the head of the very powerful brotherhood of Mulai Taïeb that the Grand Shereef occupies his unique position in Morocco. A man initiated into the brotherhood takes an oath of absolute obedience, with the in-

struction, "Thou shalt be in the hands of thy Sheikh as a corpse in those of the washer of the dead. Dismiss from thy heart any thought other than that which refers to God and thy Sheikh." In addition to this singular elevation, the Grand Shereef of Wazan, being under French protection, cannot be touched by the Sultan, either in person or property.

The dwellings of the head of this brotherhood are, like other important Zaouias, inviolable sanctuaries. Criminals who seek sanctuary, and implore protection on the ground of penitence for their crimes, are fed and housed for three days, after which they may live and die on the estate of the Zaouia which can give them protection. Grand Shereefs have recruited their bodyguards from among these malefactors, and I have a strong suspicion that the four soldiers sent by Mulai Ali for our protection on the journey two days after this audience were of this very doubtful class.



Photo by the

THE CLOSE, NORWICH

Rev. Jas. L. Brown



THE editor of *The Leisure Hour* has honoured me by an invitation to write two articles on the House of Commons. For sixteen years I have been what one might fairly call an active Member of Parliament. My personal experience will be a realistic illustration of the life of a legislator, and at the same time convey some idea of Parliamentary men, and the rules and rulers of political parties.

Canterbury

Canterbury, the premier constituency of England, and the ecclesiastical capital of the British Empire, is an ideal constituency. It enjoys the distinction of being a county and borough in itself, and is now once more honoured, as in ancient days, by the residence of the Archbishop. Judging by the test of the numbers who could read and write on the only occasion when the seat was contested, Canterbury is the best educated constituency in England. It is a military centre, but apart from this the population is not a shifting or migratory one, and it is steadily increasing. Recently splendid high schools and colleges have been established or restored. I may be pardoned for saying that it was one of the three happiest days of my life when, after a brief but sharp conflict, I was declared (by a majority of one thousand) duly elected by the freemen, burgesses, and electors of Canterbury "to serve in the Commons House of Parliament."

Swearing in M.P.s

The swearing-in of the six hundred and seventy members to the fifteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria's reign was a memorable one. There were more men of "light and leading" than in any previous Parliament of the reign, and every one was enthusiastic

and in high spirits. Alas! of the six hundred and seventy, there are barely one hundred, now sitting, of us left, and a very large number are dead. The mortality is very great from causes I shall give before concluding this article.

The oaths we took were as follows:—

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE OATH.

I

do swear, That I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, Her Heirs and Successors, according to Law.

So help me GOD.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE AFFIRMATION.

I

do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm, That I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, Her Heirs and Successors, according to Law.

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It was a bright, sunny day, and all was animation in the chamber and in the lobbies.

Relatives and Remarkable Men

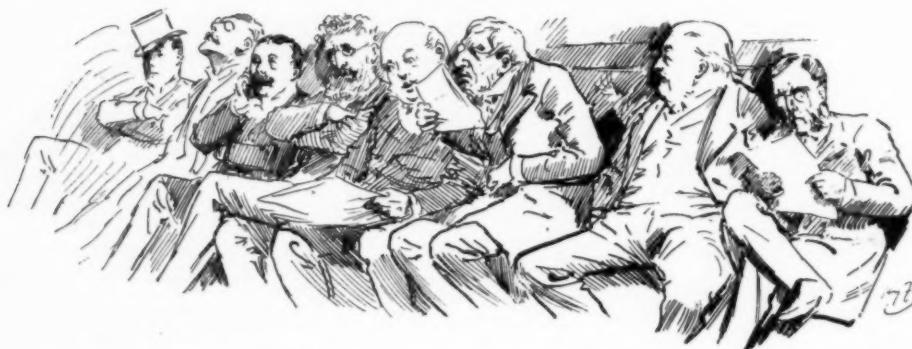
The remarkable sight of four brothers being sworn in was well worth attention. It was as interesting as the attendance of father and son, and more so than that of the thirteen pairs of brothers now in the House. The four brothers were Lords George, Claud, Frederick, and Ernest Hamilton. A glance at the following list of famous men sworn in on the occasion will show how well the United Kingdom was represented by oratorical and intellectual giants.

On the Government benches were Hicks-Beach, W. H. Smith, Goschen,

gentlemen who for forty years occupied the same seat or its corresponding one on the Government or Opposition benches; Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, "the bravest man I ever knew," said Lord Wolseley, but the maddest of M.P.s, since gone to his last home; Childers, one of the ablest of financiers, and kindest and "safest of political advisers"; Thomas Bayley Potter, the urbane hon. secretary of the Cobden Club; Rothschild (there have been three in my time of this great family in the House); and the O'Gorman-Mahon, the most picturesque and last of the old Irish warriors and duellists.

The Most Eloquent Orators

Putting apart Gladstone and Bright, the best speakers in the House of Commons



ON THE GOVERNMENT BENCHES WERE HICKS-BEACH, W. H. SMITH, GOSCHEN, BALFOUR, RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, SIR EDWARD CLARKE, AND MR. J. P. B. ROBERTSON

Balfour, Randolph Churchill, Sir Richard Webster, Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. J. P. B. Robertson, Colonel Saunderson, Charles Beresford, Gorst, Lowther, and Sir Richard Temple.

On the Opposition side Gladstone, Chamberlain, Bright, Harcourt, Parnell, Bradlaugh, Sir Thomas Brassey, Sexton, Sir Charles Russell, Frank Lockwood, Hon. A. W. Peel (the Speaker), and Sir Robert Peel.

There were also assembled a number of other interesting and picturesque performers, each with his special rôle, at all times perfectly played in the political arena. These included Labouchere, the clever, satirical critic of all the world in *Truth*; the Right Hon. C. Villiers (Father of the House); Sir Rainald Knightley (happily named), the most courtly of fine old English

in my Parliamentary life have been Mr. J. P. B. Robertson and Mr. Thomas Sexton, while the greatest and most incisive debater is of course Mr. Chamberlain. It was a most unfortunate thing for the House of Commons that Mr. Robertson's and Mr. Sexton's political careers were closed. Of course there is a great difference between orators and masters of the House. In my judgment the ablest and most masterful and (with the exception of our beloved leader, Mr. Balfour) the most popular man in the House of Commons is Sir William Harcourt. Yet he was said to be at one time the most unpopular.

A Great Speaker of the House

The day after the swearing-in we chose the Right Hon. A. W. Peel as Speaker. I think he was proposed by Sir John Mow-

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Rt. HON. C. VILLIERS, THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE

bray, and his election was seconded by the Right Hon. John Bright. The young Parliamentary men expected a brilliant speech from the master, but it was a simple speech of good-will, without ornament or eloquence. An old Parliamentary hand told me that the great political actor underplayed his part on purpose, so as not to put to shame the proposer. I will here say that nothing could surpass the command of Mr. (the present Lord) Peel over the House of Commons. Like school-boys we found that it was more than our lives were worth to rouse him, or incur his displeasure. But he was very fair. On two memorable occasions he showed this. Some gentlemen (railway directors) were brought to the bar of the House for interfering with a Parliamentary witness. While our lives last, we (the members present) shall never forget that censure. The Speaker, standing in his place (hon. members being uncovered), spoke in measured, solemn terms of the enormity of the offence of interfering with the rights and privileges of the House of Commons, and in the most stately and severe language inflicted a reprimand with which even we, the innocent auditors, were all greatly impressed. "Words are but air," says the scoffer. But every word

that fell from the lips of our president was weighted with the pervading consciousness of the illimitable power and glorious record of the assembly, seated in stern silence in its gorgeous hall; and we may be sure that the culprits, and all tempted to imitate them, will beware of provoking again the wrath of the House of Commons.

The Queen Opens Parliament in Person

I must now return to the opening. The Queen herself met Parliament, and I had the happiness of hearing Her Gracious Majesty read her Speech from the Throne. No one has ever done justice to the marvellous beauty and bell-like clearness of Queen Victoria's voice in reading, or the unapproachable regal curtsey or bow she made to her Lords and Commons, taking within her sweeping and graceful acknowledgments every one of us there assembled.

The formal ceremony being over, we returned with the Speaker to the House of Commons. Then followed the political war, which will ever be memorable under the name of Home Rule. Days (and nights) of fierce struggle dragged on, involving the splitting up of old political parties, and the severing of friendship's ties, in the long, weary debates and divisions. Our Whips were a splendid band of devoted men, keen, watchful, and conciliatory during no matter how many trying sittings and wasted weeks. Akers-Douglas, Colonel Walrond, Lord Arthur Hill, Sir Herbert Maxwell and



MR. POTTER

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MR. SEXTON

Vicecount Curzon, represented the Conservative party, while Marjoribanks, Cyril Flower and Arnold Morley controlled the Liberals at the most critical periods. Every morning we found on our breakfast-table our "whip" for the day, a specimen of which is given below.

It will be observed that it contains five lines. The degree of importance is always measured by the number of these "whips" — that is, whether they contain none, one, two, three, four, or five lines underscoring the message. Here are two other "whips" of varying degrees of importance.

The Chief Whip and the Whips

I need not say that the most important man in the House of Commons, when your



Important

On Thursday August 8th the House
will meet at 3 O'clock.

Civil Service Estimates will be
considered in Committee of Supply.
Class II. vol. 36. Local Government
Board (Ireland) will be taken.

Reductions will be moved.

Divisions are certain.

At 10 O'clock all outstanding votes
will be put from the Chair by classes.

Several Divisions are certain.

Your punctual attendance is most
especially requested.

W.H. Watson

FOUR-LINED WHIP ON ESTIMATES, LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, IRELAND

party is in power, is the Chief Whip. He is called Patronage Secretary of the Treasury, and enjoys a salary of £2000 a year. The other Government Whips, who are also paid, are called "Lords of the Treasury," Vice-Chamberlain and "Gold-Stick in Waiting." All grievances and views of the rank and file are mentioned to the Chief Whip, who has also the unpleasant task of making up twice a year on the Queen's or King's birthday and New Year's day, the "Honours-list."¹ I have never yet seen the autobiography of a Whip, but what marvellous stories they could tell of the requests, demands, and aspirations of the members of their party! One famous Whip used to

¹ "When I confer a favour," said Louis XIV., "I make ten men discontented, and one ungrateful." After a few Birthdays the Whip is the best hated person in the three kingdoms.

A. W. Douglas

THE FAMOUS "HOME RULE" WHIP

The Mother of Parliaments



Most Important

*On Monday July 15th the
House will meet at 3 o'clock.*

*The Education Bill will be
considered in Committee*

Important Amendments
will be moved

Frequent Divisions are certain
Your early attendance is most
earnestly & especially requested

W. H. Walron.

AN EDUCATION BILL WHIP (FOUR-LINED)

keep a memorandum-book. A member would ask him when the promised honour or title was to come. The book would be produced, and the harassed official would say: "Your name is next on my list." When a close division was expected, and every vote was of importance, an irate M.P. would occasionally say to the Whip: "By the way, I have asked a knighthood for the most important man in my constituency. What is the cause of the delay?" Many years ago, at a critical division, one gentleman declined to go into the lobby unless he got in writing the offer of a baronetcy.

A story is told of a lady who wanted a baronetcy for her husband, and she was told it was necessary to pay £5000 to the party funds. The money was paid, but months elapsed and no baronetcy was gazetted. She inquired of an important Ministerial "wire-puller." He asked her particulars of the payment; and having got them, he exclaimed: "Oh! that was

the time the noble lord and acting Whip was having the electric-light put into his house." Next time the lady took care to pay the right people, and the baronetcy was secured. This occurred long before I entered Parliament, and such things are of course impossible now.

The regular duties of Whips are very heavy and arduous. The Conservative party, though intensely loyal, use strong language, and visit the sins of the leaders on the Whips. Their views are conveyed to the leaders "through the usual channels of information," and this means by the mouths of the Whips. Altogether it will be seen that the Whips feel a change in the pulse of the House of Commons quickly, and this, with the temperature, is registered daily.



"WE CHOSE THE RIGHT HON. A. W. PEEL
AS SPEAKER"

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Whips and Members

My early years in the House of Commons were intensely interesting, because the subjects were of transcendent importance—notably that of Home Rule; the divisions were close, and we often went "home with the milk" in the early daylight hours.

Who of us will forget those long sittings, when every member was accounted for, or telegraphed for! Can we ever forget the night of the great division when a telegram was sent to the house of a jovial, popular M.P., and his wife came down in a great "state" to the House to tell the Whips that her husband had not come home? All the time he was in the lobby of the House, reading or asleep, and at three A.M. he walked into the central lobby at the moment his wife arrived. The Whips got a talking-to, and draggled-looking, sleepy M.P.s crowded round our jolly friend, sympathised and laughed with him.

When the Whips learn that it is impossible for a member of the Party to be present on a division, they go to the Opposition Whip and "pair" him. The Opposition Whips are of course alert, and ascertain as far as possible whether the pair is a good one. Sir Richard Webster (the Lord Chief Justice) tells a story of a pair having been effected by the Whips on a critical occasion. For conscience' sake—after the division—Whip No. 1 said to Whip No. 2: "I think I ought in justice to explain that my member broke his leg this afternoon, and so could not attend." "You bad man!" said No. 2, "I will forgive you, but only because my man whom I paired with your man is dead!" Tableau!

During my Parliamentary career I made several attempts to get the Whips to give hon. members credit for attendance to their duties when paired. I have argued that a pair is as effective as a vote. Mr. Akers-Douglas, however, has always stoutly resisted this, for he argues that a pair is not so good as a vote. A pair does not produce the impressive effect on the Opposition of the member voting. The striking-out of equal values from opposed quantities may be convenient in arithmetical or algebraic calculations. But the zealous Whip loves to march his entire force on to the ground; and is sometimes inexorable.

A Close Division

Shortly after my return to Parliament, I
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wrote an article on "Imperial Telegraphy and the Cable System of the World" for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It was illustrated by a large map. Mr. W. T. Stead was the editor, and Mr. E. T. Cook and Mr. Alfred Milner were his assistant editors. A week after the appearance of my article, I was astonished to receive a cheque for it, value £1 15s. I returned the cheque, stating that I had read with intense interest and indignation the series of articles on the Langworthy case then appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and I wished the proceeds of the cheque to be devoted to the fund got up to defend the legality of Mrs. Langworthy's marriage (which ceremony had been performed by an English minister in Holland or Belgium, and was consequently repudiated by Mr. Langworthy). I wrote specific instructions to Mr. Stead that my name was not to appear, and that he should simply describe the donor as "A friend." Judge of my surprise when on opening my *Pall Mall Gazette* the following day I found this announcement:—"Langworthy Fund: J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., £1 15s." I walked to the *Pall Mall* office to see the editors, and after preliminary interviews with Messrs. Cook and Milner, I was left alone with Mr. Stead, who threw himself into an easy-chair, and laughed heartily at his own audacity. The curious amount of the subscription—£1 15s.—the public would not understand. I could do nothing. Mr. Stead, however, zealously and eloquently gave me the story of Mrs. Langworthy, and I left, promising to do all possible to pass a bill to legalise her marriage.

The House of Commons debate was a very sharp but warm one, and we should have carried the measure had it not been for a lawyer's speech from Sir Richard Webster, who feared awful abuses if we legalised this marriage. I was one of the tellers, and Mr. Labouchere was the other for Mrs. Langworthy. The result of the division was a tie: 170 a side, I think. When a tie occurs, the practice is that in place of the tellers walking up four abreast—the two ayes and the two noes—we adopt Indian file, and apparently two persons come bowing to the Speaker—one *aye* and one *no*. The Speaker then gives his casting vote. Mr. Peel, of course, recorded it against us, "to enable time to be given for further discussion," as constitutionally he felt bound to do. We were very angry, but it turned out that the non-legalising of the

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marriage was the best thing that could happen for Mrs. Langworthy. She afterwards, through Mr. Stead's efforts, got £25,000 or £30,000 damages for herself and child from Mr. Langworthy. I heard not long ago that after fifteen years' separation Mr. and Mrs. Langworthy died in each other's arms in Paris.

An Amusing Scene

The year 1887 was famous for the Jubilee celebrations, and never shall I forget a laughable scene that took place in the House of Commons. Mr. W. H. Smith, the leader of the Government in the House of Commons, proposed the motion for a special service in the Abbey, and Mr. Gladstone, having previously "squared" the Irish, seconded the motion. To our horror "Tim" Healy rose. We were more than anxious for a unanimous vote, and we always suspected trouble when the surpassingly clever and able Irish M.P. rose to speak. He however for a moment assuaged Gladstone's alarm (the G.O.M. was intently listening with his hand at the back of his ear) by saying that he did not intend to oppose the motion. "It was only the Queen's Ministers that his party" (several of whom were then in prison) "had a quarrel with." "Tim" added, "Mr. Speaker, in order to give *éclat* to the occasion, I wish to move

an amendment that the poet Tennyson be invited to write a Jubilee *coercion* ode." Shouts of laughter greeted this from the Irish benches; we murmured angrily; the great Speaker rose with a look of severity. Ignoring Mr. "Tim" Healy's amendment, he put the question, it was carried unanimously, and we trooped out of the chamber. Tim's countenance remained throughout innocent and impassive: that of the *homme incompris*.

M.P.s' Recreations

The early years were devoted by a few of us, who were impatient of dull routine, to

making Parliamentary life more pleasant. Games of all kinds were supposed to be forbidden, but a chess-board left behind by Mr. Evelyn, ex-member for Deptford, lay silently suggesting the king of games. We got up a subscription, and soon had five boards. Among the keen early players with me were Bradlaugh, Sir Charles Russell, Lord Randolph Churchill, Colonel Nolan, C. S. Parnell, Mr. T. W. Boord (who was said to have played chess in the House years before), Louis Jennings, Sir H. Selwyn Ibbetson, and Caleb Wright. In 1898 I opened up correspondence with my friend the Hon. Thomas Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Washington, with a view to arranging a chess match by cable between the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland and the United States of America. The match took place over telegraph wires running into the two Houses. It excited the greatest interest, lasted two days, and ended in a draw, five and a half games a side. Mr. Walter of the *Times*, an amateur of renown, bore the chief part of the expense, and has since presented a beautiful chess trophy to be contested for between the two countries.

In the early eighties "tea on the terrace" was altogether unknown, but a few of us, greatly daring, ventured on the innovation, and soon it became fashionable.

Society beauties came to discuss politics *al fresco*, controlled the tables, and eventually became strong enough to insist on the introduction of waitresses. It is clear that both chess and "tea on the terrace" are permanent features of Parliamentary life.

House of Commons Manner

The stranger has often heard of the "House of Commons manner," a manner so difficult for some men to attain. I know numbers of men who are excellent speakers in their constituencies, and on public platforms generally, but are complete failures in the House of Commons. It is impossible to



TIM HEALY

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convey an idea of what the "House" manner is, unless one might describe it as a judicious medium between a conversation and a platform speech. I have seen young fellows burning with eloquence, and ready to fire off grand and lofty sentiments, and glorious perorations, ignominiously collapse before a few hundred undemonstrative, apathetic M.P.s who have themselves been through the mill. A speech that smells of the oil-lamp is quickly detected, and even in some degree resented. The immemorial distrust of forensic ability (in which Mr. Balfour is said to share largely) still characterises the House. Brougham tells us how a brilliant new member, got up as a squire, impressed the assembly, until he dropped the fatal phrase, "our circuit," when he was instantly howled down as an impostor.

Mortality among M.P.s

I have mentioned in an early part of this paper that the "wastage" among members of Parliament is very great. In the five parliaments in which I have served, over a thousand members have come and gone, and not more than a hundred of the original six hundred and seventy still are to be found there. Many of these hundred have lost and regained their seats after being out in the cold for several years. I have always held that it is a mistake for any man to enter Parliament after forty years of age. I entered the House of Commons at thirty-seven, and was thus personally on the right side of the line, but I have had ample experience of the truth of my statement. There are generally two classes of note who come into the House: (1) The sons of fathers who have landed estates and local responsibilities in the country. These young men are thoroughly well equipped by education and training, and often have the benefit of the example of their fathers who preceded them in the House. (2) The self-made traders or townsmen who have gained the good-will of their fellow-citizens, but have passed the age for new duties. These provincial paragons are sent off to London amid the plaudits of their friends to legislate at St. Stephen's. Oh! the pity of it. They are welcomed warmly by the Whips, but in a week or a month they get tired; they wander aimlessly about the Chamber; they make no new friends; they feel keenly the inconvenience of being deprived of their sleep, and going to bed early; they soon

get disgusted, and either die, or more wisely resign.

Appraising the M.P.: Maiden Speeches

The House of Commons is the fairest tribunal in the world, and the quickest at measuring a man's capacity. A good story is told of its acumen. The successor of the great Sir Robert Peel for Tamworth came into the House radiant with the halo and glow of the great man who preceded him. The hon. member was a first-rate fellow, but the House of Commons immediately discovered wherein lay his exceptional ability. They put him on the wine and cigar committee.

The man who comes into the House of Commons without any fixed views, but who is determined to distinguish himself by taking part in every debate, often ruins his reputation in the first few months, and is never again listened to. I have known a man who made his maiden speech within one hour of his being sworn in. I have known another man, a great personal friend, Mr. W. W. B. Beach, the Father of the House, who for the seventeen years I was in Parliament never once spoke. Yet Mr. Beach's views and opinions, privately expressed, carried considerable weight.

The Secret of Success

I have often been asked the secret of the success that attended my political exertions. May I with modesty state that the critics are wrong. It certainly was not eloquence, because I am a poor public speaker. It was not knowledge of my subject, although this was necessary. It was not information gained by visiting every civilised part of the world, although this was helpful. It was not dogged perseverance, although this was also indispensable. It was not the capacity to despise and endure snubs, hateful innuendoes, satire, false and slanderous charges, cruel unfounded reports which necessitated the hide of a rhinoceros to withstand. It was not because I was able to come up smiling after every solemn official *non possumus* that was put forward. It was my strong and absolute belief in the necessity of my work, and consequently my sincerity, which gave life to my mission. I have seen too many men come into the House prejudiced and ready to prejudice

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others—unscrupulous as special pleaders. The most deplorable sight in the world is to watch a malicious speaker degrading the noble gift of speech, creating mischief, or picturing evil from his own imagination. The House of Commons, always as acute as fair, comes down on these insincere gentlemen very quickly and effectually.

Touching this a very striking illustration was given me by one of the greatest parliamentarians of our day—I mean the Earl of Cranbrook, better known as Gathorne-Hardy, whose common-sense and force of character made him a tower of strength to the Government of which he was a member.

The story is this: One of the most eloquent, yet least trustworthy, of our politicians made a series of charges against a dull but straightforward Front Bench leader. The attack was skilfully arranged, under four heads, and left a very unpleasant feeling in the public mind. The old politician rose, and roughly but clearly struggled through and satisfactorily replied to three of the charges. Then he "got mixed." He looked over and over again through his papers, and turned them upside down. In desperation he turned to his audience and said: "Now, in regard to the fourth charge, I know there is an answer to it, and a complete answer to it. I ask the House of Commons to believe me, although I cannot find the answer now." The very sincerity of the speaker evoked the sympathy and good-will of hon. members, and they cheered and cheered again, to the utter discomfiture of the glib but unscrupulous opponent. It is not merely the words, but the stored-up reputation of an orator that tell. As Addison said, apologising for his limited conversational powers: "I have but nine-pence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds."

How Bores are silenced

In no assembly in the world are the proceedings so well arranged, and are bores more effectually silenced. In all debates of importance where vital issues are concerned, and which we call "full-dress debates," the Government and Opposition Whips determine the day and hour at which they shall end. Generally the hour is midnight. At ten or half-past the greatest Front Bench men—Campbell-

Bannerman, Harcourt, Grey, Bryce or Fowler—sum up the case for their side, and at half-past eleven we put up Arthur Balfour, Chamberlain, or Hicks-Beach to deliver a slashing reply. A division is immediately taken.

It sometimes occurs that after a debate is thus officially wound-up, an ill-conditioned member, a guerilla, an Ishmaelite, who owes allegiance to nobody, tries to speak. Then follows an unparalleled scene. With one accord the three hundred outraged gentlemen on the Conservative benches shout, "divide, divide, 'vide, 'vide!'" while from below the gangway on the Opposition side come the cries, "order, order, question, question!" Of course it is impossible for the member to be heard, the Speaker calls for order, and after a few words of explanation heard above the din, the would-be speaker sits down.

The House of Commons is impatient of bores, and the process of calling "divide, divide, 'vide, 'vide!" and "order, order!" soon extinguishes the most formidable bore. The old members of the House of Commons hastily arrange with each other to put down a bore by a concentric cross-fire, one side calling "divide, divide!" and the other "order, order, question, question!" The effect is striking and conclusive. On one occasion an interminable bore was annoying the House and preventing business. I moved "that the honourable gentleman be no longer heard." The Speaker rose with great dignity and declined to put my motion, but he added these significant words:—"I must, however, warn the hon. member that he is trifling with the time of the House, and if he persists it will be necessary to take some decisive action."¹ The Speaker told me afterwards that only in the case of an attack on the ambassador of a foreign Power would such a motion as I proposed be permitted. On the same occasion he admitted that one can use very strong language if properly selected in the House.

Gladstone on Order

One quiet summer evening very few of us were in the House, and the proceedings were not very interesting. Yet Gladstone (always a charged mine) was present on

¹ A short time ago Lord Salisbury carried a motion in the Peers that a certain noble bore should be no longer heard.

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the front Opposition bench. Sitting almost beside me below the gangway on the Conservative side was a lithe, charming little Admiral, Sir Edward Commerell. Gladstone, watching him, suddenly grew angry, frowned at Sir Edward, and made all sorts of signs of annoyance. Sir Edward did not stir, and Gladstone went up to the Speaker. The Sergeant-at-Arms then approached Sir Edward, who was in evening dress, and light shoes, and told Sir Edward that he was out of order, as at least one foot should be resting on the floor of the House. Sir Edward had one foot curled up under him, and the other partly on the bench, a grave breach of order. The House laughed, but Gladstone had shown us a rule, and carried his point. His instinctive Conservatism had asserted itself.

The Strength of the House of Commons

The House of Commons occupies a position unequalled in the world as a representative Assembly. The main secret of its representative character is that England boasts of what no other country in the world possesses; that is, a wealthy and cultured leisured class. In addition to this more or less aristocratic element I have seen in the House of Commons men typifying industries of world-wide fame. There were at one time in the House, for instance:—

Rothschild and Lubbock, representative bankers.

Sir John Pender, electric telegraph cables.

Sir Thomas Sutherland,

Sir Donald Currie, } representative

Sir Francis Evans, } ship-owners.

Sir William Pearce, ship-builder.

Allsopps and Bass, representing British beer.

Colman, of Colman's mustard.

Palmer, of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits.

Stephens, of blue-black ink.

Reckitt, of Reckitt's blue.

Aird, the great railway contractor.

The agricultural labourer was represented by Joseph Arch.

The British working man by John Burns and Keir Hardie.

As in the United States, the legal element predominates in Parliament, partly by numbers, partly by dialectical prowess and intellectual force. But it is to be feared that this, the largest class of all,

while nominally the champion of outside interests, really represents itself only.

"Order," "Order"

The House of Commons is at once the easiest and most difficult assembly in the world to understand, and in which to transact business.

The ambitious young member, consumed with burning zeal to distinguish himself, will probably commit a dozen breaches of order within the first month. He will walk to his seat while a member two benches above him is speaking, and interpose his presence between the orator and the Speaker. This is a gross breach of order, and the older members will shout indignantly their disapproval, and call "order," "order." He will ask his question from one of the seats on the cross benches, technically "outside the bar." This is another gross breach of order at which his fellow-members will shout disapproval; and after the bewildered man is at last made to understand, he comes in, and a friendly M.P. resigns a temporary place for him to address the House from. He will keep his hat on when standing at the bar, though the rule is that he can only wear his hat when seated in the Chamber. He will read a newspaper in the House. This is (as in the courts of law) another gross breach of order, and brings down on him the censure of the Speaker. He will in his first speech insist on addressing the M.P.s and say "Gentlemen," in place of ignoring his fellow-members, and addressing his remarks to Mr. Speaker, or simply say "Sir." He will mention the previous speaker's name instead of the member's constituency. He will greatly offend his fellow-members in his burning desire to carry his resolution, by lecturing them, and reminding them of their promises to their constituents at the general election. He will be called to order for not strictly confining himself to the subject; in speaking on, say, the Navy estimates, by a general survey of its deficiencies when the question is the pay of the men; or on the Post Office vote when the Telegraph service is under discussion; or on mismanagement in the War Office when the equipment of volunteers is being discussed.

As the result of my Parliamentary experience let me give the following advice

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to a young member of Parliament. After a careful survey of the House of Commons, choose a good seat, where you can see and be heard. Always remember that the corner seats are reserved for Privy Councillors, or old Parliamentary men, who have by long service earned the right to good seats. Having once chosen your seat, it is necessary to arrive very early, at least an hour before prayers, to secure the seat, by putting your hat or a specially printed card on it, with another card showing you will be at prayers. Unless you are at prayers you forfeit your seat for the sitting. Make up your mind whether you are going

to be an unwavering, a thick and thin supporter of your party, or a loyal supporter, yet desirous of maintaining your independence of speech. You accordingly choose your seat very near to, or far away from, the Conservative or Liberal front benches. Finally (unless you be an Admirable Crichton), "know everything about one thing, and something about everything;" but never speak except on the "one" thing, your own special subject.

If you are not a fluent all-round politician, learn to be a Paganini, and play on one string, but learn to play on that perfectly. In other words, be a specialist.



Photo by the

TINTERN ABBEY

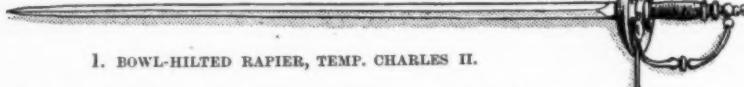
Rev. Jas. Lundy Brown

The Sword in the British Army

THE war in South Africa has given the "arme blanche" but few opportunities, and there are many military experts who consider it an encumbrance¹ and a mere superfluous weight for the modern fighting man to carry.

Be this as it may, the sword has been, from the earliest ages, the military emblem, and a short description of its evolution in our army may prove of interest.

The long Rapier, in vogue when our present standing (Fig. 1), was a murderous-looking weapon with its bowl-



1. BOWL-HILTED RAPIER, TEMP. CHARLES II.

(Fig. 2), which, as years rolled on, became modified in reached the dimensions of the modern infantry sword. Essentially an infantry weapon. The straight blade was "blued" for about two-thirds of its length and inlaid with gilt damascene work.

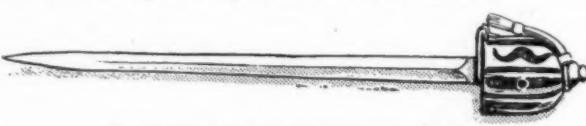


2. INFANTRY OFFICER'S SMALL SWORD, IN USE FROM MARLBOROUGH'S TIME UNTIL 1820

bound with silver wire. It remained in use for a very long period, until the year 1820. It still survives in the modern "court-sword" as worn by civilians and diplomats on full-dress occasions.

The "Broad-sword" was the cavalry weapon in Marlborough's time, and, with many modifications of hilt and blade, was retained by the heavy cavalry regiments until 1820. Our illustration (Fig. 3) shows one as worn by a trooper of the 7th Dragoons in 1751. Almost identical in build with the present Highland "Claymore," it had a much shorter and broader blade, double-edged. The full "basket" hilt was of solid steel. The hilts differed very much in pattern, but were all of about the same dimensions. Clumsy as the weapon appears, it did excellent service in the hands of our gallant troopers in many a continental campaign. The full "basket" hilt disappeared at the close of the eighteenth century, and the blade became longer and narrower, but it remained straight and double-edged.

When the Light Dragoons were introduced into our service they were armed with a "Sabre," with a curved blade and a steel hilt. The one shown in our illustration (Fig. 4)



3. HEAVY CAVALRY BROAD-SWORD, 1751

is taken from a plate in the "Rules and Regulations for the Sword Exercise of the Cavalry, 1796," where it is described as "A Blade mounted with a Stirrup Hilt." It was the weapon of all the Light Cavalry corps up to 1820.

Officers of Light Infantry also carried "Sabres" instead of the infantry "small-sword." The blade was "blued" and "damascened,"

¹ INFANTRY OFFICERS AND THE SWORD.—It has been officially intimated that, as dismounted infantry officers will in future carry carbines in place of swords on active and field manoeuvres, instruction in "infantry sword" exercise will be discontinued, except as regards the method of drawing and returning the sword and saluting. Swords will not be worn at musketry parades or during field training, or by dismounted infantry officers.—*August 1901.*

The Sword in the British Army

and the hilt was of gilt brass (Fig. 5) except in the 52nd, whose officers wore steel hilts of the cavalry pattern.

In the year 1820 the "cut-and-thrust" sword was introduced into the army, and, with the exception of the Household Cavalry, it became the universal weapon throughout the service. It was a compromise between the sabre and the small-sword. The infantry officers' sword (Fig. 6) had a gilt "half-basket" hilt pierced and chased with scroll-work and the Royal monogram. For the Light Cavalry and Artillery it had a steel hilt with two fluted bars on the outside (Fig. 7), and the blade was considerably longer and heavier than the infantry weapon. The

Heavy Cavalry sword had a steel "half-basket" hilt, pierced and chased with scroll-work, and the blade was still heavier. The weapon was most severely criticised by experts in swordsmanship, who contended that it would neither cut nor thrust efficiently; nevertheless it remained in use for nearly seventy years, and has only recently given

place to a straight-bladed pattern.

About 1880 a new pattern sword with a solid steel hilt (Fig. 8)

was introduced for troopers of the mounted services, and it remains in use at the present time.

In 1889 the straight-bladed sword (Fig. 9) became regulation for infantry officers.

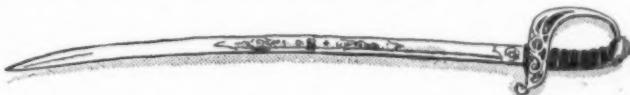
The hilt remained gilt and of similar device to the former pattern.

In 1896 the Italian system of swordsmanship was adopted in the British Army, and new patterns of swords were introduced both for the cavalry and infantry officers. The principal feature in these weapons is an elongated grip allowing considerable play for the action of the wrist, necessitated by the new school of fencing.

The cavalry sword (Fig. 10) has a blade almost imperceptibly curved, and tapers gradually from shoulder to point. The steel "half-basket" hilt is pierced and chased with scroll-work.

The infantry sword (Fig. 11) has a perfectly straight blade, and a "half-basket" hilt of solid steel, pierced and chased with scroll-work and the Royal monogram, so arranged as to prevent the point of an opponent's sword passing through and injuring the hand.

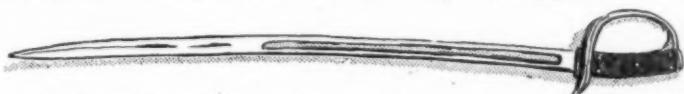
The Highland claymore is too well known to need a description here. It has remained practically unchanged in pattern, and is a survival of the "Broad-sword" as formerly worn in our cavalry. The "basket" hilts were of brass up to 1830, when they were changed to steel, as now worn.



6. INFANTRY OFFICER'S CUT-AND-THRUST SWORD, 1820—1889



7. LIGHT CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY OFFICER'S SWORD, 1820—1898



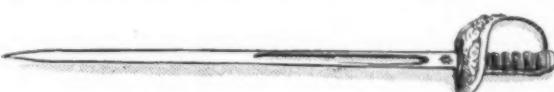
8. TROOPER'S SWORD. ALL MOUNTED SERVICES EXCEPT HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY, 1880. PRESENT PATTERN



9. INFANTRY OFFICER'S STRAIGHT-BLADED SWORD, 1889—1896



10. CAVALRY OFFICER'S SWORD, 1898. PRESENT PATTERN



11.—INFANTRY OFFICER'S SWORD, 1896. PRESENT PATTERN

A Tragedy of Silence

BY I. FYVIE-MAYO



"SHE MUST NEVER KNOW OF THIS. I AM CONTENT THAT YOU HAVE LOVED ME."

sloping away from a wide old house towards a noble river. His eyes were fixed on the ground. But she held her head high, and her eyes gazed on the fine sky-line formed by irregular buildings, piled up until they ended in a grim keep crowning a great rock. Further off stretched ranges of great hills. It was a scene on which she had gazed all her life. Yet to-night it seemed strange.

When that walk on the terrace began, all had been golden with soft sun-shine. Now it was grey,—the pathetic pearly grey of late evening.

Ninian Gowrie did not deny this girl's proud denial of his self-condemnation. He

"I OUGHT never to have spoken," he said.

"You need not regret that. I brought it on myself," said she.

They were pacing the terrace of a garden

A Tragedy of Silence

knew her words were true. He knew that he loved this woman, Magdalene Grahame, yet he also knew that his secret troth with Jessie Bethune would have kept his lips sealed, had not Magdalene, in her pride of lofty birth and habitual predominance, conceived that it was only humility which kept him silent, and so taken upon herself the regal prerogative of "speaking first."

What a moment that had been! He loved her! Before he had known her, he had not dreamed of women who could enter into all a man's thoughts and aspirations, share his studies, and join in his endeavours. He had thought of women as dear good creatures, such as his own mother—women who work and watch and wonder, and keep home as a soft nest on the ground, where daring soars may return in safety. There was all that in Jessie Bethune, and if he had never known Magdalene Grahame he might never have known that he wanted more.

When suddenly this divinity, whom he had been content to worship from afar, had bent towards him, telling him that life would grow dark for her now he was going away—asking if he meant to remember her always,—and to remember the way back to her,—what could he do? Could he feign dulness of comprehension? Could he turn coldly away? Would not that have put her to shame for her imperial courage and candour? For he felt that her abandonment of maidenly reserve had arisen from her intuition that her passion was returned.

Remember that he loved her!

How did he tell her the truth? He never knew! He knew only that, somehow, in a few minutes his life and his heart lay open before her, and she knew that he loved her, but also knew that for two years past he had been pledged to Jessie Bethune, an orphan girl living in a dull village that lay in the flat country on which they turned their backs when they faced the mountains and the west.

"She must never know of this. I am content that you have loved me," Magdalene said, as if she were making a great renunciation. So might a queen lay down her crown after her coronation day.

He looked quickly at her. She was a tall maiden, nearly as tall as he was. Possibly her contour and her features might grow harsh in age—especially if joy

did not soften them. Even now, one could liken her only to some fierce, free thing—a falcon,—a pine tree,—a wild stag.

"Jessie would never marry me if she knew," he said.

"Of course she would not," she answered almost scornfully. "What woman would? She would bid you come to me, though her heart should break!"

"You think ever of others," he said. "But will you not think of me? And you,"—he questioned tenderly—"your heart will not break?"

"You are a man," she replied, "and I—but never mind me. I have a heart, but I have more—I have a will, a duty. You must never break your word. Keep your promise though it kill you!"

A confused thought hurried through his heated brain. Was not his promise already broken? Who had said something about keeping a word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the heart? What would be the fate of any man who should dare to offer his hand to this Magdalene Grahame when his heart had fallen from it and left it empty? But then Jessie Bethune was not Magdalene Grahame—her little homely horizons knew nothing of the fierce delights of romance. Poor little Jessie! She had had a hard life these two years, doing household duty for a relative who was dying now. To her, he was not only lover, but also earthly future!

"I will keep my promise," he said. "I have put it into your hands, and you have handed it back to me consecrated. She shall never know what she owes you. But oh! the long years—the long flat years without you!"

She stood still. "You have preached in my father's cathedral," she said. "You have won his heart and the heart of his people—even—" and her breath came to pause with a sob. "Now you go to a quiet country charge. But you must make your own life. You were reared in a peasant's cottage, but I have heard women who know—women of best breeding—who declare you might be a prince's son! You say I represent the highest you have known. Then be worthy of yourself, dear, for my sake. Never let yourself lapse into untidiness or drowsiness. Keep off the moss! We two may never meet again; if we do, it must be as careless acquaintances—but be always ready to meet me on the same terms that we have met to-night. While that

A Tragedy of Silence

is so, we have never really parted. Dear, good-night, good-bye."

And with a rapid movement she darted across the lawn and into the wide old house. Her father, the bishop, was already at the supper-table, and the successor of the Rev. Ninian Gowrie was seated beside him.

Ninian Gowrie followed her steps more soberly, but he did not go into the house. He passed round in front of the great window and looked in at the family board gleaming with silver and old china. He could see her too, and though she was still swinging her hat in her hand, she had dashed already into the conversation going on. He remembered how splendid this had all seemed to him, when he came there, two years ago, a shy young graduate. Then he had been frightened of it—he had turned homesick for his blue bowl of mother-made porridge. Now he shivered to leave it. It seemed like turning his back on Paradise—a very modest Paradise, truly—for the Bishop held office only in a quarter of the kingdom where the Episcopal Church is not established.

About the same evening hour of the next day, Ninian Gowrie sat with Jessie Bethune in the "ben" of her aunt's cottage in the village of Binnie—a humble agricultural village, whose population consisted mainly of field labourers—its aristocrats being the widows of small farmers and other lonely female annuitants.

His coming was an event in Binnie. Next Sunday he would "perform divine service" in the humble little church which had as an annex, the tiny five-roomed house which served as parsonage. Binnie gossips "wondered who was going to keep it for him." They had known him before, and they knew all about him. His mother was dead, and he had no unmarried sister. They had had their suspicions. The post-mistress thought she recognised his writing in the superscription of letters that came regularly every week for Miss Bethune. But between suspicion and certainty there is a long jump. Certainly no letters addressed to the Rev. Ninian Gowrie had ever passed out through the Binnie post-box; but then Jessie was a great walker, and there were other post-boxes within reasonable distance. Lately, their suspicions had wavered, shaken by something said by old Mrs. Cay, who lived opposite the Bethunes.

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But when "the new parson" made his appearance, and, sending on his luggage to the little Binnie inn, went straight to Miss Bethune's house, then who cared for what Mrs. Cay had said? Suspicion got fairly ready to take the long jump, and, meanwhile, ran giggling in and out of the low-pitched cottages or stood in the highway gazing with a broad grin at the outside of the Bethunes' door. Nobody saw the meeting or the greeting. The door was opened only half-way, and when Ninian stepped forward, it closed quickly behind him.

Indeed there had not been much to see. The pair were fairly within the solemn little parlour before Ninian gravely pressed a kiss on Jessie's bowed forehead. Then they both sat down. He had kept her hand in his.

The room where Ninian stood was low, its ceiling was raised only an inch or two above his head. It had only one window, not a large one, and that was well screened by curtains and flower-pots. It was closed too, for Jessie had caught herself in a shiver and had thought the air was chill. It seemed to Ninian as if he could not breathe—as if the house itself were descending on the top of his head. From another chamber came a lugubrious sound of coughing, ending in a groan.

"That is poor auntie," Jessie answered Ninian's questioning glance. Then she shook her head sadly. "It is near the end," she said.

"Does she know it?" whispered Ninian, awed.

"Yes," Jessie replied, "she knows. She told me herself, before the doctor did. She has been very patient—but she is glad. If only she wouldn't worry about me—"

"Why—" began Ninian, but Jessie went on.

"I tell her there is no need for her to be anxious, but still she is. She can't see, she says, what I am to do."

"Why," Ninian persisted, "have you not told her about me, Jessie?"

Jessie looked at him. "How could I?" she answered. "You asked me to keep it secret till you had a charge—and then again till you were really here."

"But if I had dreamed of this!" said Ninian. "Why did you not give me a hint, Jessie?"

"It was not easy," she answered meekly. "I know I did write once that I only

A Tragedy of Silence

wished poor auntie could hear of the happiness in store for me."

Yes, he remembered she had written so. That letter had hurt him when it came. And he had tried to put it from his mind. Why? For that was before Magdalene Grahame had broken the seal of his silence. All these thoughts rushed over each other in his brain as he sat. Had he taken that walk on the river terrace but last evening? Was Magdalene still within forty miles of distance?

"Your aunt must know at once," he said in a low tone. Then in a louder voice, brisk, which hardly seemed his own, "We can be married now, as soon as may be—that will set her heart quite at rest. She will trust you with me," he added, a little faintly.

There came no coy caress,—no tender clinging. Jessie's eyes seemed but to open wider.

"I cannot leave—not while she lives," she faltered. He guessed the words rather than heard them.

"Certainly not," he said. "I will stay at the inn till our wedding, and then I will come here, and we will be together here while we are needed. The parsonage can wait."

"She will be glad too if the things can be kept together," said Jessie. "She has worried over the thought of their dispersion."

Ninian glanced hurriedly around. There had been a time when, fresh from the rougher if more picturesque belongings of his mother's farm kitchen, he had admired the mahogany chairs covered in black hair-cloth, and the Brussels rug setting forth a tiger in a jungle. He had even marvelled at the intricacies of the pyramid of artificial flowers which had been the artistic triumph of Aunt Bethune's youth. He knew better now. But if he was to swallow a dead love, why should he choke over its ugly furniture?

"That will be all right," he said tenderly. "There will be room for it at the parsonage. It is not a mansion, but it is larger than this," he added.

"This is very good of you," said Jessie.

Had she been always quite as quiet and dull as this? There must once have been something which had attracted him—what had become of it?

It startled him that she seemed to read his thought. "You won't find Binnie very lively," she observed.

"I'm afraid you've had a depressing time," he answered.

"Sometimes I think I'm growing dumb," she went on, with a fleeting smile. "I've almost got out of the way of talking. Aunt is grown very deaf, and if she talks it brings on her cough."

"But you have kindly old neighbours at hand," said Ninian.

She gave a quick little movement. "What had I to say to them?" she said. "Most of them only wanted to pry."

"I was glad when I heard that Hugh Kennet had come back to Binnie for a long stay," observed Ninian. "While he was here I knew you had a trusty adviser close at hand. But I suppose he went off again long ago?"

"No," she answered, "he is here still. I believe he has some thought of settling here."

Ninian gave a low whistle of surprise.

What! Hugh Kennet, the restless, the enterprising—the practical man of action! Surely Binnie would be a more trying place of abode for Hugh than even for Ninian himself, the mere student.

"Well, I am glad I have not missed Kennet," he remarked.

"I saw him on the road yesterday, and I told him you would arrive in Binnie to-night," said Jessie in her even, gentle tones. "I said you would be here, and he said he would come over."

Quite as an afterthought, it occurred to Ninian: "He is my old chum certainly, but he might have spared you and me this first evening together!"

Jessie turned on him with resentful eyes and reproachful voice. "He does not dream that you and I are any more to each other than—than—he is," she said. "How can he?"

It was her first animated moment. In it something within her wakened. Ninian caught a glimpse of the woman he had known before.

"Considering what an old friend of ours he has been," she went on, "it didn't seem fair to him, it was somehow like—cheating!"

Ninian's arm stole about her. She made one fluttering movement to withdraw, and then was still.

"I'll tell you what, Jessie," he said coaxingly, "when Hugh comes to-night he shall be the first to hear the news. Then it will filter through him to Binnie in general.

A Tragedy of Silence

That's how it should be—first one's friends—then the public at large. Perhaps the truth is due to one's friends."

She sat rigid. "The truth is two years old now," she said.

"Well, I'll tell him that too," Ninian conceded. "I ought, perhaps, to have written him our secret when I heard he had come to Binnie—I am sure it would have bound him the more in your service."

"I used to wish he knew," she said, quietly.

A step passed outside the window.

"There he is," said Jessie, rising.

"Is that he? Wait till he rings," suggested Ninian. "No, stop, I'll go and open the door myself."

Lingering watchers on the highway saw and heard the old school-fellows' greeting. It was genial and hearty.

"And now prepare for a great surprise, Kennet," said the clergyman, drawing the visitor into the parlour—"a pleasant surprise! I understand you have been very helpful to this lady—let me introduce her in a new character—as my future wife,—according to her promise made two years ago."

There was a minute's silence. Hugh's eyes were on Jessie's face.

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you both," said Hugh Kennet, rather stiffly. "Yes, I do. Only it takes my breath away! I never dreamed of such a thing—the more fool I! No, not though I heard it whispered in Binnie gossip. I thought rather—" but he pulled himself up. Ninian never heard what he had thought.

"Binnie is always ready to gossip," said Ninian.

"Well, now you have a chance of preaching against it!" rejoined young Kennet. He looked like a man who had lived much in the open air. The young clergyman was pale and academic by his side. They were alone at the moment, Jessie had gone to her aunt's room.

"Does she know?" asked Kennet, with a motion of his head towards the inner chamber.

"Not yet," answered Ninian,—"you are the very first to hear," he added with a smile. "I'm rather sorry though that the aunt wasn't told before," he went on. "Jessie says the old lady has been worrying about leaving her."

"She needn't have done that," returned Kennet energetically. "Jessie is the sort

who will be always wanted—one who does much and says little."

"And who knows how to keep a secret!" added Ninian archly.

"Ay!" said Kennet. At that moment Jessie returned to the parlour and there fell a brief pause. It was Kennet who spoke next.

"Well, I should not have dropped in like this, if I'd dreamed how matters stand. However, as I am here, I may as well say good-bye. I'm off again!"

"Why, I thought you were to settle in Binnie after all!" exclaimed Ninian. "I own that I wondered at the idea."

Kennet laughed lightly. "Yes, that would have been an odd change in my manners, wouldn't it? No, I'm off again. The prairies are calling!"

"Your aunts will be disappointed," said Ninian, "they'd have liked you to stay on the old place."

"They never wonder at anything I do," returned Kennet, "they know me."

"But we shall see you again before you leave?" asked Ninian.

"I think not," said his friend; "I take the first train from Dallas to-morrow morning, and I must rise at five to catch it."

Jessie had not said one word. Her hand lay still in the hearty grasp he gave it.

"Good-bye—good-bye," he cried.

"Good-bye," said she.

She didn't even step out into the little entry.

"Good-bye, Ninian," said Kennet.

"I half envy you your world-wide freedom," said Ninian, shaking his hand. "I own that Binnie is rather a backwater."

"Don't envy me. You are in luck with the wife you'll have!"

"May you get as good, my friend!" invoked Ninian.

"Me?—oh, I'm not a marrying man!" cried Kennet, and ran off.

Ninian watched him out of sight. As he turned back to the parlour, he remarked—

"If that fellow could come across the right woman, he would have a grand future before him. There are magnificent makings in him, though he's but in the rough now."

Jessie said nothing.

Then he and Jessie went to the aunt's chamber. . . .

After supper he and she took a few turns together in the open air, before he went

A Tragedy of Silence



"I suppose I ought to congratulate you both," said Hugh rather stiffly.

away to the inn. They walked on no broad river terrace in sight of sun-tipped mountains. They could just walk abreast in the narrow path between the potatoes and the kail in the back-garden. There was a scent of old-fashioned flowers too, phlox and southernwood. Jessie stooped in the darkness and gathered something. She knew where the pansies grew.

Ninian had drawn her hand through his arm. All of a sudden she dropped her head on his shoulder. She was shaken by silent weeping.

"What is it, dear one?—what is it?" he pleaded soothingly.

"Oh, Ninian, Ninian, somehow I thought you would never come back! I knew you must be living in such a different world, and seeing women so different from me. I used to fancy there was a change in your letters. It used to be terrible here sometimes. Oh, Ninian, Ninian, forgive me! forgive me!"

"It is not you who need forgiveness, dear one," he said gravely, folding her in his

arms. "It has all been very hard. Rather forgive me. But it is all over now. . ."

They were married very soon, to the great satisfaction of Binnie in general and of the old aunt in particular. At her special request the preparation of the parsonage went on at once. The old lady wanted to know exactly how it was all to be after she had gone away. Of course they did not disturb her furniture, but she liked to hear where it was to stand among the new things they had to buy. She did not seem able to sing her "Nunc dimittis" till she knew that by the measurements her sideboard would fit nicely into the recess of the parsonage dining-room, and that the hall was to be covered with a particular make of waxcloth which she had admired the last time she had been in Dallas—more than five years before. She had put her life greatly into "things," and was as concerned over the future of her goods as of her niece. Almost her last words were—

A Tragedy of Silence

"I'm glad the things are to be kept together; there's a deal of waste in separating."

Ninian and Jessie were married in the aunt's house, and her death came soon afterwards.

Ninian knew that his wife was predominantly a domestic woman, and if he did sometimes miss Magdalene Grahame's repartees and the conversation in the Bishop's elegant drawing-room, still there was great comfort and peace at his wife's carefully-prepared board, and in her spotless chambers. She was scrupulous never to intrude upon his "study," and their communion was chiefly at meal-times, and during the calm evening walks which they took on Binnie Moor. He thought it must be a blessed change to Jessie after the close atmosphere of her aunt's sick-room, and the scratch-meals into which lonely women are apt to lapse. Of course she was quite happy. He was sure of that—it did not take much to make "the dear one" happy. (He called her that always in his mind, and sometimes in his speech.)

Therefore it startled him when the wife of one of the farmers hinted that she thought Mrs. Gowrie "looked dwining." "I reckon she's missing her aunt," said the good woman. "There's nothing one misses so much as a care when it's taken from one. You must cheer her up and give her plenty to think about, Mr. Gowrie."

Those words made Ninian regard Jessie more carefully. Yes, a strange sweet refinement was certainly growing about her. That was what these dull country folk called "dwining." She was as quiet as ever, but when she spoke there was a new depth and poetry in her words. He began to think he had had a wise intuition of all that was latent in her, when he had first made her his choice. Yet sometimes he felt a little uneasy. There was a significance in some of her words—even in some of her glances. Sometimes she seemed about to say something which she held in reserve. Did she suspect anything? "The dear one!" He must reassure her tenderly.

They had been talking over some story-book one day, when suddenly Jessie said—

"Ninian, if a man is engaged to one woman and he discovers that he has grown to love another better, ought he to fulfil his engagement?"

His heart gave a great bound. Was it coming? He commanded himself to reply.

"Certainly; that is the course of any man of honour."

He answered decidedly. Two bright spots came out on Jessie's cheeks as if she felt she had asked an unworthy question.

"I don't know," she said; "you see such a promise is understood as including loving best. If that cannot be kept, is the rest worth much?"

"But a promise is a promise, dear one!" said he.

"I know that," she said.

"Nobody knows it better," he murmured, "seeing how sacred you kept our secret."

"Still, the promise is not kept, don't you see?" she persisted.

"It is kept as far as the will can go," he urged.

"Ah!" she cried, as if that was an admission that opened a great gulf. "But don't you think that the man—the person—who has changed ought to let the other know of the change, and decide whether or not the mere husk of the promise is worth having—for it is only the husk? Isn't it like promising an orange and then sucking it first?"

"That would simply be asking permission to break the promise, so as to flatter oneself one did it with a clear conscience," he declared. "For few would insist on the fulfilment of such a promise."

"So they are cheated into accepting the sucked orange!" said Jessie. "That is how I see it!"

"Dear one—men—and women too—have done thus, as being the very best that could be done," urged Ninian. "And surely they have their reward."

There was a silence. She went on with her needlework. Then she asked suddenly—

"At any rate, you would not think that such a half-fulfilled promise was—was a sin?"

"A sin—no, my dear one, anything but a sin."

"I am glad to hear you say so," she answered. "I could not feel quite sure." She got up and kissed him—a very rare caress with her.

Then they went out for their evening walk. As he looked down at her, it struck him that her cheek had a strange, sharp line. "Dear one," he said tenderly, "I hope I am good to you—I hope you are as happy as you deserve to be."

"I am far happier than that," she answered.

A Tragedy of Silence

Within eighteen months of their marriage a little dead baby lay in the pretty cradle wrought by its mother's careful industry and skill. The cradle stood in the dining-room, and it was not much in anybody's thoughts. For in the upper chamber the mother herself lay dying. It was a mere matter of hours. The doctors had said so in the morning. It could not be long now.

The nurse moved about softly. The husband knelt by the death-bed. It was very peaceful: the nurse had consoled him that after all the agony, his wife would pass easily—there was nothing of her left to struggle any more.

She had not spoken for a long time. He had spoken to her and she had not answered. He had bent over her, and unwitting eyes had met his. They were closed now. Suddenly he folded his hand over the poor thin white fingers. The eyes half opened—a smile flickered on the lips—they moved! He bent down.

"Hugh! Hugh Kennet!" she murmured, and on that name her spirit faded beyond his vision.

The Rev. Ninian Gowrie stood up. He saw it all now! He understood! One woman's heart had indeed broken—but it was not for love of him.

Our Old Readers

In a recent number we stated that we should be glad to hear from any of our readers who have taken *The Leisure Hour* from the beginning. The following names have reached us in response:—

Anonymous, Roath, Cardiff. From the first.

Anonymous, Tunbridge Wells, says, "with only one year's exception, it has been taken in by our family from its commencement. My grandfather began with the first number, it was continued by his children, and is now taken in and enjoyed by his grandchildren."

Beall, Thomas, Blenheim Road, Wood Green. From the first.

Bridge of Allan. A reader who gives no name, writes of *The Leisure Hour* being read by her "with unabated interest from the first number until now."

Dunnett, C., South Lawn, Tunbridge Wells. From the first.

Evans, Mrs., Stackpool Road, Southville, Bristol. "Remembers well its first appearance. It has always maintained a high standard."

"Faithful," Hull, has never missed a single number.

Gamble, (the late) Mr., Stoughton Street, Leicester, "bought and read" every number from the first until he passed away in August 1901. "Though he read many magazines," his daughter says, "it was always his favourite. He did not think any other magazine equalled it for high tone and general interest."

Hind, Ann, Footman Cottage, Hayes, Middlesex. Has never missed a number from the first.

Hutchinson, Andrew H., Crescent Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne. From the first, "with best wishes for the success of my old favourite."

Kirkwood, Thomson, Hampden Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow. From the first.

M. F., Watford, Herts. From the first. Macdonald, David, Hanover Street, Edinburgh. From the first. "A life-long debtor to so excellent a periodical," on which he spent part of the first wages he earned.

Marshall, Charles, Broomhaugh, Riding Mill on Tyne. From the first.

Menzies, James A., Buckingham Place, Brighton. From the first.

Moore, R. H., Peel Grove, Longsight, Manchester. From the first.

Payne, B., Ashley Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset. From the first.

Richardson, Thomas P., Hamilton Place, Alford, Lincs. Has read *The Leisure Hour* since he was a boy, in its third year.

Ross, Mrs., Coddington, Newark, Notts. From the first.

Rothery, William, Manor Road, Stoke Newington. From the first.

Sketchley, Colonel, R.E., London. Since 1857.

Tratt, Mrs., Victoria Road, Bridgwater. From the first, except for a comparatively short interval.

Wilson, Robert, Bowes Road, New Southgate, N. Since the age of twelve, when a lad at Islington Chapel Sunday School, 1852. Has every number from the first, and they are constantly referred to for a variety of subjects.

Wright, Mrs., Queen's Road, Dalston. Her late husband bought the first weekly number, and the Magazine has been regularly taken ever since. "It has improved year by year."

To all our readers, old and young, who have written to us, we send our hearty thanks for their kind appreciation and good wishes.

The Leisure Hour and its Contributors

WE have pleasure in giving, as the frontispiece of this number, the portraits (as far as available) of our principal contributors, and we give below a brief statement of their work for *The Leisure Hour*, with some additional portraits.

This list does not profess to be complete. We should have been glad to give the names and portraits of all who have contributed to our pages, but the limits of space make this impossible.

We have confined ourselves to those contributors (authors and artists) who seemed to deserve special mention, either because of the number of their contributions or the interest attaching to their names.

AUTHORS

Bacon, Miss Gertrude

Miss Gertrude Bacon, daughter of the Rev. J. M. Bacon, and his companion in some of his balloon voyages, has written on "A Voyage in Cloudland" (1900), "When London Sleeps" (1901), and is at present contributing a series of papers on "The Coastwise Lights of England."

Bacon, Rev. J. M.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon, F.R.A.S., the aéronaut and scientist, contributed papers on "The Growth of Explosives," "Telegraphy up to Date" (1900), and "With the Ice-King" (1901).

Baines, Thomas

Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S., the African explorer, was born at King's Lynn, Norfolk, in 1822. His tastes were artistic, and in 1842 he went to Cape Colony, hoping to earn a living there by painting. But the love of travel soon took possession of him. He was present with his sketch-book in the Kafir wars of 1846, 1848, and 1851. In 1855 he was attached to the Northern Australian Exploring Expedition, and received the thanks of the Colonial Government. In 1858 he was appointed artist to Dr. Livingstone's Zambesi Expedition.

His most important expedition took place in 1865, when he explored the region north-east of the Transvaal Republic. He was one of the pioneers of the goldfields, which have since become so productive.

His first article in *The Leisure Hour* appeared in June 1866, and was entitled "A Hippopotamus Chase near Lake Ngami," illustrated by his own drawings. Several other papers from his pen appeared in this

magazine between 1866 and 1874, the most notable being "The Goldfields and Diamond Beds of South Africa" (December 1868); and "Victoria Falls, Zambesi River" (August 1874). He died in 1875.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, as President of the Royal Geographical Society, said of him: "He was a man of marked individuality of character, a born artist and explorer, a lover of wild life, and skilled in all the shifts and resources of an explorer's career. Few men were so well endowed with these and other qualifications for successful African travel, and perhaps none possessed greater courage and perseverance, or more untiring industry, than Baines."

Some of his pictures, with a tablet to his memory, are in the Public Library at Port Elizabeth.

Baker, James

Mr. James Baker, F.R.G.S., author of *John Westacott*; *The Cardinal's Page*, etc., has been for more than ten years a constant contributor. His favourite topics have been history, travel, and education in connection with European countries.

Among the subjects on which he has written for our pages have been: "Berlin and the Berliners" (1885); "A Forgotten Great Englishman" (1890); "Poitiers" (1893); "To Lapland by Railway" (1899); "R. D. Blackmore" (1900); "Pleasant Primary Education" (1901).

Barker, E. Harrison

Mr. E. H. Barker is an authority upon the history and social life of France, and has contributed to this magazine for many years. Among his subjects have been: "A Walking Tour in the Vosges" (1889);

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E. HARRISON BARKER

"Wayfaring in France" (1891); "The Montyon Prize" (1891); "French Family Life" (1896); "The Abbé de Lamen-nais" (1899); "French Presidents" (1899); and in 1900 "A British Painter's Travels in the Last Century" (his grandfather, who was at

Rome with Flaxman and a considerable body of

students at the very time when the French Revolution was at its height).

Barr, Mrs.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, of American fame, contributed serial stories, "The Last of the MacAllisters" (1884), "The Lone House" (1887), and some short stories.

Bayly, Miss E. Boyd

Miss E. Boyd Bayly, author of *Jonathan Merle*, contributed to *The Leisure Hour* in 1896 a serial story entitled "Forestwyk," dealing with the temperance question on its practical side.

Becke, Louis

Mr. Louis Becke, author of *By Reef and Palm*, contributed the principal serial story in 1900. It was a story of Australian and seafaring life, entitled "Tom Wallis." He also wrote "Rodman of the Shawnee" (1898), "The River of Dreams" (1901), and many notes on the Southern Seas.

Besant, Sir Walter

The late Sir Walter Besant wrote for *The Leisure Hour* (1899-1900) the serial story "The Alabaster Box." He had already contributed articles on "The Suppression of the Religious Houses in London" (1897), and on "Paternoster Row" (1899).

Birrell, Augustine

Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., contributed papers on "Books and Book-Buying" (1885) and on "William Cowper," in connection with the Cowper Centenary, 1900.

Bishop, Mrs.

Miss Isabella Bird, the famous traveller (afterwards Mrs. Bishop), was one of the earliest contributors to *The Leisure Hour*, and a paper from her still active pen appears in this present number.

The following are some of the subjects on which she has written for this magazine: "A Visit to Lambeth Palace" (1854); "Dr. Guthrie's Edinburgh Ragged Schools" (1861); "Adventures on Lake Superior" (1862); "Pen and Pencil Sketches among the Outer Hebrides" (1866); "The Two Atlantics" (1876); "Australia Felix: Impressions of Victoria" (1877); "Letters from the Rocky Mountains" (1878), which had a large circulation in America; "Sketches in the Malay Peninsula" (1883); "A Pilgrimage to Sinai" (1886); "Among the Tibetans" (1893); "The King and the Royal Leech: An Episode in Recent Korean Court History" (1898). Her last expedition was that to Morocco.

Blackie, Professor J. S.

The late Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, was a frequent contributor to these pages. He wrote several short articles and the following poems: "Rules for a Happy Life" (1884); "The Lay of a Little Lady" (1888) [This charming poem was a portrait from life of Henrietta A. Bird, only sister of Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop)]; "Hampstead" (1889); "A Song of Death" (1891).

Blaikie, Rev. Professor

The late Dr. W. G. Blaikie (Professor in the New College, Edinburgh) contributed papers on "Vancouver to Toronto" (1890) and other subjects.

Bompiani, Sofia, of Rome

Contributed the series on "Italian Explorers in Africa" (1888 and 1890), which was afterwards separately published. It was a narrative then new to Englishmen.

Bonwick, James

The veteran historian of Australia, Mr. James Bonwick, contributed in 1863 a series of papers on "Rambles of an Australian School Inspector"; "The Currency Lasses" and "Christmas in Australia" (1872); "A Call at Tristan D'Acunha" and "The Pacific Railway of America" (1873).

Brown, Miss Frances

Frances Brown was from the year 1853 to 1876 a regular contributor. Besides many poems, she contributed in 1859 a story, "The Rival Heirs"; "The Mystery of Moorside Grange" (1862); a serial story, "The Exile's Trust" (1867); a

The Leisure Hour and its Contributors

serial story, "The Neighbours of Kilmaclone" (1872); "Seventeen-Seventy-Six," a serial story of the American War of Independence (1876). Born in Stranorlar, Co. Donegal, she was but a child of eighteen months when she lost her sight from small-pox. She was one of those born to combat with difficulties and overcome. Her writings were the fruit of her heroic life. She excelled in narrative. "The Star of Attéghéi, and other Poems," published by Moxon in 1844, still bears touching testimony to her genius. She wrote with the aid of an amanuensis, by whose help also she made many a bright and cheerful visit to the editorial rooms. She died in 1879, having had for some time a literary pension of £100 a year from the Crown.

Buckland, Frank

The popular Frank Buckland, son of the Dean, whom nobody thought of as a surgeon in the Life Guards, but all England knew as an enthusiastic naturalist, whose very house was a strange menagerie, was for nearly twenty years a constant contributor of papers on natural history.

Bullen, Frank T.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, is one of our most recent contributors. He has written for us papers on "The Lonely Antarctic" (1900) and "Weather Forecasting" (1901).

Chesson, Mrs.

Mrs. Chesson (better known as "Nora Hopper") has been a frequent contributor of poems.

Creighton, Bishop

The late Dr. Mandell Creighton, first as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, then as Canon of Worcester, Bishop of Peterborough, and Bishop of London successively, was a constant contributor. His papers on "The Story of some English Shires" (now published as a volume by the R.T.S.) were commenced in our pages in 1885, and the last of them appeared in 1898.

Crockett, S. R.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, author of *The Raiders*, *The Lilac Sun-Bonnet*, etc., contributed in 1894 historical and descriptive papers on "Galloway Bygones" and "Galloway Fastnesses"; and in 1895, "The Glistering Beeches," a story of the Great Auk.

Crommelin, Miss May

Miss May Crommelin contributed in 1891 a story "The Man Hunt on the Moor," and in 1895 a series of travel papers on South America, describing the Argentine Republic, the crossing of the Cordilleras, Chile, etc. In 1898 she described a visit to Lourdes, and in 1901 she contributed a story "How William Wilkins went in search of his Family Tree."

Cumming, Miss C. F. Gordon

Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, the celebrated traveller, has been a frequent contributor to *The Leisure Hour*.

Among her papers have been: "New Year's Day in Canton" (1879); "Mysteries of the South Pacific" (1882); "Pottery of Fiji" (1883); "Eruption of the Tarawera" (1886); "The Ending of the Carnival" (1887); "The Great Yellow River" (1888); "Bush Fires in New South Wales" (1896), the last four being probably even now the fullest descriptions to be found of four of the most startling catastrophes of the century.

Miss Gordon Cumming's one aim in life just now is to raise funds for the restoration and development of Mr. Murray's work among the blind in China.

In a letter to the editor she says, "It gives me much pleasure to be included in the set of *Leisure Hour* contributors in so interesting a number as that of its Jubilee. Fifty years of good, clean reading for a vast circle of readers."

Dawson, Sir William

The late Principal Sir William Dawson of Montreal wrote for this magazine many papers on science and on travel. In 1871 his "Sketches of the Geologic Periods as they appear in 1871" were published in these pages; in 1872 his papers on "Primitive Man"; in 1874 his twelve articles on "The New World and the Old: American Illustrations of European Antiquities"; in 1876 his papers on "American Myths"; and in 1884 he wrote on "A Naturalist in Egypt."

Dennis, John

A large number of papers on literary criticism and biography have come, during many years, from the pen of Mr. John Dennis. He has written for these pages on "Browning"; "Samuel Rogers"; "Dorothy Wordsworth"; "Poetry of the Century";

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"De Quincey"; "Jeremy Taylor"; "Sir Walter Scott's Last Journals"; "Tennyson"; "Coleridge"; "William Morris"; "Personal Recollections"; "Coventry Patmore"; "Oliver Goldsmith"; "Sydney Smith"; "Methods of Literary Work"; "Richard Holt Hutton"; "Mrs. Oliphant"; "F. T. Palgrave," and others.

D'Esterre-Keeling, Miss Eleonore

Since 1895 Miss Eleonore D'Esterre-Keeling has contributed several articles, including papers on "Dutch Painters"; "Johannes Brahms"; "Lorenzo Perosi"; "With Tilly in Rothenburg"; and "James Maris."

D'Esterre-Keeling, Miss Elsa

Miss Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling is the author of several serial and other stories and papers which have appeared in this magazine. "Orchardcroft: the Story of an Artist," appeared as a serial in 1892. "Old Maids and Young" was the principal story in 1894. "Can Such Things Be?" was the title of a Kentish story which she contributed in 1897. In 1899 appeared her story "John England's Outgoing," the scene of which is laid in Yorkshire. Her papers on child-life and her "Second Thoughts" show the same characteristics.

Dodds, Rev. James

The late Rev. James Dodds, of Dunbar, was for many years a constant contributor. Among his articles were Reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, Edward Irving, and Sir Walter Scott (1873); "A Day with Hugh Miller," and "Dr. James McCosh" (1875).

Doudney, Miss Sarah

Miss Sarah Doudney contributed the following poems: in 1887 "A Lay for the 20th of June"; in 1889 "London Twilight"; in 1897 "A Life-story"; in 1898 two poems, "A Winter's Tale" and "Gregorio's Garden."

Dougall, Miss L.

Miss L. Dougall, of Montreal, contributed the serial story in 1893, "What Necessity Knows," and another, "A Question of Faith" (1895).

Dunkin, Edwin

The late Dr. Edwin Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, was a constant contributor of astronomical papers from

1861 to 1892. His most important articles were those on "The Midnight Sky," which appeared during the year 1868, and are still published in book form, beautifully illustrated, by the Religious Tract Society. It was this book which made Carlyle exclaim, "O why did not somebody teach me the stars!"

Esler, Mrs. E. Rentoul

Mrs. Esler, author of *The Wardlaws*, etc., has been a regular contributor for some time past. A short story from her pen, entitled "A Singer of the South," appeared in 1899, and she has written many short papers.

Everett-Green, Miss Evelyn

Miss Evelyn Everett-Green, author of *Tom Heron of Sax*, etc., contributed in 1896 several "Character Sketches from Real Life," and in 1897 "No: a Study in Steps."

Glaisher, James

Mr. James Glaisher, F.R.S., founder of the Royal Meteorological Society, and for more than forty years connected with Greenwich Observatory, was for some years a frequent contributor. Among his articles were a series (in 1864) on "The Balloon and its Application." No more interesting papers ever appeared in our pages. In the third of the series he described his famous ascent (Sept. 5th, 1863), in which he attained the greatest height ever reached—nearly seven miles. He was insensible for more than ten minutes, and was only brought back to consciousness through the prompt action of his companion, Mr. Coxwell, who seized the valve-cord with his teeth. In 1872 he wrote a paper on "Snow-Crystals."

Gordon, W. J.

For about twenty years Mr. Gordon has been one of our regular contributors. It would be difficult to say on what subject he has not written. His practical knowledge of many questions has been acquired by minute and laborious inquiries over a wide field. But his special subjects have been the manufacturing and commercial industries of the United Kingdom. Many of his papers have been reprinted in illustrated volumes, such as "Every-day Life on the Railroad"; "The Story of our Railways"; "How London Lives"; "Midland Sketches"; and "The Way of the World at Sea."

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Green, Dr. S. G.



REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

The Rev. Samuel G. Green, D.D., has written several papers, chiefly of literary criticism. Among them may be mentioned "Locksley Hall, Earlier and Later" (1887), "Browning and Tennyson" (1890); "Dean Stanley" (1894); "Last Thoughts of a Man of Science" (1895).

Green, J. Arnold

Mr. Green has contributed regularly for some years to *The Leisure Hour*, chiefly on Chess.

Gregory, Professor R. A.

Mr. Richard A. Gregory, F.R.A.S., Professor of Astronomy, Queen's College, London, contributes regularly to our pages on "Science and Discovery."

Gurdon, Lady Camilla

The late Lady Camilla Gurdon ("Anne Fellowes") wrote some delightful short stories and sketches from 1882 to 1885, including "On the Moors"; "Gertrude"; "Lady Amyott's Charge"; "The Library of a Lady of the Seventeenth Century"; "John Aylmer and his Scholar" (an account of the famous Bishop of London who was for a time tutor to Lady Jane Grey). She also contributed to our series of "Second Thoughts."

"Anne Fellowes" was the daughter of the fifth Earl of Portsmouth and sister of the present Earl. She married in 1888 Sir William Brampton Gurdon, M.P., who was for several years private secretary to Mr. Gladstone. She died in 1894. A selection of her writings, "Memories and Fancies," was afterwards published by Longmans.

Habberton, John

Mr. John Habberton, author of *Helen's Babies*, etc., contributed two serial stories, "Farm and Town" (1894) and "Everybody's Chance" (1896).

Hair, John

Mr. John Hair was for over thirty years a frequent contributor. He contributed in 1862 "A Glance at Natal," "The New Courts of Justice"; in 1863 "Greece

under Otho," "The Ionian Islands," "Danes and English"; and for several following years descriptive and biographical papers, including "Sir James Outram," "The Home of Buccleuch," "Sir Roderick Murchison," "Richard Cobden" (1866); "Robert Lowe" (1869); "John Ruskin" (1870); "The Duke of Argyll," "Sir Walter Scott and his Contemporaries" (1871); "John Bright" (1872); "Lord Derby" (1874); "Border Lands of Islam" (1876), a series of papers; "Sir Robert Peel" (1877); "Earl Dufferin" (1879); "Sir John Lubbock" (1881); "The Earl of Northbrook" (1883); "The Earl of Rosebery" (1894).

Hardy, W. J.

For many years Mr. W. J. Hardy, F.S.A., editor of the Calendar of State Papers, has been a contributor of papers on historical subjects. His most notable series of papers were those on "The Spanish Armada" (1888) and "The Handwriting of our Kings and Queens" (1889, 1890).

Heath, Richard

Mr. Richard Heath has written on various subjects, chiefly historical or biographical, with a social bearing. He wrote "Jean F. Millet" (1882); "Medieval Shoes," "Blenheim" (1884); a series on "Story-Telling in all Ages" (1885); "Victor Hugo" (1886); "Woman's Influence" (1887); "Count Leo Tolstoi," "The Taking of the Bastille" and other papers on France (1889); "The Continental Tourist" (1890); "Electioneering in Former Times" (1892).

Hocking, Silas K.

The Rev. Silas K. Hocking wrote for *The Leisure Hour* its principal serial story in the year 1900-1901, entitled "The Awakening of Anthony Weir," now published in book form.

Hood, Rev. E. P.

The late Rev. E. Paxton Hood delighted in literary and anecdotic themes. As characteristic may be mentioned, "The Value of a Worm" (1854); "Concerning Shoes and Shoemakers" (1876); a series on "The Great Smith Family" (1877). Of another class were "Scottish Characteristics" (1880); "Memorable Scenes in the House of Commons," a series (1881); "The Kings of Laughter," a series (1882). The papers

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on Hughenden, Hawarden (where Mr. Gladstone himself met him), Hatfield and other famous English homes followed (1883). His series of "Strange Stories told in Firelight" appeared in 1885.

Hopkins, Tighe

For many years Mr. Tighe Hopkins has contributed serial stories and historical and descriptive articles. His principal serials have been "Twixt Love and Duty" (1885); "Phayre Phenton" (a story of the Garibaldian Revolution), for which he made a special journey over the ground from Sicily to Naples (1887); "Carriconna" (a story more or less Irish) (1889); and papers on prisons (1895 and 1896).

Hopley, Howard

Mr. (afterwards the Rev.) Howard Hopley described his travels "On the Nile," afterwards published as a book (1866). He has also written on "The Catacombs" (1865); "From Nubia down the Nile" (1869); "Virgil's Tomb" (1877), and other travel papers.

Howitt, Mary

Mrs. Mary Howitt commenced to write for this magazine in 1857, her first paper being on "Uncommon Things in Common Life."

Her last papers were on Rome and Italy, where she was long resident, and witness of some of the most momentous events in Italian history. Among those of 1872 some subjects are "The First Roman Parliament" and "Brigandage." Other

papers were: "A Model Agricultural School in Italy" (1873); "The King of Italy"; "The Suppression of the Religious Orders in Rome" (1874).

Jerdan, William

One of the most regular contributors to the early volumes of this magazine was Mr. William Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*. A native of Kelso, where he was born in 1772, he was educated for the Scottish bar, but came to London when still a young man to push his way in literature. He became sole editor of the *Literary*

Gazette, soon after it was started in 1817, and filled the editorial chair for nearly thirty-five years. For most of that time the *Gazette* was the only journal devoted to literature and art. Mr. Jerdan retired from the editorship in 1850.

It was he who, in the lobby of the old House of Commons, seized Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval.

The principal papers contributed by Mr. Jerdan to *The Leisure Hour* bore the general title of "Men I Have Known," published in 1867 as a volume dedicated to the then Chief Baron (Sir Frederick) Pollock. In 1868, the year before his death, he contributed to our pages a series of "Characteristic Letters," consisting of letters written to himself by Faraday, Hans Christian Andersen, Sir Walter Scott, Sir David Brewster, Wordsworth, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, J. G. Lockhart, John Murray, William Blackwood, Samuel Lover, and others.

Jones, Prebendary Harry

The late Prebendary Harry Jones, who died in 1900, was for nearly forty years a regular contributor to this magazine. His most notable papers were a series of vivacious articles on "The Regular Swiss Round" (1863); "Another Swiss Round" (1864); "The Idler on the Rhine" (1865); "Practical Social Science," a series of nine articles (1877); seven papers entitled "Bible Lessons for Everyday Life" (1880); "Past and Present in the East" (1881), a series of descriptive papers on Egypt, Sinai, and Palestine, which are still so fresh and interesting as to repay perusal.

Keith, Leslie

Miss Grace L. Keith Johnston ("Leslie Keith") has been for many years one of our constant contributors. Her serial story "Great Grandmamma Severn" appeared in 1888; "Senior and Junior: a Country-town Chronicle" in 1890; "The Indian Uncle" in 1895; "By Fancy Led" in 1899; and we have had many short stories and sketches from her pen, such as "Jock Gentle's Wooing," "The Embroidered Waistcoat," and "A Real Treasure."

Kennedy, Dr. John

The late Rev. John Kennedy, D.D., was born in Aberfeldy, Scotland, in 1813, and died in London in 1900. He was educated at the universities of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and came to London as



MARY HOWITT

The Leisure Hour and its Contributors

minister of "Stepney Meeting" in 1846. He contributed to the first number of *The Leisure Hour* an article on "Sir John Franklin," and to many subsequent numbers papers on various subjects. One of his last acts before his death was to revise the proofs of his articles on "Old Highland Days," which appeared in our pages in 1900, and have since been published in book form, with a sketch of his later life by his son, Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy.

Kingston, W. H. G.

The late Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, the popular writer for boys, was born in London in 1814. After a residence of some years in Oporto, he gave himself to literary pursuits, and published his first story in 1844. He first contributed to *The Leisure Hour* in 1868 a paper on "Sperm Whale Fishing," and then in the same year a serial story, "James Braithwaite, the Supercargo." Further serial stories by him were "Roger Kyfin's Ward" (1871); "Maiden May" (1874); and he wrote articles on Bristol and Portsmouth in 1875. He took a great interest in the establishment of *The Boy's Own Paper* in 1878. He wrote for it several serial stories. In a letter addressed to the readers of that paper in 1880, from his deathbed at Willesden, he said: "Dear boys, I ask you to give your hearts to Christ, and earnestly pray that all of you may meet me in heaven."

Langbridge, Frederick

The Rev. Frederick Langbridge, M.A., has been for several years one of our regular contributors. He wrote a serial story, "The Dreams of Dania" (1896), and several short stories, including "The Factory Lady" and "The Foolish Doings of Amy Finch" (1899); "The Little Finches of Mercy" and "The Shame of William Danby" (1900). He has also contributed many poems, such as "The Sixty Noble Years" (1897); "Tompkins' Soliloquy" (1900); and "A Song for the Twentieth Century" (1901).

Lee, Charles

For several years Mr. Charles Lee has contributed frequently to our pages. Besides articles on art, music, and other subjects, the following serial stories have appeared from his pen: "The Woes of John Trellil" (1897); "Paul Carah, Cornishman" (1898), and "Cynthia" (1899).

Lord, J. K.

The late Mr. John Keast Lord, F.Z.S., traveller and naturalist, was one of the remarkable men who contributed to our early volumes. Born at Tavistock, Devonshire, in 1817, he received a medical education at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and was afterwards a distinguished student of the London Veterinary College. He travelled much in British North America, where he had many hairbreadth escapes from Indian bullets, charging bear, and swamped canoe. In 1858 he was appointed naturalist to the "Boundary Commission" of North America on the British side. He died in 1872 at Brighton, where he was the first manager of the Royal Aquarium.



J. K. LORD

Among his contributions to *The Leisure Hour* were "Zoological Notes" (1865); "Arrivals of Migrating Birds" (1866); "Cultivation of the Silkworm" (1866). His most important papers were a series which appeared in 1870 on "The Peninsula of Sinai," through which he travelled in 1868 as naturalist to the Egyptian Exploration Expedition. These papers are of great value on the zoology, botany, and general topography of the peninsula.

Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc

Mrs. Lowndes (Marie A. Belloc) has been a frequent contributor. Among her articles have been a series on "Future Kings" (1897); "Queen Wilhelmina" (1898); "Nurses at the Front" (1900); "The Medical Profession for Women" (1901).

Lynn, W. T.

Besides numerous papers on astronomical subjects, Mr. Lynn has contributed the "Astronomical Notes" for each month since 1894.

Macquoid, Katherine S.

For many years Mrs. Macquoid contributed occasionally to this magazine. Her principal serial stories have been "Rookstone" (1871), "Too Soon" (1873).

Massingham, H. W.

Mr. H. W. Massingham contributed in 1892 a series of papers on "The Great

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London Dailies" (afterwards published in book form as *The London Daily Press*), and in 1900 an article on Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent.

Maunder, E. Walter

Mr. E. Walter Maunder, F.R.A.S., gave in 1898 a series of illustrated papers on "The Royal Observatory, Greenwich" (since published in book form by the R. T. S.).



MRS. MAUNDER

Maunder, Mrs.

Mrs. Walter Maunder contributed in 1901 "The Shadow on the White City," being an illustrated account of the total eclipse of the sun as witnessed in Algiers May 28, 1900.

Max-Müller, Professor

A great event of the century was the death of the Emperor William, who had seen the foundations of a united Germany laid at Versailles. Professor Max-Müller was chosen on that occasion to address the Germans in London; and revised his speech for *The Leisure Hour* (1888).

Mayo, Mrs.

Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo has been for upwards of forty years one of our contributors. The first contribution of hers which we can trace is a poem, "The Shadeless Shore" (1860). In 1862 two of her poems appear: "The Artist's Last Work" and "True Courage." In 1866 appeared "The Wishing Gate," and in 1867 "Flitting," a poem which we commend to any of our readers who happen to have that old volume.

Millington, Rev. T. S.

In the early years of this magazine, the Rev. T. S. Millington was a frequent contributor. Besides several descriptive articles, commencing in 1853, he wrote serial stories, including "By Hook or by Crook" (1882); "The Latch-Key: or Too Many by Half" (1883); "No Choice" (1884); "Something to his Advantage" (1884); "The Toadstone" (1894).

Mogridge, George

The late Mr. George Mogridge was born at Ashted, near Birmingham, in 1787. He

was a regular contributor to the first three volumes, under the name of "Old Humphrey"—a name which once was a charm in the religious world. Some of his papers were "A Lively Lecture on Salt"; "It's an Odd Thing" (1852); "Old Humphrey on Mitigations"; "Old Humphrey's Visit to Belvoir Castle" (1853). He died in 1854 at Hastings.

Morrison, Michael A.

Mr. M. A. Morrison has been a regular contributor since 1891. Besides many papers of travel and description, and notes on German and Russian life, the following serial stories have appeared from his pen: "The Story of Hans Pehl" (1897); "A Prince and his Father" (1899), which laid its scenes on new ground among the Christian Socialists of Germany.

Oliphant, Mrs.

The late Mrs. Oliphant, author of *The Chronicles of Carlingford*, etc., contributed to *The Leisure Hour* in 1886 her serial story "The Poor Gentleman."

Overton, Mrs.

Mrs. Ella Edersheim Overton, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Edersheim, has been for several years a frequent contributor. Two serial stories by her have appeared in our pages: "Professor Leslie's Experiment" (1892), and "The School-mistress of Haven's End," setting forth the experiences of a lady who desired to give herself to the education of the poor (1898), the latter since published in book form (R. T. S.). She has also written some short stories and descriptive papers.

Owen, Sir Richard

The late Sir Richard Owen (b. 1804, d. 1892), who was President of the British Association in 1858, contributed in 1876 a paper on "The Antiquity of Egyptian Civilisation."

Palgrave, Francis Turner

The late Mr. F. T. Palgrave, LL.D., author of *The Golden Treasury of English Songs*, etc., and Professor of Poetry in Oxford, contributed in 1887 papers on "Songs from the Music Books of the Elizabethan Age."

Palgrave, Miss M. E.

Miss Mary E. Palgrave, daughter of Sir

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Reginald Palgrave, has been for several years a frequent contributor. In 1889 she wrote "A House Beautiful," an account of Nicholas Ferrar and his work at Gidding; in 1891 "Presented to the King," a continuation of the preceding; in 1897 a serial story, "Between Two Opinions"; in 1899 a paper on "The Ladies' Gallery in the Old House of Commons"; in 1900 "A Prorogation under Difficulties" and "The Soane Museum." Her most important work was "Driftwood," which brings some of the central questions of life into view under a London experience.

Palgrave, Sir Reginald F. D.

Sir Reginald Palgrave, K.C.B., formerly Clerk of the House of Commons, author of *Oliver Cromwell the Protector*, etc., contributed in the year of the Diamond Jubilee a paper on "The Queen and Her Ministers"; in 1898 one on "The Star Chamber"; in 1899 one on "A Slander upon John Wesley," and in 1901 a paper on "Bunyan's Description of 'Giant Pope.'

Petrie, W. Flinders

Professor W. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., the Egyptologist, contributed in 1892 a series of papers on "The Romance of Ancient Literature," and in 1897 "The Harvest from Egypt."

Porritt, Mr. Edward

Mr. Edward Porritt has for several years been one of our regular contributors. Residence in the United States has given him special knowledge of American institutions and movements. He contributed an article on "The United States Navy," which attracted public attention as one of the first accounts given of a beginning which has since made mighty mark on the world, and besides numerous short notes has written also on "A New World Aristocracy"; "Canadian Parliaments" (1897); "Lumbering on the Ottawa" (1899), and other American topics.

Prestwich, Lady Grace

Contributed several incidents of travel, amongst them a recollection of exceptional interest, "An Evening with Mrs. Somerville."

Prosser, Mrs.

For more than thirty years the late Mrs. Prosser was a regular contributor. A note

by the editor in November 1891 (vol. 1892, p. 35) says that "Mrs. Prosser—whose sparkle and vivacity, and broad genial human sympathy, as revealed in tale, and fable, and humble sketch, were the delight of tens of thousands while she lived—did not begin to write till after fifty." The following were some of her serial stories: "Fairly - cum - Forelands" (1861); "The Forged Will" (1862); "The Awdries and their Friends" (1865); "The Heiress of Cheevely Dale" (1867); "The Man in Possession" (1869); "The Master of Aynhoe" (1871); "Laura Loft: a Tale of Woman's Rights" (1873). Many short papers, sketches, and "Original Fables" also appeared from her pen. Mrs. Prosser was a grand-daughter of the famous Dibdin, and had some of his qualities. Some of her sketches were dictated while engaged in kitchen work. As a clergyman's wife, she had intimate acquaintance with the rustic poor, and loved them.

Quinton, J. A.

Mr. J. A. Quinton was for several years from its commencement sub-editor of *The Leisure Hour*. In later years he was manager of the London office of the Melbourne *Argus*, and is still living at the age of 84.

Rankine, Adam

One of the most successful series of later years was the "Second Thoughts." To these Mr. Rankine helpfully contributed, as also occasional papers of biography.

Rawlinson, Rev. Canon

The Rev. Canon George Rawlinson, for some time Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, author of *The Five Great Monarchies*; *History of Ancient Egypt*, etc., has been one of our frequent contributors. The following, among other papers, have appeared from his pen: "Juventus Mundi" (1870); "Ethnological Mare's Nests" (1874); a series on "Early Civilisation" (1876).

Rimbault, Dr. E. F.

The late Dr. Edward F. Rimbault, the composer, was a frequent contributor. Among his papers were: "The By-paths of Musical History," a series (1875); "Musical Precocity" (1876); "Notes on the Old Psalm and Hymn Tune Composers" (1877).

The Leisure Hour and its Contributors

Sargent, Mr. G. E.

The late Mr. G. E. Sargent was the author of the first story which appeared in *The Leisure Hour*, viz., "The Accommodation Bill," and for more than twenty years he was a regular and a most popular contributor. Among his serial stories may be mentioned: "The Grafton Family" (1853); "Frank Layton" (1854); "An Old Sailor's Story" (1861); "The Franklins" (1863); "Hurlock Chase" (1864); "George Burley" (1866).

Saxby, Jessie M. E.

Mrs. Saxby wrote from the north with a vivid experience behind her. In 1880 she contributed "Folk Lore from Unst, Shetland" (a series of papers); in 1881 a serial story "Will He No' Come Back Again?" in 1886 an article on "Folk Lore of Yule in Shetland"; and in 1893 "The Katyogle's Haunts and Ways."

Schofield, Dr. A. T.

Dr. A. T. Schofield has contributed papers, chiefly on medical and hygienic subjects.

In 1889 he wrote a series on "How We See, Speak, and Hear"; in 1890 a paper on "The Science of Old Age"; in 1894 a series on "Modern Hygiene"; in 1897 on "The Food Question"; and in 1898 on "Memory."

Scott-Moncrieff, Mrs.

Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff has been a regular contributor of literary notes. She has written also papers on "A Plea for More Womanly Women" (1894); "R. L. Stevenson" (1895); "Six by the Sea in Normandy" (1897); "R. L. Stevenson in his Letters" (1900); and the following short stories: "Helen" (1896) and "Donal Scrimgeour's Conscience" (1897).

Smith, Mr. C. M.

The late Charles Manby Smith was one of those who wrote for magazines in earlier days as many men write for newspapers now, without ever a thought of attaching a name to an article. There was a time when nobody contributed more than he did to the general popularity of *The Leisure Hour*. His MSS. would make volumes. They were always written in a minute handwriting, the lines as regular as if ruled, with never a blot or a scratch, or a comma misplaced, for years and years on paper of the same invariable quality and size and colour,

three pages of MSS. constituting with absolute certainty one printed page of that time. He wrote also much for *Chambers' Journal* and other magazines.

When he began to write, he was a lad at Hansard's. His early history he himself told in a volume called, "A Working Man's Way in the World." He was interested in painting and music as well as in books. His keenly observant eye made him an accurate observer of common things. His essays were not "literary" so much as social and practical, and on the levels of ordinary experience, but they ranged over a wide field of interest. Curious testimony was borne to their value when a bank clerk took to copying them and sending them out as his own, so for some years making an addition to his income.

One anecdote of a more general interest we may add. He used to tell how one evening George Macdonald and Greenwood were supping with him, when he quoted a Scotch epitaph that he had seen. "What is that?" said Macdonald. "Say it again." Smith repeated it. It was the epitaph which George Macdonald afterwards made famous in "David Elginbrod," and which may be said to embody the philosophy of much else which he wrote.

Solly, Rev. Henry

The late Rev. Henry Solly, who was one of the pioneers of working-men's clubs, wrote in 1884 on "The London Polytechnic"; in 1887 on "Villages in Decay"; and in 1888 on "Our Vagrant and Criminal Classes."

Stables, Dr. Gordon

Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N., has been a frequent contributor. The following are some of the articles he has written: "Landseer's Dogs" (1881); a series on "Rambles in my Caravan" (1885, 1886); "A Plea for Pussy" (1888); "The Story of the Bloodhound" (1889); "Household Dogs: How to Choose and Train Them" (1891); "Through East Anglia" (1891); "Forests I Have Camped In" (1889).

Stannard, Mrs.

Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter")



Photo, May Hammond

MRS. STANNARD

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contributed in 1888 a serial story entitled "Princess Sarah."

Stevenson, Robert Louis

The late R. L. Stevenson, author of *Treasure Island*, etc., contributed to the volume for 1887 a poem, "A Mile and a Bittock," written by him in 1886 at Bournemouth. We reproduce this poem in the present number.

Stone, Rev. S. J.

The late Rev. S. J. Stone, rector of All Hallows Church, London Wall, author of "The Church's One Foundation" and other well-known hymns, was a frequent contributor. His "Sonnets of the Christian Year" appeared first in these pages in 1874 and 1875. He also wrote on "Michael Angelo," and on "The Home Aspect of Tennyson's Poems" (1876). He died in 1900.

Stoughton, Dr. John

The late Rev. John Stoughton, D.D., was a regular and much-valued contributor to the early volumes and for nearly forty years. He wrote for the first number a paper on "The Old Year's Last Hour," and in the same and following years he wrote a series of papers on "Shades of the Departed in Old London," being an account of old London's famous men. In 1853 he contributed a series on "The Banks of the Thames"; in 1856 a series on "Echoes of Westminster Hall"; in 1859 a series on "Windsor Castle and Neighbourhood" and "A Ramble in the Tyrol"; in 1864 on "Shakespeare"; in 1873 "The Royal Borough"; in 1877 "The Royal Commission on Historical MSS."; in 1878 a series on "The Black Forest"; in 1883 "A Scotch Story: As True As It Is Strange"; in 1886 "Neglected Books"; and in 1888 "Glimpses of Queen Anne's Days." He died in 1897.

Stretton, Miss Hesba

Miss Hesba Stretton, afterwards so widely known as the author of *Jessica's First Prayer*, contributed in 1869 a serial story, "David Lloyd's Last Will" (a new edition of which has recently been published by the R. T. S.); in 1873 an article on "Mont St. Michel"; and in 1882 "Charity, Ancient and Modern."

Tallack, William

The recent retirement of Mr. Tallack
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from the secretaryship of the Howard Association evoked universal sympathy. Some of his early American experiences were many years ago recorded in *The Leisure Hour*, which from time to time was indebted to him for papers bearing on social reform.

Thompson, Sir E. Maunde

Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, K.C.B., Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, contributed in 1896 a series of articles on "The British Museum"; and in 1897 "The Recovery of Lost Greek Literature," and "The Battle of the Nile" (with facsimile of the log of the *Vanguard*).

Timbs, John

John Timbs was for a lifetime associated with the London press, and the author of many useful and entertaining books, largely compiled from his immense collection of newspaper gleanings, or from his miscellaneous readings. He contributed many "Recollections" (see page 186).

Tristram, Canon

The Rev. Canon H. B. Tristram, LL.D., D.D., contributed in 1894 "The Capture of the Lizard," an incident of life in the Canary Islands, and in 1895 a series of papers on "Rambles in Japan," illustrated by Edward Whymper (since published in book form by the R. T. S.).

Tupper, Mr. Martin F.

The late Mr. Martin F. Tupper, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, contributed several poems, including "Of Industry and Idleness" (1875), and "The Infinities" (1880); and "An Oxford Recollection" (1882), an account of Biscoe's Aristotle Class at Christ Church, in which Tupper was a fellow-student of Gladstone, Lord Lincoln, Canning, Liddell, and Scott.

Vambery, Professor

Professor Arminius Vambery, of Budapest, the famous traveller, travelled in 1861 to Khiva, before Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva" was heard of, disguised as a dervish, and thence by Bokhara to Samarcand. For several years he was a frequent contributor. In 1865 he wrote "The Fate of a German Watchmaker in Bokhara"; in 1866 "The Sting of a Scorpion," an episode of his adventures in Tartary; in 1867 two papers on "Pipes and Tobacco from the Adriatic

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to China"; in 1869 three papers on "Mussulman Food and Drink" (in one of which, p. 62, he contradicts the popular idea about Mohammedans abstaining from intoxicating drinks); and in 1873 on "The Land and People of Khiva."

In a letter to the editor, dated Oct. 1, 1901, Professor Vambéry says, referring to *The Leisure Hour* :—

"It was this paper which has first introduced me to the British public, and I shall never forget the kind words with which Dr. Macaulay has encouraged me to give him a plain and unaffected account of adventurous travels in Central Asia. The kind treatment I had experienced at his hands was one of the many incentives which have turned my pen into an English medium of communication, and which has made me feel in sympathy and love for your noble country. To-day, alas, I have a good deal to suffer for this proclivity of mine, for the world have taken to the habit of denouncing and hating all that is English—but I still bless the memory of Dr. Macaulay, and of all those who were instrumental in my conversion, for I have got the firm conviction that the host of enviers and enemies of Great Britain will ultimately see the mistake they have fallen in, and they will discover the wrong they have done in trying to blacken and to ruin the only Power which is serving as the standard-bearer of light, liberty, and justice in the dark recesses of the Asiatic world."

Vernon, Prebendary

The Rev. Prebendary J. R. Vernon, author of *The Harvest of a Quiet Eye*, has for more than thirty years been a regular contributor. In 1865 and following years some of the papers appeared which were afterwards included in the book just mentioned and in *Random Truths in Common Things* (also published by the R. T. S.). In 1869 he contributed a series entitled "Country Strolls"; in 1872 "Birds' Nests"; in 1875 "Bertram Raven," a serial story of college life; in 1882 "The Preacher Ends his Sermon"; in 1888 papers on "The Lake Poets"; which especially should be noted, for his own home at the foot of the Quamounts is near Alfoxden, Wordsworth's house, to reach which you cross the hill where they say Coleridge conceived the first idea of "The Ancient Mariner."

Villari, Linda, of Florence

Contributed in 1890 the tale, "A Mountain Romance"; and more miscellaneous papers at other times.

Walker, Henry

For many years the late Mr. Henry Walker contributed quarterly "Science Notes," and wrote many descriptive and

scientific papers. In 1897 he wrote on "British Volcanoes."

Walsh, Miss

The late Miss Elizabeth H. Walsh, of Limerick, was for many years a regular contributor. In 1859 appeared her serial story, "Golden Hills"; in 1860 a series entitled "The Tourist in Scotland"; in 1861 "Cedar Creek," a popular serial story, afterwards published in book form; in 1862 a series on "The Tourist in Ireland"; in 1864 the serial story "The Foster Brothers of Doon"; in 1865 "The Main Chance," a serial story; besides numerous short papers and sketches. She died early, and lies buried at Bonchurch.

Weyman, Stanley J.

Mr. S. J. Weyman, author of *A Gentleman of France*, etc., contributed in 1891 his story, "The Story of Francis Cludde," in serial form; in 1892 a series of "Egyptian Sketches"; in 1893 a short serial story, "A Little Wizard," and several short notes.

Whately, Archbishop

The Most Rev. Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was among the early contributors and warm supporters of *The Leisure Hour*. In 1855 he wrote a series of papers entitled "Introductory Lessons on Morals."

Whately, Miss E. J.

The late Miss E. J. Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin, was a constant contributor for several years. In 1864 she wrote "Ten Days in Biscay and Navarre"; in 1865 a series of papers on Egypt; in 1871 on "Charles Dickens"; in 1878 on "Charles Kingsley"; and in 1891 "A Story of Three Russian Ladies."

Wood, Mrs. Henry

Mrs. Henry Wood contributed two serial stories: "A Life's Secret" (1862) and "The Lost Bank-note" (1863).

Wood, Rev. J. G.

The late Rev. J. G. Wood, the celebrated writer on natural history, contributed in 1886 a paper on "Lecturing in America"; in 1887 "Some Words on Wolves"; in 1888 on "Edward Thring" and "Nest-building"; and in 1889 a series of papers on "The Horse," advocating almost a revolution in the methods of treating it.

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Wright, Rev. Dr. William

The late Rev. William Wright, D.D., author of *The Empire of the Hittites*, was a frequent contributor. From Damascus, where he laboured as a missionary for ten years, he sent, among other papers, a series on "The Land of the Giant Cities" (1874), and in 1875 a series on "A Trip to Palmyra and the Desert." Afterwards, when Editorial Superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he wrote in 1884 on "Curious Bibles."

Yeats, W. B.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has contributed some

poems, one paper of special interest as coming from him on "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland" (1890), and another on "Irish Fairies" (1890).

Zimmern, Helen

Miss Helen Zimmern has for many years been a constant contributor. Her most important work was the three series; in 1890 a series of papers on "The Sovereigns of Europe"; in 1891 and 1892 a second on "The Statesmen of Europe"; and in 1893 and 1894 a third series on "The Peoples of Europe." The first was republished as a book. She wrote also other shorter papers in 1899 and 1900.

ARTISTS

Browne, Gordon

Mr. Gordon Browne, R.I., has illustrated many of our principal serial stories. In 1883 he illustrated "The Latch-Key" by the Rev. T. S. Millington; in 1891 "The Trial of Mary Broom" by Mrs. Coghill; "Orchardscroft" by Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling (1892); "A Little Wizard" by Stanley Weyman (1893); "The Indian Uncle" by Leslie Keith (1895); "A Question of Faith" by L. Dougall (1895); "Forestwyk" by E. Boyd Bayly (1896); "Can Such Things Be?" by Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling (1897); "Paul Carah" by Charles Lee (1898). He has always contributed many page drawings, often humorous, and several frontispieces in colour.

Copping, Harold

Mr. Harold Copping has illustrated the following serial stories: "By Fancy Led" by Leslie Keith (1899); "Daftie" by J. S. Wilson (1900, 1901); "A Real Treasure"; "Jock Gentle's Wooing"; "And So My Love Came Back to Me" (1900); and "The Awakening of Anthony Weir" by Silas Hocking (1901).

Crompton, J. Shaw

Mr. J. Shaw Crompton, R.I., illustrated in 1898 "Roger the Fool" by E. Mendham; "The Pedagogue's Romance" by H. C. Bradby (1900); and several frontispieces of Egyptian scenes have been his work.

Dadd, Frank

Mr. Frank Dadd, R.I., has been a frequent

illustrator of our leading serial stories. In 1885 he illustrated "The Lost Son" by Mary Linskill, and "Twixt Love and Duty" by Tighe Hopkins. In 1886 he illustrated "A Poor Gentleman" by Mrs. Oliphant; in 1887 "Something To His Advantage" by T. S. Millington; "Great Grandmamma Severn" by Leslie Keith (1888); "Carrionna" by Tighe Hopkins (1889); "Senior and Junior" by Leslie Keith (1890); "The Story of Francis Cludde" by Stanley Weyman (1891); "In Spite of Herself" by Leslie Keith (1892); "What Necessity Knows" by L. Dougall (1893); "Old Maids and Young" by Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling (1894); "The Toadstone" by T. S. Millington (1894); "The Story of Hans Pehl" by M. A. Morrison (1897); "Between Two Opinions" by M. E. Palgrave (1897); "Driftwood" by M. E. Palgrave (1898); "A Prince and his Father" by M. A. Morrison (1899).

Dicksee, Frank

Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., illustrated in 1875 the serial story "The Tall Man" by Gustav Nieritz, and in 1876 the serial "1776" by Frances Brown.

Du Maurier

The late George du Maurier did some of his best work for *The Leisure Hour*.

In 1864 he illustrated "Hurlock Chase," a six-months story by G. E. Sargent; in 1865 "The Awdries and their Friends" by Mrs. Prosser. It was while he was still drawing for this magazine that he received his appointment on *Punch*.

The Leisure Hour and its Contributors

Foster, Birket

The late Mr. Birket Foster contributed many pictures. Amongst them were: "Gathering Primroses" (1875); "An English Lane" (frontispiece in colour, 1883); and "An English Summer Day" (frontispiece in colour, 1885).



HENRY FRENCH

French, Henry

Mr. Henry French has illustrated many of our serial stories, including "Maiden May" (1874); "Boy and Man" (1876); "Lombardy Court" (1878), and "Idonea" by Anne Beale (1880).

Gilbert, Sir John

The late Sir John Gilbert, R.A., illustrated the first story which appeared in this magazine, "The Accommodation Bill" (1852), and continued to draw the serial illustrations, including those of "A Life's Secret," by Mrs. Henry Wood (1862), for about ten years. He died in 1898 at Blackheath, where he was born in 1817.

Gould, F. Carruthers

Mr. F. Carruthers Gould (the well-known cartoonist, "F. C. G." of the *Westminster Gazette*) has contributed several papers illustrated by his own drawings. Among these are: "Sport from an Animal's Point of View" (1883); "A Pilgrimage to Mount St. Michael" (two papers, 1886); "The Battlefield of Crécy" (1890). He also illustrated "Indian Fables" (1883); "The Adjutant's Parade" (1883); and "Commercial Travellers: by One of Them" (1885).

Green, Charles

The late Charles Green, R.I., contributed the following, among other illustrations: "The Invalid Passenger" (1863); "Milton Visiting Galileo" (1863), and "Lost on Board Ship" (1863); "The First Glimpse of the New World" (1864). His skilful hand gave life also to not a few of the serial stories.

Knowles, Davidson

The late Davidson Knowles contributed many beautiful drawings, chiefly frontispieces. Some of these were "A Woodland Ramble" (1881); "Waiting for the Choir";

"The Village Hero"; "Poppies"; "Summer-time"; "The Last Ferry" (1890); and "Luton Straw-plaiter" (1891).

Macfarlane, John

John Macfarlane illustrated in 1901 "The Embroidered Waistcoat" by Leslie Keith; "A Voyage to Australia"; "A £50,000 Stone"; "Cum the Aftermath"; "The Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth"; "The River of Dreams" by Louis Becke; and "The Blue Sea Baths" by Lilian Turner.



DAVIDSON KNOWLES

Rainey, William

William Rainey, R.I., has illustrated the following stories: "By Law of Love" (1897); "A Singer of the South" by E. R. Esler (1900); "The Shame of William Danby" by F. Langbridge (1900); "Rebellion in Radford Row" by G. F. Millin (1901); "How William Wilkins Went In Search of His Family Tree" by May Crommelin (1901).

Tilney, F. C.

F. C. Tilney illustrated in 1900 Sir Walter Besant's serial story, "The Alabaster Box," and in 1901 Mr. Sykes's paper on "Tears in Parliament."

Whymper, Edward

Besides numerous drawings and engravings extending over thirty years, Mr. Whymper has contributed many articles on travel and adventure. In 1876 he wrote on "Arctic Expeditions"; "Chimborazo" (1881); "Across Greenland on Foot" (1889); "Ascents in the Himalayas" (1893); "High Mountain Observatories" (1895); "The First Ascent of the Great White Mountain" (1895); "Jackson and Franz Joseph Land" (1896); "A Great Avalanche on the Gemmi" (1898); and "The First Ascent of Aconcagua" (1900). Among the series of papers illustrated by him was Bishop Creighton's "Story of the English Shires."

Wimperis, E. M.

The late Mr. E. M. Wimperis, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, was a frequent contributor, both of drawings and articles. In 1895 and 1896 he contributed a series on "Favourite Sketching-Grounds."

A mile and a littloek.

A mile and a littloek, a mile or two,

Above the burn, agont the Law,

Dane an' Donal an' Charlie an' a',

And the moon was shinin' clearly!

One went home wi' the other, and then

The other went home wi' the other two men,

An' baith wad return him the service again,

And the moon was shinin' clearly!

The cloots were chaffin' i' horse and ha'.

Eeener, twal, and aye an' two,

And the gudeman's face was turnt to the wa',

And the moon was shinin' clearly!

A wund got up free affa the sea,

It blew the stars as clear's could be,

It blew in the e'en o'f' the trees,

And the moon was shinin' clearly!

Noo Dane was first to get sleep - his head

"The best o' free's man time", he said,

"I'm wearit, an' here I'm awa to my bed."

And the moon was shinin' clearly!

Twa o' them walkin' an' cracklin' their lane

The mornin' by light cam' gray an' plain,

An' the bairns' garment an' stuck an' stane.

And the moon was shinin' clearly!

O years agont, O years awa,

My lads, yill mind whitier lefa'.

My lads, yill mind on the breed o' the law

When the moon was shinin' clearly!

Robert Louis Stevenson

A Mile and a Bittock

*A MILE and a bittock, a mile or twa,
Abune the burn, ayont the law,
Davie an' Donal' an' Cherlie an' a',
And the mune was shinin' clearly !
Ane went hame wi' the ither, and then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
And the mune was shinin' clearly !*

*The clocks were chappin' in house and ha',
Eleeven, twal, and aye an' twa;
And the gudeman's face was turnt to the wa',
And the mune was shinin' clearly !*

*A wund got up frae affa the sea,
It blew the stars as clear's could be;
It blew in the een o' a' of the three,
And the mune was shinin' clearly !*

*Noo Davie was first to get sleep in his head.
"The best o' freen's maun twine," he said;
"I'm weariet, an' here I'm awa to my bed,"
And the mune was shinin' clearly !*

*Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht cam' gray an' plain,
An' the birdies yammert on stick an' stane,
And the mune was shinin' clearly !*

*O years ayont, O years awa,
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa'—
My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
When the mune was shinin' clearly !*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IDA BROOKS



From Our Own Correspondents

Holland Conquering the Sea

THE little kingdom of Holland has started on a career of conquest, but in a manner of which every other nation must approve. Her weapons are not musket and sword, but the pickaxe and spade. Her fight is with the sea. Holland has made up its mind to dry up the Zuider Zee, and add two and a half million acres of fertile land to her territory. Proposals for shutting out the sea from this inland bay have engaged the attention of Dutch engineers since 1849, but they all proved impracticable, and the expense too great. But latterly the States-General have sanctioned a more modest plan, which will be carried out and perfected

within the next twenty years, and will materially alter the appearance of Holland on the map. The accompanying map will show at a glance what is intended for the present. A broad causeway will be built from the northern Dutch coast, and from the island of Wieringen to the opposite Frisian mainland at Piaam. There will be two great sluices, one at Piaam, the other at Wieringen, and through these sluices the connection with the sea will be maintained. It is proposed for the present to dry four extensive areas, two in the west, one south, and one east. The beginning will be made with the two western areas, called respectively the Wieringen and Hoornse Polder, "polder" being the Dutch name for territory reclaimed from the sea. Huge dykes or dams will be built, as they are traced on the map. The Government believe that they will be able to settle 40 villages on this area, each village with 100 houses, and on the two areas south and west 80 villages. The entire cost of the work is estimated at 57 million gulden (£4,800,000) for the dykes and causeways, and an additional 38 million (£3,200,000) for drainage works. In nine years the dykes are to be finished. In addition to this large extension of her territory, Holland will have the advantage of improved railway communication, as the causeway shutting in the sea from Wieringen to Piaam will be broad enough to run a railway across it.—M. A. M.



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Russian Civilisation in Central Asia

WHATEVER may be said of the methods employed by Russian diplomats in reaching their ends, there can be no doubt that wherever Russia advances she establishes law and order and a respect for authority.

This has been notably the case in Central Asia, where disorder and bloodshed and insecurity prevailed until Russia made of it a country as orderly and secure as a European province. The authorities in Samarkand, the old capital of Tamerlane, think that the time has now arrived when they can go a step further. They have encouraged and supported the establishment of a society, under the highest patronage, which has as its object the enlightenment of the inhabitants of Central Asia in the knowledge of literature and the drama. This society has made an ambitious beginning. One of the great Medresse or Mohammedan high schools, for which Samarkand is famous, has been engaged as a theatre. In the superb courtyard of this grand structure open to the sky, a sort of stage has been erected, on which recitations from Russian literature translated into Turki or Persian are rendered. The vast space is filled with crowds of white-turbaned Sarts and Uzbeks who listen enraptured. The latest performance given in the courtyard of the Medresse was an adaptation from Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness*. At the beginning of the performance the Governor, General Medinski, addressed the audience in the name of the Tsar, and expressed a hope that they would appear regularly at the performance and pay strict attention.—M. A. M.

Free Silver and Banks in the United States

FIVE years ago the people of the United States were greatly agitated over the question of free silver, and in November 1896 the election for President was held chiefly on this issue, with the result that Mr. McKinley became President. Three years and a half passed, however, before Congress enacted a law carrying out the pledges of the Republican party, and placing United States currency firmly on a gold basis. On March 14, 1900, President McKinley signed the new currency law, which went into effect at once, and recently the Comptroller of the Treasury has issued a statement showing in figures some of the effects of the law. One of the great causes of discontent, which led to the silver agitation in the Southern and Western States, was the shortness of money, which was attributed by the farmers and planters to the fact that silver was no longer being coined into dollars at the United States mint. The financiers of the Eastern cities judged more correctly that the shortness of money was due to a lack of banking facilities, and the Act of 1900 provided for banks with small capital under Government

control in places with limited populations. These new national banks can be started in places with a population not exceeding 3000 with a capital of \$25,000, or £5000. In places with populations up to 6000, the banks must have a capital of £10,000. This capital is invested in United States Government bonds, yielding an interest of about two per cent.; but the United States Treasury gives to the banks bank-notes printed at the Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, with blanks for the signatures of the president and treasurer of the bank. The amount of bank-notes which a bank may put in circulation may equal the full value of the bonds, and the bonds are kept by the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington for the bank. As long as the bank continues in business, it receives its interest on the bonds from the Government; but should it fail, the bonds are sold, and the proceeds used to redeem the notes of the bank in circulation. By this plan new and perfectly safe currency has been put into circulation in those parts of the country that were formerly most inconvenienced by scarcity of money, currency which has taken the place of the notes of hand which formerly had to be passed from one man to another instead of money. According to the recent figures of the Comptroller of the Treasury, 665 new banks were established in the first seventeen months after the passing of the Act. Of these 457 have their homes in towns of populations less than 6000, and are thus ministering to the needs of thousands of those men who voted for free silver, because they thought that only by means of such new coinage could they have remedied the inconveniences caused by their lack of money.—A. G. P.

A White Australia

ONE of the gravest problems affecting the future of the Australian people is that of the influx of the coloured races. The matter is engaging the serious attention of our statesmen, and it is recognised on all sides that it should be faced early.

During the late national elections it was prominent, and the phrase "a white Australia" became a very popular one. The subject was discussed principally in connection with the Kanaka labour of North Queensland. The tropical territory of that great state is well adapted for sugar-growing, and for years the industry has been carried on by means of coloured labour from the Pacific Islands. It will be remembered that, years ago, recruiting

Over-Sea Notes

in those islands assumed the proportions of a gigantic scandal, owing to the atrocities committed by the owners of the "blackbirding" schooners, as the vessels engaged in this trade were called; but owing to the pressure of public opinion, the traffic was placed under the most stringent regulations, and the sanguinary scenes enacted on many an island in the Pacific ceased. The demand has now been made that Kanaka labour shall be dispensed with, and that the whole of the sugar production shall be carried on by white labour only.

Another branch of this subject is the problem of the Eastern Asiatic. For many years the Chinese question has been a live one in Australia, and attempts have been made to keep Orientals from coming in in any great numbers. In the State of Victoria, for example, they can only be admitted on production of naturalisation papers, showing that they have been residents of the State before; or at the rate, for newcomers, of two for every five hundred tons of the vessel by which they arrive.

In spite of all regulations, however, the problem is a difficult one. There are Chinese quarters in most of our large towns, and while something has been done, much remains, before the overcrowding Chinese, living eight, ten, and a dozen in a small room, will pay any attention to sanitation. The fact appears to be that the better class do not emigrate, and the bulk of those who are here are of distinctly inferior grade—at least, your correspondent was so informed by General Wong, who came to Australia as a visiting commissioner some years ago. Unlike the Kanaka, the Chinaman will intermarry with the white. His family are often brought up with care, and given opportunities for education, and when he emerges from Chinatown to take part in a public display—as in the case of the procession on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Melbourne—he carries through his part of the programme with much skill and taste. Yet, even in that procession, the large number of half-caste boys and girls who marched was a disquieting thing for the thoughtful onlooker to contemplate. The patriotic Australian cannot foresee a large admixture of Oriental blood in the future race with equanimity.

The third aspect of this problem is in relation to the members of coloured races who are British subjects. Mr. Chamberlain is evidently of the opinion that a British subject of whatever colour may roam over any part of the Empire. That may be very good in theory and for the

individual, but it becomes decidedly embarrassing in view of the possibility of enormous numbers coming. While fully recognising the higher attitude which may be taken up on this great question, it is felt that on economic grounds, at least, it is necessary to place some restriction upon the influx of low-caste coolies and others, who will work for a mere pittance, who can exist on rations on which an Englishman would starve, and who can have no real stake in the country, or further its best interests.

Many such men are already here, together with some of a better type who have been "soldiers of the Queen," and show evidence of the fact in their military bearing. They are mostly engaged in peddling wares of various kinds in the country districts; but the Australian housewife makes no distinction, and mixes up the Hindoo with the Afghan and the Syrian, under the general title of "Indian hawker," and is, as a rule, mortally afraid of them all.

One possible way to meet the difficulty has been proposed. It is to provide an educational test (if the colour limit cannot be applied), so that only the better class and the more intelligent shall be permitted to enter; but even then it would not be very difficult to coach such men up to any easy educational standard.

It is done in other departments, for it is within the writer's knowledge that at a late election contest in Melbourne, six-and-twenty coloured men presented themselves at an electoral registrar's office, after having been duly prepared by a smart agent, and demanded rights to vote, on the grounds of residence and British nationality. The following conversation took place:—

Candidate: "Me want vote for election."
Registrar: "Oh, you can't vote. Get out."
Candidate: "Me British subject; me demand vote."

Registrar: "Oh, clear out, I tell you."
Candidate (triumphantly): "British shootem Boer for not letting Englishmen vote in South Africa. Me want vote. Me British subject."

And there the problem stands. The right to enter, the right to labour at starvation rates, the right to live in vilely insanitary conditions, and then the right to vote! The Australian does not selfishly want this country all to himself. He knows the value of the fine class of men from the United Kingdom who are pouring into the North-West Provinces of Canada, but he is exceedingly anxious about making Australia a "white," and not a "piebald" nation.—A. J. W.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Malaria in West Africa

A REPORT lately issued by the Liverpool University Press contains several papers on the relation between malaria and mosquitoes, and the efforts which have been made in West Africa



LARVÆ OF MOSQUITOES IN SEVERAL STAGES OF THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE OVA

to secure protection from the disease, under the direction of Major Ronald Ross. It is now generally known that mosquitoes are carriers of the germs of malaria from one person to another. The blood of a malaria patient always contains a particular organism, and when a mosquito bites the patient some of these are sucked into its body. They then rapidly develop, and in a short time a number of germs proceed from them to the salivary glands of the insect in which they live, ready to be introduced into the blood of the next person or animal which the insect bites. Numerous experiments have proved that gnats whose salivary glands

contain the malaria organisms are capable of establishing infection by their bites. As to protection, the extensive use of quinine has been proved to be very effective in destroying the malaria organism in the blood, and thus annulling the effects of the bite of an infected mosquito. But this method can only succeed in exterminating the disease in malarial districts where all the people take quinine. In places like West Africa it is impossible to insist on the adoption of this method among the natives, who are the chief sources of the infection. Almost all native children have malarial parasites in their blood, and from them the organisms are taken to other natives or to Europeans. The measures which have been introduced with success in such circumstances are to search out the breeding-places of the Anopheles mosquitoes and destroy the larvæ in them. This is not so difficult as it may seem at first sight, because the larvæ can easily be distinguished in the puddles and other collections of water in which they occur. Some of the breeding-places, and a few larvæ escaping from the ova, are shown in the accompanying illustrations. Not until these sources of infection are destroyed, the land drained, and native huts removed from the neighbourhood of the dwellings of Europeans, will malaria fever be under control in West Africa.

Frost-Fighting in America

As a rule the British agriculturist does not interest himself very much in the means of protection of his crops from damage. He sows



PORTION OF THE FORESHORE OF OLD CALABAR
The old dug-out canoes were found to be more or less filled with the larvæ of mosquitoes.

Science and Discovery

his seeds, or plants his trees, and then awaits the harvest. Sometimes Nature is kind, and his crops are plentiful; but it often happens that disease or inclement weather prevail against him, so that the harvest is not up to his expectations—a result which he accepts as unavoidable. Such farmers would be well advised to learn something of the methods followed in California to avoid natural dangers. It would seem an almost hopeless task to attempt to protect orchards from frost; but fruit-growers in parts of California do so systematically, and a satisfactory system of protection is gradually being produced. Three methods adopted are here illustrated. The first shows a number of small fires placed so as to raise the temperature of the air in the orchard a few degrees. The Riverside Horticultural Club, after testing the various methods in use in California, came to the conclusion that wire baskets suspended in this way, and holding several pounds of burning coal or

conditions so decidedly that usually the cycles do not admit of general application. Some years ago, however, a renowned German meteorologist, Prof. E. Brückner, showed that there is a periodic variation in the climates over the whole world, the cycle being about thirty-five years in length. This periodicity he found to occur in the heights of water in inland seas and rivers, observations of rainfall, temperature and atmospheric pressure, movements of glaciers, frequency of cold winters, growth of vines, and many other phenomena. Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer has now found a similar thirty-five-year cycle in connection with the sun. It is well known that sun-spots increase and decrease in frequency and extent in a period of eleven years—that is, solar fervency waxes and wanes in the course of this length of time. Dr. Lockyer finds that underlying this sun-spot cycle there is another period of thirty-five years, which causes the cycles to differ among themselves, and also makes the



METHODS OF PROTECTING FRUIT



TREES FROM FROST IN CALIFORNIA

charcoal, makes an efficient protector against frost. Another method is to cover the orchard with screens made of light materials, such as canvas, muslin, or light wood laths. This has been used with great success, but the objection to it is its cost, for the orchard becomes practically a well-ventilated hot-house. The third method shown in the illustration consists in irrigating the land with warm water. The water is heated in a boiler and led into the fruit groves in as many furrows as are necessary. It is impossible not to admire the spirit which leads the Californian to devise and carry out these systems of overcoming natural difficulties. The work involves expense, but the expenditure must be regarded as premiums on assurance against disaster.

Cycles of Sunlight and Weather

MANY people hold the opinion that the seasons are not the same to-day as when they were young, and strictly speaking they have some scientific justification for their belief. Several cycles of a more or less definite character have been extricated from meteorological records, but local circumstances influence the weather

epoch of greatest disturbance occur sometimes a few months before and sometimes after it is due. Astronomy has thus provided a reason for the periodic changes shown to exist in the climates of the earth.

For some of the finest medals now made, alloys are used which have practically the same constitution as coins of the reigns of Hadrian and Trajan. The medallist of to-day is thus returning to the ideas developed in ancient Rome.

The human body may be regarded as a motor, in which the assimilation of food is similar to the combustion of fuel. During a six days' bicycle race in America, note was taken of the food consumed by the competitors, and estimates were made of the work done by them in driving their machines. A comparison of the two values shows that the human machine is decidedly superior as regards mechanical efficiency to any motor which has been developed in form so as to be of any value for practical use.

Varieties

Shanks's Mare

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, speaking in October last at a bazaar at Dundee, which was organised by local cyclists to provide a new road in the neighbourhood, said that the Lord Advocate, who opened the bazaar on the preceding day, seemed to contemplate that the road would be mostly occupied by cyclists and automobiles. He (Sir Henry) confessed that he was one of those who looked forward with horror to the time when we should be eaten up and driven out of all the streets and roads by those artificial methods of conveyance. People were much interested in them. Just now he was much more interested in two old-fashioned animals—the horse, which, after all, had been a useful quadruped—and another strange animal enjoying the name—the origin of which he had never yet been able to discover—of Shanks's mare. Those were the two animals he liked to see on the road.

Can any of our readers throw light on the origin of the expression which has baffled the Leader of His Majesty's Opposition?

"Who Stole the Donkey?"

MR. E. B. TREWIN, Halesowen, near Birmingham, writes:—

"Forty-five years ago, when I was a lad, and resident on the borderlands of South Staffordshire and North Worcestershire, a soft felt hat, of any colour, was often called a 'donkey' hat, and some people, inclined to be jocular, would talk about having a donkey race round the brim. Also, in those days, when straw hats were not so generally worn as at the present time, a boy or man so attired would often be saluted with, 'Who stole the donkey's breakfast?'"

A colloquialism for a straw hat is 'brimmer'—I presume, in allusion to its broad and shady brim, and a local school-boy rhyme bearing on this subject runs thus:—

"Who stole the donkey's dinner?
Him with the straw brimmer:
Who brought it back?
The man with the black hat."

In the matter of the straw hat the chaff is obvious.

A Cardiff correspondent writes:—
In the October number of *The Leisure Hour* you ask if the cry "Who stole the donkey?" is in use elsewhere "than in London."

When I was a boy in Bristol seventy years ago it was common enough, but I do not know the origin thereof.

Highland Names

THE following table gives the meaning of the names of the principal Highland clans in Scotland:—

M'Intosh; the son of the First.
M'Donald; the son of Brown Eyes.
M'Dugall; the son of Black Eyes.
M'Onnechy or Duncan; the son of Brown Head.

M'Gregor; the son of a Greek Man.
M'Cuthbert; the son of the Arch-Druid.
M'Kay; the son of the Prophet.
M'Taggart; the son of the Priest.
M'Leod; the son of the Wounder.
M'Lean; the son of the Lion.
M'Kenzie; the son of the Friendly One.
M'Intyre; the son of the Carpenter.
Campbell; Crooked Mouth.
Cameron; Crooked Nose.
Stewart; High Stay or Support.

Fig Sunday

THIS term in some parts of England is synonymous with Palm Sunday, it being the custom in certain districts for the inhabitants, both rich and poor, to eat figs in considerable quantities on that day. Thus at Northampton on the Saturday preceding Palm Sunday, the market is abundantly supplied with figs, and it is said that on this occasion more figs are sold than on all the other market days of the year taken together. The observance of Fig Sunday is, however, by no means general; in some counties it is altogether unknown. Hone, in his *Year Book*, states that it has long prevailed at Kempton, in Hertfordshire, and that it is observed as a kind of festival, with wassail and merrymaking. It has been suggested that the origin of the custom is connected with the event recorded in the 21st chapter of St. Matthew, 19th verse.—*The Leisure Hour*, 1855.

Red and Black

DR. JOHNSON being once in company with some scandal-mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed: "It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks than to blacken other people's characters."

A Striking Summary

JOSEPH COOK, not long before his death, wrote, at the request of the editor of *The Christian Endeavour World*, a characteristic message for Christian Endeavourers:

"Man's life means
Tender 'teens,
Teachable twenties,
Tireless thirties,
Fiery forties,
Forcible fifties,
Serious sixties,
Sacred seventies,
Aching eighties,
Shortening breath,
Death,
The sod,
God."

Varieties

Sir Robert Peel's German Sympathies

"Whitehall, October 10, 1841—MY DEAR MR. BUNSEN,—My note merely conveyed a request that you would be good enough to meet Mr. Cornelius at dinner on Friday last. I assure you that I have been amply repaid for any attention I may have shown to that distinguished artist, in the personal satisfaction I have had in the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He is one of a noble people distinguished in every art of war and peace. The union and patriotism of that people, spread over the centre of Europe, will contribute the surest guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check upon the spread of all pernicious doctrines injurious to the cause of religion and order, and that liberty which respects the rights of others. My earnest hope is that every member of this illustrious race, while he may cherish the particular country of his birth as he does his home, will extend his devotion beyond its narrow limits, and exult in the name of a German, and recognise the claim of Germany to the love and affection and patriotic exertions of all her sons. I hope I judge the feelings of every German by those which were excited in my own breast (in the breast of a foreigner and a stranger) by a simple ballad, that seemed, however, to concentrate the will of a mighty people, and said emphatically :

'They shall not have the Rhine.'

They will not have it—and the Rhine will be protected by a song, if the sentiments which that song embodies pervades, as I hope and trust they do, every German heart. You will begin to think that I am a good German myself—and so I am, if hearty wishes for the union and welfare of the German race can constitute one. Most faithfully yours, ROBERT PEEL."

The First Abolitionist

"THE arch-abolitionist, older than Brown, and older than the Shenandoah Mountains, is *Love, whose other name is Justice*—which was before Alfred, before Lycurgus, before Slavery, and will be after it."—EMERSON.

A Fragment

THE wit and satirist of one of the northern colleges, a master of parody, some of whose words were long remembered and often repeated by his contemporaries, was a big, unshapen boy, over whom more wiry little fellows often tyrannised. A small lad, whose turn it was to blow the organ in the college chapel, came up to him one day, and insisted with a friendly kick that he should blow the organ instead, and made him promise that while doing so he would compose a poem for his tormentor. The ungainly genius both blew the organ and composed

the poem. The poem was afterwards shown to James Montgomery, who was so pleased with the broken lines that he gave them a place in the *Sheffield Iris*. The schoolfellow who recalled the incident could only recall two of the verses:

"My soul was fashioned by Thy hand, my Father,
Like some sweet and heaven-strung lyre,
Whence holiest music might at Thy command
Arise in concert with the angels' choir.

But I have been unfaithful to my trust;
Spirits of earth, with their unhallowed wings,
And passions dark and wild have swept its
strings;
Low lies my broken lyre, and trod in dust.

Wilt Thou not receive
Thine own to create anew?"

Those were the days when boys read Byron, and knew not Tennyson. This boy was within sight of manhood when he died. Can any Northerner complete these lines?

Palinurus Nods

LORD PALMERSTON was in the habit of standing at a high desk to write. Sir James Paget advised him to take more rest. Lord Palmerston told him that when he was made Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he found so much to do and was so much overworked that he used to fall asleep while he was writing at a table; so he took to standing, because "if he fell down, that woke him." This reminds us of the first occasion on which we saw him. It was in the House of Commons, in the temporary chamber used after the fire. He sat asleep, with his hat over his eyes. It was a posture in which he was often pictured. They said he could sleep at will. It was a crowded night. Peel (the first), rising to speak, and looking towards him, quoted amidst laughter the words of Horace, "Hunc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim."

A Book Not Wanted Again

THE superficialities of religion are among the curiosities of character. The late Mr. Harness mentioned a prison chaplain who had taken great interest in the case of a man condemned to death for attempted murder. At last it seemed as if his hardened heart were softened, as if the prospect of death showed him life in its true character. The chaplain gave him a Bible, in the study of which he was most assiduous, and observing the change, obtained a commutation of sentence. The man's gratitude knew no bounds. "He said I was his preserver, his deliverer. 'And here,' he added, as he grasped my hand in parting, 'here is your Bible. I may as well return it to you, for I hope that I shall never want it again.'"

Curious Inn-signs in Germany

SCATTERED throughout England are some curious inn-names, and in remote parts of the United States, American fancy and imagination have also done wonders in this direction, but Germany, probably, keeps the record for out-of-the-way signs and fantastic names. The most absurd results are usually obtained by the name of some animal with a more or less unsuitable object. The "Comfortable Chicken" and the "Cold Frog," both of them in Berlin, are certainly left in the shade by the "Angry Ant" (Ort in Westphalia) and the "Stiff Dog" (Berlin). The "Lame Louse" is an inn in a suburb of Berlin, and not far from it is the "Thirsty Pelican." In Luxemburg there is the "Three Asses." But the sign of the house has only two asses painted on it. The words underneath, however, explain all. They are in German, English, and French, as follows: "When shall we three meet again?" The "Dirty Parlour," the "Bloody Bones," the "Musical Cats," the "Four-hundredweight Man," the "Boxers' Den," are all in Berlin or the neighbourhood, and the "Old Straw Bag" in Leipsic. The "Open Bunghole" is in Städtchen in the Palatinate, and the "Shoulder-blade" in Jerichow. The "Last Tear" is a landlord's notion for the name of his inn situated near a grave-yard visited by returning mourners, and is of frequent occurrence throughout Germany.—M. A. M.

Wanted, An Easy Place

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request: "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor, if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practise medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. Oh, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world. I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."—*The Leisure Hour*, 1869.

Forlorn Hope

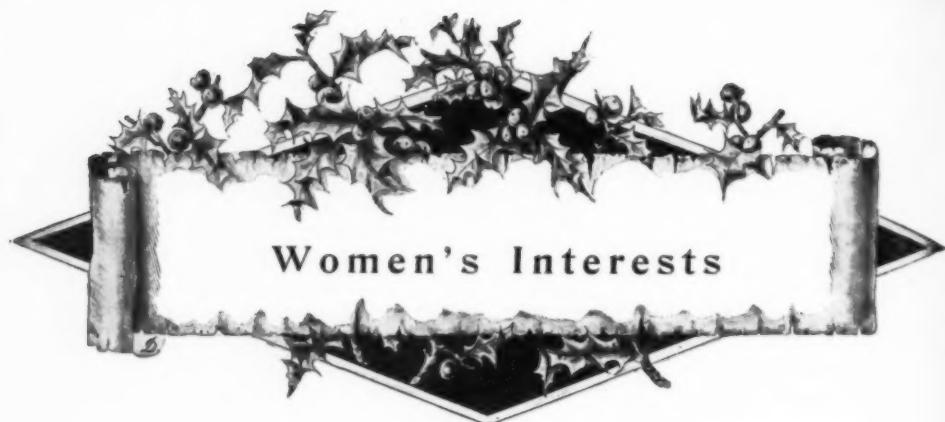
MILITARY and civil writers of the present day seem quite ignorant of the true meaning of the expression "forlorn hope." The adjective has nothing to do with despair, nor the substantive with the "charmer which lingers still behind": there was no such poetical depth in the words as originally used. Every corps marching in an enemy's country had a small body of men at its head (haupt, or hope, or perhaps Haufen, a

troop), of the advanced guard, and which was termed the forlorn hope (lorn being hero but a termination similar to ward in forward), while another small body at the head of the rear-guard was called the rear-lorn hope. (See *A Treatise of Ireland*, by John Dymock, p. 32, written about the year 1600, and printed by the Irish Archaeological Society in 1843.) A reference to Johnson's Dictionary proves that civilians were misled, as early as the time of Dryden, by the mere sound of a technical military phrase, and in process of time even military men forgot the true meaning of the words. It grieves me to sap the foundations of an error to which we are indebted for Byron's beautiful phrase: "Full of hope, misnamed forlorn." (*Remains of Dr. Graves of Dublin*).—*The Leisure Hour*, 1864.

Astronomical Notes for January

AS we are now beginning the second year of the twentieth century, it is interesting to recall the fact, that it was in the second year of the nineteenth, and therefore one hundred years ago (whilst Sir William Herschel was in the midst of his great discoveries in the sidereal heavens), that Wollaston first noticed some of the dark lines in the solar spectrum which in later times led to such marvellous discoveries respecting the chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies.

On the 1st, 11th, and 21st of January, the Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises at 8h. 8m., 8h. 5m., and 7h. 56m. in the morning respectively, and sets at 3h. 59m., 4h. 12m., and 4h. 27m. in the evening. The Earth will be in perihelion, or nearest the Sun, at 7 o'clock on the morning of the first day of this month. The Moon will enter her Last Quarter at 4h. 8m. (Greenwich time) on the afternoon of the 1st; become New at 9h. 15m. on the evening of the 9th; enter her First Quarter at 6h. 38m. on the morning of the 17th; become Full at 6m. past midnight on the 23rd; and enter her Last Quarter again at 1h. 9m. on the afternoon of the 31st. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about half-past 3 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 6 o'clock on that of the 21st. No eclipses or special phenomena of importance are due. The planet Mercury will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 2nd, but will be visible in the evening from about the 19th; he will then be in the constellation Capricornus, but will soon afterwards pass into Aquarius. Venus is an evening star, and will be at her greatest brilliancy on the 9th; throughout the month she is in the constellation Aquarius, being at her apparent stationary point on the 22nd. Mars is in Capricornus, and will scarcely be visible this month, setting too soon after the Sun. Neither Jupiter nor Saturn will be visible; the former is in conjunction with the Sun on the 15th, and the latter on the 9th.—W. T. LYNN.



"What will the New Year bring?
Hope and delight of spring.
All the sweetness of summer's completeness
And the tender loving repose
Of the autumnal close.
Thus may thy New Year be,
Thus all of life to thee."

A good many anniversaries have passed since a young friend, now grown mature and sober enough, wrote the above lines and posted them one New Year's Eve to cross some miles of snow-covered country to me. They may not have been original, and they are not particularly wonderful considered as poetry, but somehow they dwelt in my mind when much that was more valuable was carried by the current of time into the sea of oblivion, and, at every year's end, especially when the weather is "seasonable," and the air has an obviously nipping intention, the first line of this septette recurs to me, "What will the New Year bring?"

Possibly to the world's conscience-keepers a good deal of pain, and to those who continue to hope and aspire and believe in spite of the blows of experience, a good deal of disappointment.

Between Christmas and the New Year the world always seems at its best. The fatigue of Christmas is over, and the excessively material things which, pagan-like, we attach to Christmas, have passed us to be seen no more for a year. We sweep up the litter the rabble rout left, and then sit down, pensively and at peace, to watch the passing of the old guest who for twelve months bore us company and gave us mingled gifts, and to await the new-comer whom the literary person and the artist preferably depict as an infant, but who generally steps into our midst with the vigour and confidence of youth.

One hears frequent talk of the spirit of the age, and sometimes we deplore it and sometimes we rejoice in it, according as it interprets or misrepresents us. Possibly it does not occur to the modest and retiring of us to think that each of us helps to form the spirit of the age, that in so far as we acclaim what is evil and cold-

shoulder what is good, we are helping to retard the progress of the Lord.

Now that we are all here in private conclave, I am going to gossip—of course the things treated of will not be carried outside the council chamber—of matters that recently were public enough.

A young lady came recently from another country and introduced herself to the artistic world here as the most perfect specimen of physical beauty which her own nation had seen. Some artists admired her sufficiently to paint her into their pictures, and even to make single studies of her, but they did not say the things she reported of them to the press of her own land, as that the Creator had never evolved her counterpart, and that she should be modelled and placed in the square of her own capital as a perfect example of loveliness for all time. The end of the matter was that, crazed by vanity, the girl went out of her mind, and was confined in a public asylum for mental cases until her friends could be communicated with. Now, as bearing on this case, does it not occur to my friends in council that there is to-day far too much publicity awarded alike to those who have done something, and to those who have done nothing, and that what each of us looks like in reality concerns only our immediate personal friends, whether an extensive or a limited circle? High-class periodicals, I mean periodicals that are well produced and printed, show week by week or month by month portraits of women noted for nothing, and to whom, were they noted for anything, rules of modest reticence ought to apply still more strongly. When people have accomplished any work of value to the race, then the issue of portraits taken for private circulation at various stages of their development would be extremely interesting, and even valuable, but until then let people keep out of the newspapers; there is a kind of craziness in doing otherwise. In England a century ago publicity was considered dishonour, so much so that many literary men of good social position kept their books for private circulation only, and in several well-known instances these only

Women's Interests

appeared in print after the author's death. Surely the keeping of ourselves to the circle where we belong, where our interests and our influence attach, is at once a dignified and a reasonable proceeding.

In earlier times respect for parents was inculcated, and though races without Christian knowledge always far exceeded us in this virtue, yet both the Jewish and the Christian laws were emphatic on the subject; even where the parent is unworthy, as sometimes unfortunately happens, the effort to keep this precept, to award the semblance of honour where honour is not due, has never failed to render service to the child. But recently a young gentleman, who chose publicly to defy his mother and the law of the country he belongs to, was interviewed by the press as though he had added another glorious name to history's deathless page, and was received wherever he appeared by cheering crowds. All he had done was, as a minor, to effect a marriage which his best friends considered unsuitable every way. There are people who would not consider a boy of nineteen capable of deciding any serious question, but when such an one disregards the old precept and the old instinct which make a mother an object of peculiar reverence to each worthy son she bears, and defies a law evolved by the nation for the protection of juveniles and fools who own property, the British people blow trumpets and beat drums and sing, "See the conquering hero comes." Contempt of law, human and divine, means the anarchic spirit, and when this seizes a nation it is time, not for wisecracks only, but even for the frivolous, to begin to think. Instances of insane vanity and of contempt for lawful authority may not be proof of racial degeneracy, but when the race pays for manifestations of the one and applauds displays of the other, the case is serious.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. K., Stoke Newington.—Many thanks for your suggestions, which came too late. Accept my congratulations on your knowledge of the two books sufficient of themselves to produce an educated man and a gentleman, the Bible and the works of Shakespeare.

H. G.—A little narrow passage hall should have no furniture whatever; it should be regarded simply as a passage in which anything would be an obstruction. Some little halls have a curve at

the back parlour-door, and here a small flat umbrella-stand might be placed. Where it would be least in the way, near the foot of the stairs, let us say, you might fix a small set of hat-pins on the wall. To enlarge the apparent space a panel mirror put lengthwise opposite the parlour-door will be serviceable. These mirrors cost from 15s. when four feet long and eighteen inches wide. For a hall large enough to contain it, the fumigated oak hall fitment, supplied by Oetzmans (Hampstead Road, London, W.), is a desirable possession, and a vast improvement on the familiar hat and umbrella stand. It contains two cupboards for hats and coats, a stick and umbrella-rack, pegs for coats, two shelves for sundry articles, and a glove drawer. The price is £5 15s. I believe you could have a sketch of the fitment on application.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



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The Fireside Club

SEARCH COMPETITION

Identifications

(CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.)

1. Who described the whole duty of man in a commercial country as "Rattle me out of bed early, set me going, give me as short a time as you like to bolt my meals in, and keep me at it"?
 2. Who declared that to say Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism gives a pretty form to the lips, especially prunes and prism?
 3. What did the Polar Bear say to himself when he was practising his skating?
 4. Who went down to dinner "like a richly brocaded Jack-in-the-Green"?
 5. Who said "Nobody's fat or old in Bath"?
 6. Who was the only sylph who could "stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on the other knee, like a sylph"?
 7. Who sometimes signed himself "Afternoon," and to whom, and why did he do so?
 8. Who was "a regular thorough-bred angel" to his valet?
 9. Where was a gorgeous banquet spread "consisting of two pasteboard vases, one plate of biscuits, a black bottle, and a vinegar cruet"?
 10. Who so doted on poetry that it was declared "her whole soul and mind are wound up and entwined with it," and what did she write?
 11. Who was as fragile as "the snuff of a candle, the wick of a lamp, the bloom on a peach, the down on a butterfly"?
 12. Who found a sovereign cure for the gout?
 13. What surprise did an elderly widow say "came upon me like a flash of fire, and almost froze my blood"?
 14. Who were asked "to surround with a rich halo of enthusiastic cheering the united names of Dumkins and Podder"?
 15. For what two merits are Oxford nightcaps quite celebrated?
 16. What is a moral pocket-handkerchief?
 17. What is one of the best softeners of a hard bed that ingenuity can devise?
 18. Who said "When I dramatise a book, sir, that's fame—for its author"?
 19. Who never walk or run but have "a mysterious power of skimming out of rooms which other mortals possess not"?
 20. At whose country house did the earwigs use to "fall into one's tea on a summer evening, and always fell upon their backs and kicked dreadfully . . . and the frogs used to get into the rushlight shades and sit up and look through the little holes like Christians"?
 21. Who wore "outside her frock a lonely cornelian heart, typical of her own disengaged affections"?
 22. What house was just large enough to be convenient and small enough to be snug?
 23. "There was not a bird of such methodical and businesslike habits in all the world as the blind blackbird." Whose blackbird was it?
 24. Who said that women are the great props
- and comforts of our existence "when they're in a good humour"?
25. Who called for "the bottled lightning, a clean tumbler, and a corkscrew"?
 26. Who said "No man knows how much he can spend till he tries"?
 27. What great family connection were so given to "dispatch-boxing the compass" that wherever there was a square yard of ground in British occupation under sun or moon, with a public post upon it, one of them was sure to be found, sticking to that post?
 28. Who read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C, and combined his information in a series of articles on Chinese metaphysics?
 29. Who said "There are strings in the human heart that had better not be vibrated"?
 30. Who was described as a "proud, haughty, consequential turned-up-nosed peacock"?
 31. Whose idea was the tea-party which ended with the distribution of five-and-forty green parasols at seven-and-six apiece among the guests?
 32. Who defined the unities of the drama as "a kind of universal dovetailedness with regard to place and time"?
 33. Who was "a tough, burly, thick-headed gentleman, with a loud voice, a pompous manner, a tolerable command of sentences with no meaning in them, and in short every requisite for a very good member" of Parliament?
 34. What was enough to make a tomcat talk French grammar?
 35. What shaft penetrated through Mr. Pickwick's "philosophical harness, to his very heart"?
 36. Who called St. Paul's Church a "soizable 'un"?
 37. What unlucky card-player felt as much out of his element as a dolphin in a sentry-box?
 38. Who said "There ain't a magistrate goin' as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people"?
 39. Give the recipe of that "almost miraculous cure" which a lady used "the day after Christmase-day, and by the middle of April following the cold was gone."
 40. Who said on being told the French word for water, "I don't think anything of that language—not at all"?

A Prize of ONE GUINEA is offered for the identification of all the characters and allusions given above. Book and chapter for each must be given. The prize will be awarded entirely according to the Editor's discretion.

Awards for Identifications in November number (see page 85).—Among a number of variously successful answers in this Competition, the first two absolutely correct came from MRS. CLARKE, Riverholme, Inverness, and A. P. FERRAR, St. Philip's Vicarage, Bethnal Green, E., to each of whom the Editor awards a prize of Half-a-Guinea. All the answers were to be found in *David Copperfield*. Question 29 puzzled many—the answer is "Dora," see ch. 48—while the answers to questions 4 and 24 are to be found in chapters 19 and 6 respectively.

Our Chess Page

Solving Competition Award. Problem Tourney. New Competition.

NEW PROBLEM TOURNEY

TWELVE GUINEAS IN PRIZES.

The full particulars of this competition, which is still open, were announced last month.

QUICK-SOLVING COMPETITION

Many correspondents have pointed out that the time of delivery of *The Leisure Hour* varies so much in different places, that the offer of a prize for the first solution received is hardly satisfactory. There is much force in this contention, and this month we institute instead a Quick-solving Tourney under entirely different conditions.

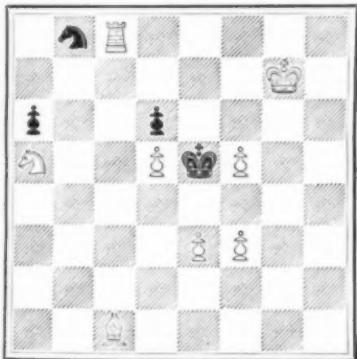
Competitors are required to take note of the exact time it takes them to master each problem, and to state it at the head of their solutions.

Three problems will be given in this competition—one this month, one in February, and the last in March. Four prizes will be given, ranging from **Fifteen Shillings** to **Five Shillings**,—**Five Shillings** to the solvers who, in the aggregate, take the least time in solving the three problems.

Each problem will be a three-mover, and competitors must give all the leading variations in their solutions.

No. 1.

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—8 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLVING COMPETITION AWARD

PRIZE-WINNERS.

First, Fifteen Shillings each :

H. Balson, Derby; J. M. Crebbin, Liverpool; Emma M. Dave, Bristol; Col-nel Forbes, Cheltenham; S. W. Francis, Reading; A. Watson, Crowthorne; Jas. White, Leeds; Rev. Roger J. Wright, Worthing.

Second, Seven Shillings and Sixpence each :

J. Batho, Liverpool; H. D'O. Bernard, Battersea Park, S.W.; Wm. J. Croaby, Liverpool; Eugene Henry, Lewish m; Rev. Gen' M'Arthur, Willesden Green, N.W.; Wm. B. Muir, Manchester; J. El's Parry, Shrewsbury.

Very Highly Commended :

Arnold Groveson-Bradley, A. C. Challenger, J. W. Dixon, F. W. Markwick, R. T. Milford, G. C. Morris, P. L. Osborn, John D. Tucker, Jacob Verrall.

Highly Commended :

D. Davidson, Miss A. J. Varcoe.

The following solved nine out of the ten problems :

J. T. Caswell, Thomas Dunnott, Chas. P. Fuchs, Arthur Jas. Head, Thomas Hubble, G. W. Middleton.

Those who failed to solve less than nine problems cannot be mentioned for want of space.

Twenty-six competitors solved, or at any rate found the key-move to, all the problems. Of these, eight presented their solutions in such admirable form and with so much completeness that it was impossible to distinguish between them. Seven others were not far behind in excellence, and but for the omission here and there of a dual continuation, or for a trifling clerical error, would have been in the front rank. It would hardly have been fair to leave them out of the prize list altogether, but they have each to be content with a very modest sum.

Nine solutions of the remaining eleven were good, but they suffered by comparison with the fifteen already referred to. Two of them contained glaring clerical errors in the key-moves, though it was perfectly clear that the problems had been thoroughly mastered. The last two solutions were hopelessly incomplete.

Several competitors did not finish the competition, and one, who, by the way, wrote on both sides of the paper, began with Problem 3.

Problems Nos. 1, 2, and 10 seem to have been too much for several expert solvers—especially No. 2.

Solutions of the November Problems.

1. By ANTHONY DOD.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Q—B6—Q × Q. | 2. P—R4. |
| Kt × Q. | 2. Kt—B6 (ch). |
| K—Kt5. | 2. Kt(Q5)—K3 (ch). |
| B—Q8. | 2. Q—Bsq. |

2. By C. H. HEMMING. Key-move Q—QR8.

3. By C. H. HEMMING. Key-move Kt—B4.

The mistake in the printing of No. 1 was particularly unfortunate, in view of the prize offered for the first correct solutions. Four sets of solutions came to hand simultaneously—one from the North of England—and to the four senders we at once forwarded by post the correction of the defective problem. The result was very curious, all four competitors maintaining that the problem could not be solved in three moves. Eventually one of them, Mr. J. T. SIFTON, of Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, found the true solution, and to him the prize of half-a-guinea has been sent.

The following solved the three problems as they were originally published—

H. Balson, H. D'O. Bernard, G. Browne, A. C. Challenger, G. H. Clutsam, W. J. Crosby, Edmund Dale, W. Damant, J. W. Dixon, Thos. Dunnott, Dr. R. Dunstan, Rev. J. F. Flowers, Colone¹ Forbes, S. W. Francis, Jas. Goodwin, A. Grosvenor-Bradley, N. H. Hrop, A. H. Head, "King's Gambit," Jas. Aubrey McClare, G. W. Middleton, R. T. Milford, Wm. B. Muir, F. Newsome, W. Pilkington, J. T. Sifton, John Taylor, J. D. Tucker, A. Watson, Arthur Wheeler, Jas. White, F. W. Wynne, W. F.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Those solvers whose names are given in italics also solved the problem as it should be. Through the courtesy of Mr. Jas. White the correction appeared in the chess column of the *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement* for Nov. 2.

The Correspondence Match.—Two more wins have been scored for *The Leisure Hour* by Mr. H. Balson, who, defending a *Ruy Lopez*, defeated his opponent in 35 moves, and by Dr. Dunstan, who, adopting the Sicilian Defence, won in 31 moves. The score as we go to press is 4—0.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

COMPETITION I

For results of *Advertisement Summary in Verse*, see Advertisement pages.

COMPETITION 10

"My FAVOURITE PREACHER."

RESULT

The following three preachers received the highest number of votes, in the order in which they are named :

1. THE BISHOP OF RIPON.
2. DR. JOSEPH PARKER.
3. THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

Votes were given for sixteen other preachers, but the number given for any of them was so small as not to justify their inclusion in this list.

As some readers or competitors have evidently misunderstood the decision in similar competitions already held, we desire to state that the Editor expresses no opinion on the names chosen or the order in which they appear, but simply records the votes of readers of this magazine. It is this, and not the opinion of one man, which gives the result its interest and value. The prizes are decided by the quality of the essay or postcard.

PRIZES

Prize of Half-a-Guinea:

J. WALTER, 60 Colvestone Crescent, London, N.E.

Two Prizes of Five Shillings:

WINIFRED PARNELL, 97 Oakley Street, Chelsea S.W.; "A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE."

Two Prizes of Three Shillings:

JAMES E. TROLLOPE, 22 Valestone Eade Road, Finsbury Park, N.; CATHERINE MATTHEWS, 9 Endsleigh Terrace, Tavistock Square, W.C.

Highly Commended (in order of merit):

ANNIE CONNOLD, MRS. CROOKE, M. C. HALE, ERNEST COULTAS, SAMUEL WYATT, ISOBEL LEWIS, E. H. MURCH, J. S. LAWSON, FLORENCE BENTON, J. J. NEVIN, F. B. M. MARSTON, J. D. TUCKER.

"My FAVOURITE PREACHER."

The following are the three best postcards :
CANON H. SCOTT HOLLAND.—A strong and vivid

personality : the glow of fervid eloquence revealing a mind at once rapid and profound : a singularly buoyant hope, and unquenchable faith : an exquisite joy in all worth and beauty. These gifts attract and enthral. But the reason for my choice lies deeper yet. He fulfills most fully my ideal of a preacher of righteousness—yet the righteousness that is in Christ. Through his preaching I am helped to realize that God is "in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself," and that in Him we have not only a personal Friend, but our living Lord and King, under Whose power the sanctification begun in the recesses of the spirit passes out into the redemption of the social order, until the kingdoms of this world become in deed and in truth the kingdoms of our God. This glad Gospel of the Incarnation ! May God grant His blessing on all who preach it, and who, like Canon Holland, apply its principles to every department of daily life.

J. WALTER.

"It is easy," Canon Gore once wrote, "to indulge in vague denunciations in the pulpit, and easy again to give ourselves to general moral exhortation. Our people are given too much vague denunciation of what is, or supposed to be, evil, and they are too much exhorted. What they need is to be taught, positively, clearly, and scripturally." That is what the writer himself does ; and this is the reason why the Abbey is crowded to its utmost capacity when Canon Gore preaches. For he is sure to have some real message to give, springing from deep-rooted convictions and profound thought. The hungry sheep who look up to him are fed with the best he has to offer. There is no parade of scholarship, though he is perhaps the greatest theologian among English preachers ; neither is there any attempt at sensational preaching, though his extraordinary earnestness sometimes startles his hearers. Patiently, and over and over again, he speaks of the foundations of our faith, and of the Rock that is the Resurrected Christ. And he never shrinks from facing fairly and squarely the difficult problems of the day, treating them from an undeviatingly Christian standpoint and with strong common-sense.

WINIFRED PARNELL.

My favourite preacher is my husband : because he has studied everything he says ; because he means everything he says ; because he lives everything he says.

"A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE."

A NEW COMPETITION

"My FAVOURITE SONG."

16. We offer Ten Prizes of Half-a-Crown each for the best postcards giving :

1. The name of the writer's favourite song.
2. The reasons for this choice.
3. The competitor's name and address.

RULES

1. All postcards to be addressed to the Editor, *The Leisure Hour*, 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

2. The latest day for receiving postcards at this office will be January 14th, 1902.

Note.—MR. A. M. GRAHAM, Portadown, prize-winner in "The Greatest Living Englishwoman" Competition, is requested to send his full address, as the cheque sent to him was returned owing to insufficient address.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT DUNEDIN

Just as the Duchess was turning to leave, a matronly lady rushed up and begged for a leaf from the bouquet. With kindly graciousness Her Royal Highness gave two white flowers as well, whereupon the happy recipient seized the royal hand and kissed it.

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

with T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York

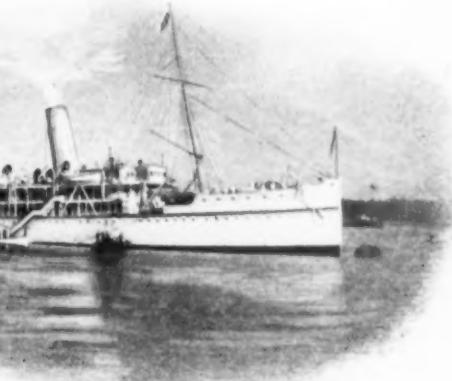
BY ALFRED PEARSE

Special Artist for *The Sphere*

ON March 16, 1901,
I left England to perpetuate pictorially the Royal Tour through the vast British dominions beyond the seas.

A tender bears us to the good ship that is to be our home, and ere long, "Clang! clang!" rings out the bell that sounds the knell of parting moments, and those for shore exchange final "tender" farewells.

In the Bay of Biscay it was a pretty sight to watch the searchlights of the men-o'-war



THE OPHIR

illuminate the hull of the *Ophir* as she steamed ahead. One funnel-shaped beam of brilliance would suddenly cut the darkness, lighting up the heavy clouds, whilst another shot over the surface of the water, catching the foam-crests of the waves, and causing wonderful colours and reflections o'er sea and sky. Unfortunately the weather was very bad at this part of the journey.

Gibraltar! What a grand, yet forbidding sight the fortress is as we enter the harbour on a beautiful morning, through the lines of the fleet drawn up to do honour to England's future King and Queen. Hearty cheers of welcome were raised by crews and passengers on all assembled boats. It was twenty-two years since the Duke had last visited the rock fortress. After the address of welcome, read by Mr. A. Mosley, C.M.G., outside the Chamber of Commerce, T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess together laid one of the huge blocks with which the new mole is to be formed. The rejoicings were somewhat spoiled by rain, ending in a disagreeable passage to Malta, where, however, warm spring weather was enjoyed.

The landing took place at the Custom House, Sir Francis Grenfell, surrounded by his staff and other officers, forming a resplendent group. Here the Royal party witnessed a grand water carnival, which was a sight to live in the memory, every boat, ship,



DEPARTURE FROM PORTSMOUTH, MARCH 16

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

and fort contributing its quota of illumination, but the electrically lighted menagerie was the most novel spectacle: each war-ship contributing an amusing and fiery animal or bird, which floated along amidst scintillating lights and fireworks, one being an elephant that wagged its trunk and tail.

At Aden, where the Duke and Duchess were welcomed on Good Friday by the Governor and a picturesquely Oriental mass of people, a Parsee address was read by Mr. Dinshaw Cowasjee.

Leaving Aden April 6th, after a five days' run we reached the spicy island of Ceylon. A wonderful sight at Colombo is the "dhoby." A ship's washing is collected and washed at this place, being returned to the vessel in a few hours. The native washermen stand in stone troughs full of water, and, after dipping



WATCHING THE
ELEPHANTS,
CEYLON, APRIL 14



MR. PEARSE IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL BRISTOL, COLOMBO, CEYLON



WASHING CLOTHES, COLOMBO. THE DHOBY

the clothes, bang them on the flat stone edges. The cleansing process is very quick. At Colombo Station "devil dancers" amused the party, who then proceeded to Kandy. The "Pandals" here were unique and elaborate. Their Royal Highnesses inspected, at the temple, Buddha's tooth, which was lying on a golden lotus-leaf, enclosed in two other caskets, the whole being placed in a dome-shaped shrine, the

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

shaven-headed, yellow-robed priests meanwhile chanting their monotonous songs. A very grand sight was the reception at the Audience Hall, where native chiefs and ladies were formally introduced to the Duke and Duchess. The chiefs came according to their districts in groups, clapping their hands and salaaming. Elephants were the chief performers in all festivities, not only forming a large part of the procession, but they raced, bathed, and gambolled in water, and one large tusker uprooted a tree. A visit to the beautiful Peradeniya Botanical Gardens (the road to which was lined by vividly-dressed natives) and the planting of a cannon-ball tree brought the eventful visit to a close.

The next place of interest was Singapore, where their Royal Highnesses were entertained by the Governor, and at lunch by the handsome and genial Sultan of Johore. The reception here was quite Oriental, gorgeous decorations and gay dresses being in evidence everywhere. The ceremonies included the presentation of twelve beautiful silver caskets to the Duke and his consort from various castes and bodies. An evening ride through China-town, the suite following in rickshaws, was a unique sight. The first Chinese procession took place

their sunlit sides are obliterated by puffs of white smoke. Then over the rippling sea comes the boom of saluting guns, as the *Ophir* passes through the lines to take up her position, and then the tender steams rapidly through the men-o'-war boats, drawn up at regular intervals with raised oars, bringing the Royal party to the gaily-decorated landing-stage of St. Kilda, on which the Governor-General, the Earl of Hopetoun, with his staff, the Federal Premier, Ministers, pressmen, and other privileged guests are grouped, eagerly trying to catch sight of the welcome guests, whilst the band of the guard of honour play "God save the King."

H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York appears in full Admiral's uniform, and steps briskly down the gangway, followed by H.R.H. the Duchess and some members of their suite. Amid the cheers of assembled thousands the Royal visitors drive to Government House. By the kindness of Captain Wallington, C.M.G., the able and courteous private secretary to His Excellency, I am able to sketch the levée held next day. A handsome canopy is erected at one end of the room above the dais, on which His Royal Highness stands with the Acting-Governor of Victoria (Sir John Madden) on his right and Lord Hopetoun on his left, to shake hands with nearly four thousand gentlemen.

The most important and imposing ceremony was the opening of Parliament, which took place in the Exhibition buildings. Amid a deep hush their Royal Highnesses appeared upon the platform, and after the Right Hon. E. Barton, with the members of parliament, had been called in to take the oath of allegiance,



ARRIVAL AT SINGAPORE, APRIL 21



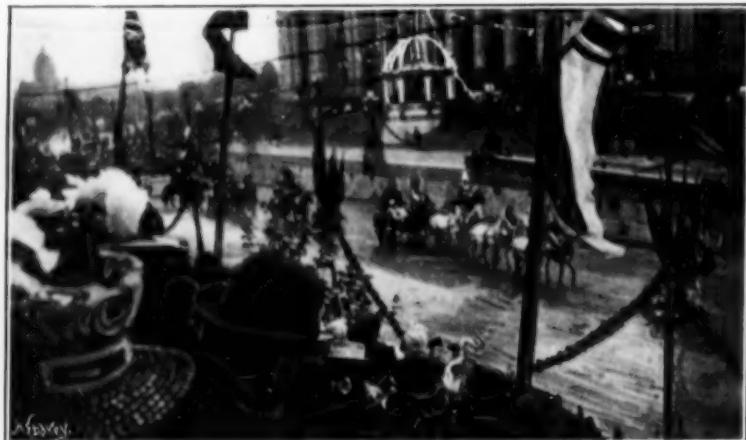
LEVÉE AT MELBOURNE, MAY 7

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

and prayers were said and hymns sung, the Duke read in a clear, strong voice, which rang through the vast building, the King's message to the members of the first federal parliament, and his cable to the assembled thousands and all Australia, which ran as follows:

"My thoughts are with you to-day on this important event. Most fervently do I wish the Commonwealth of Australia prosperity and great happiness."

Such gracious thoughtfulness received the ovation it deserved from the people of one blood and speech with the motherland. The whole ceremony was an event ever to be remembered, marking as it does the birth of a united land. Federated Australia! Who can realise what an immense factor this united colony will be in the world's future history? The Royal party returned to Government House through the densely-packed but well-kept streets, enthusiastic cheering greeting them all along the route.



ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE DAIS IN FRONT OF THE SENATE HOUSE, MELBOURNE

It would take up too much time to enumerate all the interesting ceremonies that took place, but the reception at Government House must be mentioned. It was a brilliant scene, and the Duchess, with that sweetest of smiles, fascinated every fortunate guest. I noticed H.R.H. conversing affably with the Russian captain of the *Gromoboi* and his wife, who were present with their daughter.

The Trades and Chinese processions were sights seldom seen to such advantage, and the torchlight procession of the firemen and fire-engines was a remarkably fine display.

The State concert was a great success, Mesdames Ella Russell, Nellie Stewart, and other famous singers delighting their Royal Highnesses and the vast audience with sweet song.

The great review of thirteen thousand men took place on the Flemington racecourse on May 10th, and every one, including their Royal Highnesses, was enthusiastic in their appreciation of the



THE DRAGON, CHINESE PROCESSION, MELBOURNE

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack



LAVING FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, STURT STREET,
BALLARAT, VICTORIA

stirring scene. A spectacle never to be forgotten was the four thousand cadets who, clothed in khaki, marched proudly in perfect order past H.R.H. the Duke. Officers, both English and foreign, expressed their pleasure at the grand sight.

At the University His Royal Highness accepted the first degree of LL.D. conferred upon him in Australia; the students by their jokes and fun considerably amusing the audience.

One of the last functions was the opening of the new road and promenade south of the Yarra River, mainly brought into existence by the energy of the Hon. W. Tavernor, whose wife turned on the water which supplied the picturesque fountains, after the Duke had declared the road open.

At Ballarat, a very interesting and, to the correspondents and special artist, an exciting day was spent. Two four-in-hand brakes were waiting for them at the station, and in order to be present at each ceremony they galloped at full speed through side streets, whirling along, first on the two near wheels, then on the two off ones, with narrow escapes many and exciting. The drive included a visit to the beautiful Botanical Gardens and its statuary by the border of the lake. In the famous Sturt Street, three chains wide, which is already laid out artistically with gardens and statues, His Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone of the Soldiers' Monument, then he and the Duchess each planted a tree in the Ballarat East Municipal Gardens. The children's singing of the National Anthem was very effective. A visit was also paid to the mines, where the machinery with its thunderous pounding nearly

singing "God save the King," and waving Union Jacks. At Brisbane the Mayor gave the address of welcome enclosed in a beautiful casket. The Aboriginal arch in Queen Street was very novel, being composed of ferns, cereals and grasses with aborigines and animals standing on it. The Children's Day must have made the young folks supremely happy, for five thousand, prettily

deafened us, but was most interesting.

After a very happy fortnight's sojourn at Melbourne the Royal party left for Queensland. Every station along the route was decorated. Numbers of loyal subjects congregated, the children vigorously



DUKE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY,
MAY 27

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack



N. S. W. LANCERS IN LINE TO RECEIVE MEDALS

Highnesses landed at a tastefully-decorated pavilion near the Domain. From the pavilion their Royal Highnesses entered a four-horsed carriage with postilions, Captain Viscount Crichton, M.V.O., and Lieutenant the Duke of Roxburghe

dressed, sang the National Anthem, besides giving maypole dances, etc.

The review and presentation of medals to two hundred men, who had served their country well in South Africa, was again a stirring scene. Instead of going to the races on May 22nd, His Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone of the new Anglican cathedral.

Amidst the thunder of guns, the *Ophir*, with her escorts, the *Juno* and *St. George*, and the Australian squadron, on May 27th entered the beautiful harbour of Sydney, cheering crowds lining the shores nearest to the passing vessels, and anchored in Farm Cove. The Royal barge came through lines of ships' boats manned by saluting blue-jackets, and their Royal



DEPARTURE FROM SYDNEY, JUNE 6



THE DUKE LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF NEW
WING, ALFRED HOSPITAL, SYDNEY

riding, in the full-dress of the Horse Guards, as usual, on either side of the carriage.

All through the long route to Government House the Royal visitors had a most enthusiastic greeting. At the dinner at Government House, Sir Frederick Darley, Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, sat on the left of the Duchess, and Mrs. Barton, wife of the first Federal Premier, on the Duke's left. A review was held in the Centennial Park—the park, with its hills

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack



THE VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND, JUNE 11

Mr. Seddon is here shown presenting a beautiful casket of Maori greenstones set in gold to the Duke on board the *Ophir* at Auckland.

House the distribution of medals took place, the recipients of this favour, with the guard of honour and assembled troops, forming a striking picture in the warm sunshine. A Mrs. O'Neill, eighty-three years of age, an old servant of the late Queen, was presented to their Royal Highnesses, who pleased the old lady very much by saying they would tell the King they had seen her. After the visit was over Mrs. O'Neill said: "I don't care how soon I die now; I have seen the grandchildren of Her Most Gracious Majesty."

The laying of the foundation-stone of the new wing of the Alfred Hospital was another very interesting ceremony. The Duchess visited about sixty-five patients, speaking words of sympathy to each,

surrounding the valley, forming an ideal parade-ground. Before the march-past the Duke presented Lieutenant Dufraver with a scarf made by the late Queen. The citizens' concert in the Town Hall was a brilliant spectacle. The Duke and Duchess at the close accepted a souvenir album presented by the Mayor on behalf of the citizens.

In the charming grounds of Government

and giving them small bunches of violets. One little chap of eight was there with a broken leg. When Her Royal Highness asked how it happened, not knowing who was addressing him, he said, "I was trying to see the Duchess go by, and fell off a fence." This seemed to pain the Duchess, who said, "I am so sorry, and I expect you are sorry you ever tried to see me now," and handed the little boy some violets; but the boy's astonished eyes catching her sweet



THE DUKE AMONG
THE MAORIS



MAORI HAKA DANCE, ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT OHINEMUTU, NEW ZEALAND



STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT OHINEMUTU, NEW ZEALAND

sympathetic smile, a look came into his face that plainly said he would willingly break any limbs for the pleasure of seeing her.

On May 14th the Duchess, by simply touching a button with a golden key, flashed the signal all over Australia for the simultaneous hoisting at every school throughout the Commonwealth of the dear old Union Jack. The departure from Sydney took place at Farm Cove on June 6th.

A week of lumpy water brought us to another beautiful harbour—Auckland, New Zealand—the land we had so often longed to see, and hope to see again. The weather in this hilly and pretty town was warm as

our summer. Before the landing, the popular Governor-General (the Earl of Ranfurly), the Premier (the Hon. R. J. Seddon), Ministers and others went on board. The Premier presented the casket containing the address, both being original and beautiful and of true Maori design.

The Royal party soon after came along the gangway on to the Queen Street wharf, and the Duchess, touching a button, announced their safe arrival in New Zealand, the first possession acquired after the accession of her late Majesty. A short drive brought their Royal Highnesses to the platform, on which the

Mayor, the aged Dr. Logan Campbell, presented the citizens' address and kissed the hand of England's future Queen.

Dr. Campbell, who is eighty-four, has just given about two hundred and fifty acres, forming public parks called "Cornwall," to the people of Auckland to commemorate the Royal visit. When signing the deed of gift the "Father of Auckland," as the doctor is called, said: "This is the sixty-first anniversary of the year I left the Maori village of Waiomu, on the shores of the Hauraki Gulf, and entered the primeval forest to carve out with my axe the canoe in which afterwards I made my way to the

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

island of Motu Korea, my first home in the Waitemata. Since that day it has been my fortune to be present at the foundation of the colony of New Zealand."

The Duke replied to the address, and announced the union of Cook's Is-

lands to New Zealand, which was received with tremendous cheers. The Royal party entered their carriages and drove through streets lined with cheering multitudes, passing the living Union Jack formed by school-children at Wellesley Street, and under the Government arch, over the centre of which was the Maori greeting, "Ka aroha tonu Ake, Ake, Ake." A State dinner at Government House and a reception with concert were, as usual, in the programme. There was also another grand review in Potter's Paddock of four thousand men of all arms, the wiry cadets being again strongly in evidence. At the luncheon to

veterans and returned African troopers the Duke made a most stirring speech, which was received with gratified and patriotic acclamations. Parnell was honoured by their Royal Highnesses laying the foundation-stone of the Victoria School for Maori girls. The Maoris

present gave their war-cry with thrilling effect as the Royal carriage drove away. Mrs. Cowie, the wife of the Primate, being an invalid, the Duchess, with her usual thoughtful kindness, visited her in her own rooms at Bishopscourt.

Amidst much cheering the train left Auckland for Rotorua. This journey was most interesting. We passed through country exactly like bits of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and at times we rushed between forests of magnificent ferns and gigantic trees, up which the rata climbed, to burst out at the top into immense scarlet flowers. Seeing this dense



ROYAL PARTY WALKING TO CARRIAGE, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND



DUKE DISTRIBUTING MEDALS, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

bush one realises what giants the old pioneers must have been—not only big in character and in purpose, but with big hearts that carried them over every obstacle—and we to-day reap the benefit of their manly endeavours! It was a great pleasure to meet the very few of these who still live to see the advancement of their adopted home.

Rotorua at last, in wind and rain which fortunately cleared off soon after arrival. The Maori "Haeremai" ("Welcome") was conspicuous everywhere, but the most striking display was the large eight-spanned arch opposite the Grand Hotel, composed of a series of platforms up which the splendid Maoris stood to shout their loyal welcome,

cook, and Maggie pulled up one clothful for inspection. An interesting sight was the very little children diving, or rather jumping, feet-first, into a stream from the Poeringa Bridge for silver coins thrown into the water; the little fawn-coloured piccaninnies clambered over the rails of the bridge, and then, with a shout of "Dood-
bye!" fearlessly leapt into the water. At Old Ohinemutu the Royal visitors stood in front of the carved house to listen to the welcomes and watch the dances of tribes assembled there. Here the aged Major Fox (since dead), who fought so bravely for us in our wars, was introduced to their Royal Highnesses, proudly holding in his left hand the claymore presented to him

some years ago by the late Queen Victoria, a bust of whom stands here under a native-carved canopy. We had been told to expect wonderful sights in Rotorua, but the most vivid imagination could not conceive the marvellous spectacle of the Haka dance. When the assembled thousands of Maoris saw the Duke (wearing



THE DUKE DISTRIBUTING WAR MEDALS, ADELAIDE

almost hidden in the masses of rich green foliage, including tree ferns, rimu boughs, ferns from the Mamaka range, and Lycopodium ferns, whilst whole Nikau palm-trees were placed at the base of the main piers. Their Royal Highnesses were evidently pleased at this novel sight.

After visiting the famous baths we drove to Whakarewarewa to see the hot lakes and geysers spout their sulphurous steam. His Royal Highness the Duke was piloted by Maggie, the guide, while Sophia showed the Duchess the wonders of the place. At the geysers Wairoa and Pohutu, a short time after the guides had thrown in each a bar of soap, a rumbling noise was heard, and then up shot volumes of steam and hot water to a great height; the natives put potatoes, etc., in the hot water-holes to

the Maori feather piu-piu, with the rare Huia feather in his hat, carrying a green-stone Merai) and the Duchess (in a Kiwa cloak of feathers and soft flax) ascend the pavilion, a mighty shout of "Haeremai" from the crouching half-naked natives rent the air, thrilling every one, the shaking of their spears, battle-axes, etc., producing a peculiar, quivering, rustling accompaniment to their spontaneous welcome. Sudden silence once again made the effect all the more telling, each tribe in its appointed place remaining perfectly still.

At a signal began the Poi-poi dances, or, rather, rhythmical movements, in which the poi-poi, held between the finger and thumb, are twirled and struck together with marvellous precision, producing, with the rustling of the reed piu-piu (skirts) a

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

fascinating effect. The women and girls who performed the dances, dressed in bright-coloured garments, carried out a different movement in honour of the "Great Queen, our Mother," the "King and Queen," and the "Duke and Duchess," chanting appropriate words of lamentation or joy at the same time to suit the subject. But the sight never to be forgotten was the Hakas. A tribe stood some distance in front of the Royal party, when suddenly a chief would rush towards it, insolently throwing down a spear as a challenge, and then run back towards the pavilion, followed at full speed by the tribe, who rushed to the proper position, then began the dance, which consisted of taunting and defying a supposed enemy, accompanied by truly horrible grimaces, slapping of arms, thighs and chests, together with the rhythmic thud of the feet, some movements ending by the slapping of the breast and a hoarse shout of "Au!!"

Novel and priceless presents, some being tribal heirlooms, were also handed up for their Royal Highnesses' acceptance. One was a splendid greenstone "tiki" that no money could buy; it has belonged to the East Coast tribe for many generations, and was placed round the neck of the Duchess, by whose side stood Mrs. Donelly, the high chieftainess of the tribe.

Medals were distributed by the Duke to several of the principal Maoris. He then came down from the pavilion to converse and shake hands with them, finally leaving amidst hearty cheers from thousands of delighted subjects. . . . Eighty-five of the Royal party journeyed to Tikitere, crossing the Rotorua lake on the Government steamers, then in brakes and wagonettes through wild but interesting country, to the thinly-crusted springs, which we reached at sunset, a friendly cat and dog, which followed, and were petted by, the Duke and Duchess, being the only living creatures

beside ourselves we saw there. Weird, desolate excrescences of yellow sulphur earth, intersected with mud geysers and boiling springs, filling the air with peculiar-smelling vapour in the dim pinkish light, gave one an eerie feeling. One incident (amusing, as it had no serious result) occurred. Mr. Tom Price, one of the representatives from South Australia, said to a visitor, "Don't tread there," but with the reply, "I think I know where to go," came the crackling of the crust as the last speaker's foot disappeared into boiling water. After the glowing sunset we had a fine, clear, cold evening for the twelve-mile drive over hill and through dale back to Rotorua. All were sorry to leave the devoted Maoris. They are a fine unconquered race. They told me with pride that the Premier, with his usual tact, had said that "the reason that they could not be allowed to go and fight in Africa was that he wanted them to remain and take care of New Zealand."

By train and boat we proceeded to Wellington, the beautiful capital of New Zealand. Here the Royal visitors were formally received by the Premier and Ministers, and conducted to the carriage, which drove through lines of saluting veterans to the stand

outside the Harbour Board gates, where an address of welcome was handed to the Duke by Mr. J. S. W. Aitken, the Mayor. The procession then went through the beautifully decorated streets with their eleven fine arches to Government House, amidst delighted thousands.

Wellington does not lend itself so well to scenic display as Auckland, but, as nearly all the ceremonies took place within the city boundaries, the public had easy and full opportunity of witnessing every function in honour of the Royal visit. The Duke laid the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall. Their Royal Highnesses then honoured the bazaar in aid of the "Home for Incurables" with their presence, and



THE DUKE AT CAPE TOWN, AUGUST 19,
WITH SIR W. HELY-HUTCHINSON'S PARTY

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack



ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC, SEPTEMBER 16

A long sea-voyage brought the *Ophir* under the cliffs of Quebec on September 16. The Duchess is here shown stepping ashore from a bobbing pinnace

made numerous presents. In Wellington, too, the Duke laid the foundation-stone of the new Government Railway Offices.

After a not very smooth sea-journey from Wellington, we came to Lyttelton, whence a short railway journey brought us to Christchurch, the thoroughly English town of the South Island, and here the great wave of loyalty that swept the North Island followed us.

In Victoria Square, the foundation-stone of the Canterbury Jubilee Memorial was laid under a handsome canopy placed in the centre of an amphitheatre of bright, eager-faced people, the hum of whose voices was changed into a vigorous burst of cheering as the scarlet outriders came in sight. This stone tribute is three-fold, for whilst bearing a statue of the late Queen, it also has panels in memory of the old pioneers and the younger generation who fell in South Africa. Then the friendly societies filed past their Royal Highnesses.

The Mayor's reception was a great success. The Canterbury Hall, where it took place, was charmingly decorated, and the concert following gave evidence of the great talent possessed by the Colonies. This city was also brilliantly illuminated at night.

The Royal party with the Premier were present at service in the cathedral on Sunday.

The children's demonstration of singing and waving *toi-toi* plumes in Victoria Square was a gratifying success, but the great event was the review in Hagley Park of about eleven thousand troops. The fine parade-ground enabled every one to have a good view of the martial pageant. The cadets' marching was here, as elsewhere, wonderful, and the onlookers were so interested that they forgot to cheer. This omission brought the Premier with his big heart and voice out to the front of the stands, and he shouted, "Why don't you give the boys a cheer?" at the same time leading three hearty ones. The Duke chatted to several veterans, and then the distribution of medals to those we all look upon with such pride in every colony, the returned troopers, concluded a very much-enjoyed morning.

The women of Canterbury asked the Royal mother to accept a gift for her son of gold and greenstone inscribed as follows: "Presented to H.R.H. Prince Edward of Cornwall and York by the women of Canterbury. June 23, 1901." This was graciously received and a nice letter of thanks sent.

The railway journey to Dunedin was a long one, and we stopped on the way at gaily-decorated stations for bouquets to be presented and children to sing the National Anthem under the waving of the old flag.

An evidence that the district was becoming more Scotch was seen in the welcome displayed on Palmerston Station:

"Better lo'ed ye canna be:
Will ye no' come back again?"

The Royal visitors with considerate kindness walked the whole length of each station platform, so that the cheering crowds might see them well.

It was dark when we approached Port Chalmers, on which we looked down from the train to see weird effects of lurid, coloured fires on prominent buildings, whilst rockets and other fireworks were rushing heavenwards, making a brilliant display, the syrens and whistles, bands and cheering masses at the same time making the welcome truly marvellous. Here we are at 6 P.M. in the most southern town we shall have the pleasure of visiting

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

in these islands—Dunedin ; it is not only Scotch by name, but the people's faces, and language, together with the names of streets, are Scotch and—what is more!—the welcome was a "hieland" one also.

A great deal had to be crowded into a few hours here. The heir to the throne drove through a blaze of electric light, under arches, to "Fernhill Club." In the evening the university students in grotesque costumes formed a torchlight procession, and paraded in front of the club, singing songs of their own composition, as well as the National Anthem, and giving vent to a Maori war-cry.

Upon a dais next day, with a background of thousands of enthusiastic sightseers, the Duke received addresses from various societies, and made a speech that won the hearts of the people for ever. Her Royal Highness also received an address from Mrs. Seddon for the women of New Zealand.

Next the returned troopers were handed their medals, after which the Duke came down and talked with the veterans, examining their medals. A lunch to these followed, and Colonel Robin, C.B., who led the contingents, and the Premier made stirring speeches. A grand display was given by about two thousand children, drilling and singing in the Caledonian Grounds. When this was finished the Duke descended from the pavilion and sat on a *granite chair* that is to form a corner-stone for the new building.

A very pleasing incident occurred here. Just as the Duchess was turning to leave, a matronly lady rushed up and begged for a leaf from the bouquet. With kindly graciousness Her Royal Highness gave two white flowers as well, whereupon the happy recipient seized the royal hand and kissed it, saying, "God bless you, my darling."

On the last day at the Triangle the Duke laid the foundation-stone of the Queen's Memorial Statue. Speeches brought to a

happy conclusion the successful visit to this wonderland—one that will ever leave pleasant memories to think over; and as the graceful white ship sailed away from the friendly shores on a bright, brisk winter's morning, the sun silvering the distant snow-capped mountains, her flags signalled, "We thank you for your kindness, 'Kia ora.'" To "Kia ora" I would add "Ka aroha tonu Ake, Ake, Ake," for the great kindness experienced during the stay in those happy islands.

Owing to concussion of the brain and the strain of doing finished sketches after functions were over, I was not well enough to visit Tasmania, but went direct to Adelaide, where the Royal party arrived from Hobart on July 8th. The very popular Governor (Lord Tennyson), the Premier and Ministers welcomed the Ducal couple, who then proceeded through the throngs of enthusiastic South Australians to the Town Hall. In Victoria Square over two thousand pigeons were let loose as the carriage passed the Queen's Statue, the flapping of their wings adding a novel note to the tumultuous cheering. The children were promised a good view of the Duke and Duchess, and twelve thousand assembled, who vigorously expressed their exultation. The display at the Market, after the old people at the Destitute Asylum had been cheered by the goodness of the Duke and Duchess, was most entertaining. Hundreds of happy little Colonials sang and exercised, and, after singing "God save the King," thousands of little Union Jacks were waved, as the Royal carriage came to the dais, and the Duchess, with an endearing smile, leant down to catch the lisped words, "Please accept this token of our loyalty and affection," as two tiny hands held out the bouquet. The Duke then received a portfolio from a little boy, who said: "The Sunny South welcomes Great Britain, the cradle of our race." The procession then



THE REDSKINS' WELCOME AT CALGARY

ously expressed their exultation. The display at the Market, after the old people at the Destitute Asylum had been cheered by the goodness of the Duke and Duchess, was most entertaining. Hundreds of happy little Colonials sang and exercised, and, after singing "God save the King," thousands of little Union Jacks were waved, as the Royal carriage came to the dais, and the Duchess, with an endearing smile, leant down to catch the lisped words, "Please accept this token of our loyalty and affection," as two tiny hands held out the bouquet. The Duke then received a portfolio from a little boy, who said: "The Sunny South welcomes Great Britain, the cradle of our race." The procession then

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

moved on again, receiving a splendid ovation. The fallen soldiers were again remembered, the Duke unveiling a fine brass tablet, with their names inscribed upon it, at St. Peter's Cathedral, the new nave of which was consecrated the same day.

To show what loyal citizens Germans can be, they gave a serenade outside Government House, rendering in finished style several German songs in the fitful torchlight. The hospitals here also received a gracious visit from her Royal Highness, cheering a few moments of the sufferers' lives by her kindly words, and the sick children were brightened by her sweet words and smiles. A little three-year-old girl having sung "Jesus loves me," the Duchess warmly thanked the dear little mite.

An address from the Ministering Children's League, a military tattoo, levée and receptions were followed by the great review. Before the march-past, medals were distributed to South African warriors, including one to Private Partridge, who led the dog "Nelson," that was twice wounded and twice taken prisoner in Africa, but found its way back to the British lines each time.

Amongst the hundreds who received medals in Australia were nurses, as well as men from almost every clime.

At the conferring of LL.D. upon the Duke the students sang some good topical songs. The Duchess opened the new organ also at the University.

The Royal party paid a flying visit to Glenelg, and finally left for Fremantle, the guns at Fort Largs booming a farewell salute.

Western Australia had prepared an extensive welcome to honour the Royal visitors, but the weather was so stormy that the *Ophir* had to put into Albany instead of Fremantle, much to the delight of the former place and dismay of the latter, for the whole city was transformed by its inhabitants, and thronged with thousands from all the country round.

The weather was now lovely, with bright days and star-bedecked nights. The decorations and illuminations here, as all through Australia, did credit to the reception committees, who have so admirably done their best to honour the Heir-Apparent and the Duchess.

A gratifying incident occurred at Albany.

In the afternoon the transport *Britannic*, from South Africa, came in sight. As she approached nearer, the *Ophir*'s deck was manned and the band took up position, playing "Soldiers of the Queen" and "Home, sweet Home," whilst the Duke saluted and the Duchess waved to the khaki-clad returning troopers, who crowded every available bit of rigging and deck to cheer lustily as the vessel went past the Royal yacht.

On arrival at Perth the Royal party went through the thronged thoroughfares of holiday-attired people, to the Viceregal residence of his Excellency, Sir Arthur Lawley, amid shouts of "Here they come!" and "God bless 'em!"

There was a civic reception and presentation of address and Friendly Society parade, and the same elaborate Chinese procession, with its wonderful multi-legged, awful-headed dragon, that we had witnessed in other cities. The affableness of the Royal pair delighted the Chinese, one saying of the Duchess, "She all li, she clappie han."

A dinner and reception at Government House, as well as a levée, took place, and addresses from various bodies were presented in the ball-room. Rear-Admiral Beaumont, the commander of the Australian fleet, had a K.C.M.G. conferred upon him.

The Duke laid the foundation-stone of the Fallen Soldiers' Memorial in King's Park—so re-named by the Duke, who said in his address that "throughout the whole African army there was nothing but the greatest admiration for the dash, spirit, hard riding and straight shooting of the sons of Australia and New Zealand." Then came the presentation of medals, her Royal Highness sympathising with many severely-injured recipients. About two thousand of all arms, including the cadets, took part in the review. The children sang well, and one little mite kept saying, "Where's the Duke?" and by dint of pushing and tip-toeing she caught sight of him. "Why, he's only a man!" she disappointedly exclaimed.

A tablet was unveiled to deceased soldiers in the Anglican cathedral; afterwards a State concert, citizens' reception, and the laying of the foundation-stone of the new wing of the Art Gallery and Museum took place; then on to the Mint, where an address and casket, containing valuable auriferous specimens, were accepted by the Duke.

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

A trip was made on the *Manx Fairy* to the Zoological Gardens, where two trees were planted to commemorate the Royal visit, a visit which will broaden the views of life and add keener interest in the sayings and doings of Royalty. A few months ago their Royal Highnesses were personally unknown to most Colonials (for the Duke was a boy at the last visit), but by their gracious kindness they have not only won their way into the hearts of the many thousands, but will for ever retain a lodgment there. "They came, were seen, and they conquered." "*Au revoir*" and "*God-speed*" followed the *Ophir* on her voyage to Africa, where, unfortunately, I am still too unwell to follow, so return straight to England, leaving in a day or two for Canada.

Quebec, a name sanctified by memories of glorious victories and the death of heroes, a veritable "Gibraltar" beautifully situated, with quaint streets and ancient calèches and fine citadel.

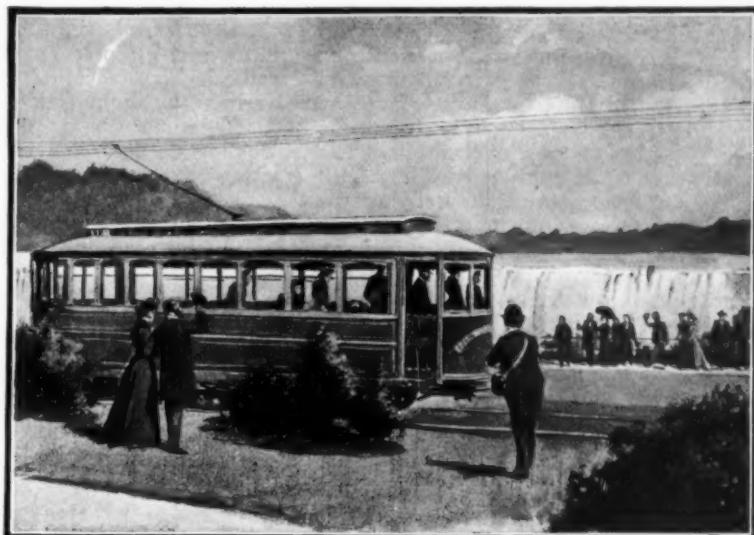
When the Royal guests land at King's Wharf, the artistically-prepared stage, the wind is blowing hard, but the sun has a warmth in its welcome.

His Excellency the Governor-General and staff, the Right Honourable Sir Wilfred Laurier, and many officials are waiting to receive the Royal Admiral and the Duchess. After a few introductions and the usual inspection of the guards of honour, the whole party enter their carriages and drive to the legislative buildings, through the hilly, crowded streets, British and French vying with one another in the loyal greetings, clapping of hands predominating, for the French Canadians do not cheer as we do.

We gaze next day upon the monument

erected to General Wolfe, which bears this inscription: "Here died Wolfe victorious, September 13th, 1759." On these well-known plains five thousand of all the best troops in Canada are reviewed by the Duke — a magnificent pageant.

On account of the long distance to travel in six weeks, only a short stay in each city can be made. So next day the Royal party enter the train that stands beneath the historic fortress. This train has taken months to build and prepare, and is a marvel of perfect workmanship, and an example of all that is best in construction and furnishing. It is indeed a *train de*



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT NIAGARA

luxe, and no more luxurious mode of travelling can have been experienced than by this special train, which does so much credit to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Ducal pair received addresses, listening to the hundreds of little voices carolling "*The Maple-leaf for ever*," Canada's national song, at intermediate stations between the great cities, but a sight that appealed to one was the little penny Union Jack that waved from a lone shanty, and meant so much to its owners. We salute it with pride, as we had always done hitherto.

From Quebec the party travelled along the Lower St. Lawrence, getting a glimpse occasionally of the mighty river, past neat homesteads and fertile lands of French

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

Canadian residents, reaching in about six hours the prosperous city of Montreal, where two days of ceremonies take place, one being honorary degrees of LL.D., conferred upon the Duchess as well as the Duke, and a very beautiful diamond spray of maple-leaves was also presented by the citizens to Her Royal Highness; but of these I cannot write, for, owing to the tragic death of President McKinley, I had to go from Quebec to Washington, witnessing the impressive sight of a sorrowing nation paying its last respects to the honoured dead in the Rotunda of the great Capitol, and the solemn removal of the remains to Canton, where people knew this noble man more intimately, and therefore one saw stronger love and grief expressed.

The sad ceremonies over, I hurried back to meet the Royal party again in regal Ottawa, with its Rideau Hall, where the Governor-General resides, now the home for a few days of the Royal guests. The beautiful towers of Parliament House give dignity to this charming city. After the reception, a presentation of addresses took place in the grounds of Parliament Buildings, the corner-stone of which was laid by the King forty years ago. Then came the unveiling of the imposing statue of Queen Victoria.

During the presentation of medals to the one hundred and thirty-four troopers and three nurses from South Africa, a pathetic sight was seen as Trooper Mulloy was led up. He had had both eyes shot away at Wepoort, and her Royal Highness expressed her kindly sorrow, saying: "The Duchess of Teck spoke of you to me, and I will tell my sister I had the pleasure of meeting you."

A most memorable day was spent flying down the lumber-slides on a "crib" made of logs.

The English artists and correspondents went first, followed by the Royal party. The rushing through the foaming rapids was quite exhilarating; lumbermen, in red shirts, soft felt hats and brilliant sashes, guide the heavy craft skilfully under bridges and past cheering crowds, until we reach the open water, where we enter canoes manned by Indians, who, as they paddle along to Rockcliffe, chant the old French song of the voyageurs:

"Le fils du roi s'en va chassant."

"Log-rolling" was very amusing. A
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lumberman jumps on to a floating log, and challenges any one to throw him off; an opponent then leaps on to it, and each by lightning movements of their spiked boots revolve the log, first one way, then another, until finally one makes a slip and is soosed in the water.

By special car we then proceeded to the "Combosse," or lumberman's log hut, passing through lines of scarlet-shirted shanty-men with blue overalls, where their Royal Highnesses and their Excellencies, the Earl and Countess Minto, partook of the regulation lumberman's meal of soup, pork, beans, and hot tea (no milk), served in tin plates and "billies" on deal boards, with wooden benches for seats. The "Combosse" has a large, square hole in the centre for smoke to go out, with an immense log fire underneath, surrounded and overhung by cooking pots. An exhibition of tree-felling was next witnessed, with stripping off the branches, skidding and rolling down to the water, the whole proceeding being a perfect display of the lumberman's daily round of duty.

The old post of the fur-traders, Fort Garry, has become a prosperous city—Winnipeg—where we stayed one day. In front of the City Hall a platform is erected, and as the Duke and Duchess step on to it, an excellent life-sized portrait of King Edward is unveiled. The presentation of addresses and distribution of medals take place here. Manitoba University was opened by the Duke and Duchess, children's drilling and singing were again seen and heard, and we board the train once more.

Beyond here evidences of old buffalo trails and wallows are seen, but now herds of horses and fat cattle roam, for the land of the Blackfeet is occupied by stockmen and ranches. Calgary, over three thousand three hundred feet high, overlooked by the white peaks of the marvellous Rockies, is now reached, and here we detrain for the great Indian "Pow-wow" in the native encampment at Shaganappie, the three thousand Indians present being pensioners of the Dominion Government. They ride out in their varied and quaint-coloured costumes on many ponies to meet the Duke, yelling and shouting as he rides towards the pavilion, over which were the words, "We greet you," in Indian language. Many women in brilliant blankets (some with painted faces) and lots of children formed a semi-circle

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

facing it, with boys from the Industrial School in front, one of whom read in good English an address. Then the chiefs, with towering head-dresses and felt hats and no hats, who squatted within the circle, rose and came forward with words of welcome, one, "Bull's Head," shaking hands with his Royal Highness between every sentence. Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, Stoneyes, and Crees were represented, every one standing while the Duke replied, satisfied grunts and rubbing of chests expressing their pleasure at his promise of plenty of food.

The Royal train continued its westerly progress till the end of three thousand

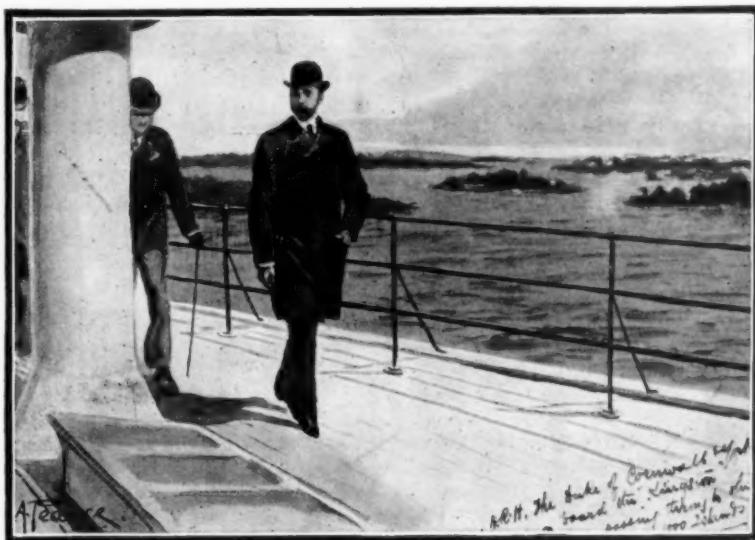
miles is in sight, and we stop at Vancouver, near one of the superb C.P.R. steamers, *Empress of India*. The growth of this city is most marvellous, for fifteen years ago it was a mass of blackened tree-trunks and smouldering embers; now with its picturesque C.P.R. depot and other magnificent buildings one can scarcely realise it has

grown so quickly. Here the Duke opened the fine new Drill Hall and visited the Hastings Saw Mills. Before daybreak, on October 1, the vessel steamed away for Victoria, through the sheltered waters of the Gulf of Georgia, and here at Victoria, three thousand one hundred and sixty two miles from Quebec, the return journey is commenced. But first there is the procession to Esquimalt and luncheon with the Admiral there, the opening of the Agricultural Exhibition and a reception at the superb legislative buildings. The Duchess kindly accepted an album from the women of British Columbia. The Indian war-dance was worth pages of description, but we must hurry on. Once more we board

the comfortable steamer and return to Vancouver, where the train is transferred from the C.P.R. to the Grand Trunk lines.

We spent a few days at Banff, visiting the buffalo and elk in the National Park.

"Ontario" means "pleasant prospect of woodlands and lakes," and this we certainly enjoy all the way to the queen city, Toronto, charmingly situated on the north shore of Lake Ontario. In 1670 this country or state was formally taken possession of by Fathers Dollier and de Gallinee in the name of Louis XIV. Toronto is sometimes also called "the city of churches," and I would add of "choirs," for



THE DUKE AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

six thousand well-trained children sang a welcome and the "Festival Chorus," and the Mendelssohn choir also rendered several pieces in finished style. Dinners, receptions, conferring of LL.D. at Toronto University were completed, and the grand review of eleven thousand Canadian troops took place. Six hundred medals were handed by the Duke to returned troopers, besides a standard to the Royal Canadian Dragoons and colours to the Royal Canadian Regiment. The troops were as fine as any we had seen, one corps being entirely Indians, the whole forming a splendid spectacle.

Leaving Toronto we pass through such beautiful villages and towns as Limehouse, Guelph, Breslau, Berlin, Petersburg,

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

Hamburg to London on the river Thames, in the county of Middlesex, a living namesake of the English capital, having also a St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges. More trains arrive and depart from here daily than from any other point in the Dominion. When the Duke has here inspected the Guard of Honour, the Indian regiment (26th Mid. L.T.), we drive to Victoria Park, where addresses are presented, and the 7th Fusiliers (Canadian) parade their tattered colours before their Royal Highnesses, and the Duke presents a new set. We are then driven rapidly back to the train for Niagara Falls.

The arrival at Niagara-on-the-Lake was most enthusiastically welcomed in the twilight, and the next morning we left hurriedly for Niagara Falls at 7 A.M. On arrival we entered a special electric car and rapidly rode along the top of the Canadian side of the gorge through which the mighty torrent rushes, foaming its way over rocks and boulders till it reaches the wonderful Whirlpool rapids. We read of Niagara Falls from childhood, we see photographs of them and hear them described; but no pen of man can adequately portray the greatest of nature's wonders, or depict the sublime grandeur of this mighty overflow of Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie, as with an awe-inspiring, ceaseless roar this torrent of water takes its awful plunge of 167 feet, stupendous in its volume and breadth, over the cliffs, making the ground to tremble under one's feet, dazzling one with the rainbow radiance of the ever-rising spray and mist.

When the Duke and Duchess come in the afternoon, on their way to the Loretto Convent where they have lunch, the sun is shining brightly, turning the cataract into wondrous gold tints, as the Royal party watch the *Maid of the Mist* making laborious headway against the foaming stream, and lingered long, loath to lose sight of the glories of this matchless scene. They also went on the *Corona* from the Queen's Royal Hotel to Queenstown and back.

At Hamilton, the Birmingham of Canada, a very hearty welcome was prepared for the Royal guests, who pass thousands of children carolling "The Maple-leaf for ever" and "God save the King." At the south side of the City Hall an elaborate stand had been erected, in which the address was read by the Mayor, and

amongst others "Red Cloud," an Oneida Indian, was introduced. He is eighty-three years old, and assured us his right name was "William Bill," and to show us he was still young, nearly cracked the drums of our ears with his war-cry; a row of penny looking-glasses was sewn round his head-dress.

The next place is historic Kingston, which has been the scene of so many conflicts from the days of Frontenac (1673), when it was called Cataraqui; for past this town the green waters of the Cataraqui River flow into the broad expanse of the bay. From Miss Hilda Kent, the Mayor's little daughter, the Duchess received a bouquet, addresses were read, and then the Royal party went to the University, where the Duke laid the corner-stone of the new Arts Building and received another LL.D.

Leaving the "Limestone City," we board the *Kingston* for the wonderful trip through the "Thousand Islands" (in number really about one thousand eight hundred), which extend about forty miles and present a great variety of effects. The whole of the lovely trip was thoroughly appreciated by all, and in the evening, as we approached Brockville, suddenly the bang of a rocket is heard, as it sends its fiery signal-stars into the cool night air; then coloured fires burst forth on boats and islets, while fireworks were spreading their crackling coloured lights all around us, in the midst of which we glide up to the Brockville landing-stage and pass through its illuminated streets to the Royal train, which carries us to St. John. Once again a right royal welcome greets the Duke and Duchess as they drive through the gay streets to the Exhibition buildings, the central hall of which is a mass of artistic decorations, with a regal dais erected at one end, on which the Duke receives addresses and presents a new colour to a volunteer regiment from Boston, after which we adjourn to the parado-square, where medals are distributed and new colours given to the 62nd Regiment, and the ceremony of blessing them is conducted. Immediately above the city are the beautiful reversible falls, but on the opposite shore the Blue Mountains screen the land of "Evangeline."

We now leave for Halifax, the final place of call in Canada, which has always been an English port. Its famous citadel covers the spot where the old blockhouse stood

Fifty Thousand Miles Under the Union Jack

in the stirring days of old. When the addresses had been presented, the Duke laid the corner-stone of the monument to soldiers who gave their lives for their country in South Africa.

Another magnificent body of troops was reviewed here, and the medal distribution took place. After the official dinner a brilliant reception was held in the Provincial Buildings. At this and similar functions through the tour the stylish dresses worn by the ladies appeared to be the creations of the best firms in Paris and London. The town was universally well decorated, and the short stay in this well-

affection which has been shown to us, and for the display of that strong feeling of pride in our institutions and our Empire which our tour has afforded us." On the other side it is the unvarying courtesy, the gracious kindness and inexhaustible geniality in fulfilling their trying duties that have won for the Royal couple the love and respect of all those that have seen them.

As the white *Ophir*, bearing her precious burden, steams out of the fine harbour, the last sight is the dear old Union Jack waving from the citadel the heart-felt wish from the Dominion for a safe and speedy voyage to the noble ship.



INDIANS AT HALIFAX

known city was appreciated by every one, and it was only the thought of going "home" that palliated the regret of leaving this fertile and wondrous land. A calm passage brought the *Ophir* to St. John's land-locked harbour, where the Royal guests received a very demonstrative welcome. The streets were covered with gay bunting, and in the evening bonfires were lighted on the hills, and the ships in the harbour were a forest of coloured lights. After the usual ceremonies H.M.S. *Ophir* sailed away from England's oldest colony, Newfoundland, really for "home."

In his last speech at Halifax the Duke said: "Our hearts are full of thankfulness for the abundant personal kindness and

Of the home-coming it is not necessary for me to write, or of the loyal love and affection expressed for their Royal Highnesses in the enthusiastic reception they received in London. The tumult and the shouting die, but the good that must accrue to Empire and colony from this tour lives, and will have a powerful influence upon the intercourse between the mother country and her offspring. It is a lesson to the world that blood-ties are strong, that Britain and her sons will stand together for the safe-guarding of the heritage won by their gallant ancestors, and therefore by this tour the now Prince and Princess of Wales have conferred a lasting benefit upon the Empire.

The Mother of Parliaments

BY J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

II

Privilege and Breach of Privilege—The Question Hour in Parliament—Scenes in the House

"THE honourable member is a privileged ruffian pitchforked into Parliament," were the words used by the Melbourne *Argus* in describing an hon. member who had years before this time signalled his election by riding to the hustings and to the chamber on a horse shod with golden horse-shoes.

Following implicitly the rules laid down by Sir Erskine May, the editor was promptly brought to the bar for breach of privilege and contempt, and imprisoned and fined.

The breaches of privilege in the Mother of Parliaments are rare, but the list of offences would be interesting reading, had I not to confine my statements within the limits of a magazine article.

For the present I must hurriedly glance at our privileges, as distinguished from breaches of privilege.

At the opening of Parliament, new members are very much impressed with the claims or declaration of rights made by the Speaker. Among other things he demands freedom from arrest for members and their servants; and free and uninterrupted access to and from the House of Commons. The new member is often elated and astonished to find the splendid body of police on guard outside and inside the precincts at Westminster stopping all passenger and vehicular traffic to allow him to pass to and from the House. All rules of the road may be disregarded, and all proclamations or instructions for closing traffic, even for royal processions, are disregarded when the hon. member for Blanktown demands it, and can safely assert that he is on his way to or from St. Stephen's. I have seen a passage made by

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the police for an exacting M.P. through an immense crowd between Buckingham Palace and the Mansion House which was waiting for the Sovereign.

The young member of Parliament repeatedly falls into the error of uttering the name of the member of Parliament he is referring to in place of the name of his constituency. The salutary effect of this rule of not mentioning a member's name is, in maintaining order and decorum, very great. Nothing pleases the quick, well-informed members more than to find a member transgressing this rule, and loud and peremptorily do these virtuously indignant young fellows shout "Order! order!" to the bewildered orator, who looks about him, and marvels why exception is taken to his words.



MR. PARNELL

Two Great Masters of Men

The two most interesting men, and the least understood, of my Parliamentary life have been Parnell and Chamberlain. Both austere men, both holding themselves aloof from the crowd, they each exercised the most astonishing influence on the men and events of the last century. Parnell has been admirably described in the following striking sentence: "Unknown and unknowable, trusting least those on whom he most depends, he rules Ireland by the absence of every quality usually attributed to Irishmen." His Parliamentary life is summed up in the above absolutely true words.

Parnell and I were on friendly terms. He wrote me letters from Kilmainham, often saying that a firmer alliance could be made with the Conservative party on educational and

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religious questions than with the Liberal party, and before Gladstone put him in prison he worked hard to make what he called "business" terms with the Conservatives.

An Anecdote of Parnell

I will tell one remarkable anecdote showing Parnell's power of detachment. He came into the House of Commons one afternoon, when the fiercest excitement prevailed regarding the publication by *The Times* of the forged letters. He in a short speech denied the authorship of the letters, and then walked into the lobby and engaged me in earnest conversation. Everybody thought he was telling me of the awful political event then stirring men's minds. This is what he said to me: "I have just read in the afternoon paper that a mountain of gold has been discovered in Western Australia, and that some tons of the specimens have been sent home to you." I replied that it was true, and that I had in my locker in the House some of the crushed specimens. We proceeded to get them, and I gave him about a wine-glass-full of the "crushing." He took it away with him, and to the bewilderment of his party no one saw him for a week, and very few indeed knew his address. On that day week almost at the same hour he again appeared in the lobby. Walking up to me, he said smilingly, "I have analysed the specimens, and they go thirty-two ounces of gold to the ton." I said he was wrong. He then took from his pocket a scrap of paper and read "twenty-seven ounces of gold and five ounces of silver." I replied that this was indeed remarkable, for it exactly coincided with the analysis of Messrs. Johnson, Matthey and Co., the famous metallurgists. Parnell then showed me the small pin's point of gold he had obtained. I expressed surprise at his work. He said, "The fact is, I take an interest in the matter. I have a small workshop to test the minerals in the mountains of Wicklow, some portion of which I own."

The astonishing thing is that, while his hundreds of thousands of adherents were fulminating against *The Times*, he was quietly working away testing minerals in his laboratory.

Chamberlain

It was the proper thing when I entered political life for Conservatives to denounce



MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

Mr. Chamberlain; all the dictionaries were searched for adjectives and adverbs to adequately describe the right hon. gentleman's character and sins. I sometimes meanly hope that he will never come across speeches made by the member for Canterbury in those days, prepared from material supplied me by the editors of our excellent party literature. Why I say this is because in later years he came to my aid, and by his powerful influence Imperial Penny Postage was carried against the strongly expressed denunciations of the permanent officials. The full story is told in my Post-office history. I will content myself with saying that the events connected therewith were almost tragical during the July weeks of 1898, when the representatives of the Colonies and India assembled in London to discuss and decide the question. With clearness absolutely without conditions, qualifications or cant, Mr. Chamberlain said what he meant, and carried it out. His frankness was simply astonishing to

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me; I had written volumes to highly respectable politicians and Postmaster Generals during years of agitation, and with one exception they all shuffled, evaded, or raised difficulties.

I have watched Mr. Chamberlain for years, and I have no hesitation in saying that no politician approaches him for cleverness, vigour, grasp of his subject, or as a keen fighter. Heaven help the coward, the traitor, or the truckler who comes under his displeasure. A second encounter is rarely courted. The most remarkable thing is that he keeps himself coldly and icily apart—yet he is entirely without affection, and indifferent to praise or blame. His friends would like to see him indulge in the arts of the court.

There were two other men in the House of Commons in the first years of my political life to whom I was much attached, and who, though wide apart, greatly contributed to our reputation. The first was that most cultivated scholar, Sir George Trevelyan, the nephew of Macaulay; and the other

Major Duncan. Sir George's speeches were marvellously good. The speeches of Major Duncan were full of vigour, and greatly impressed the House for their great common-sense, and the knowledge he possessed of military subjects. His death caused sincere grief.

Great Speeches and others

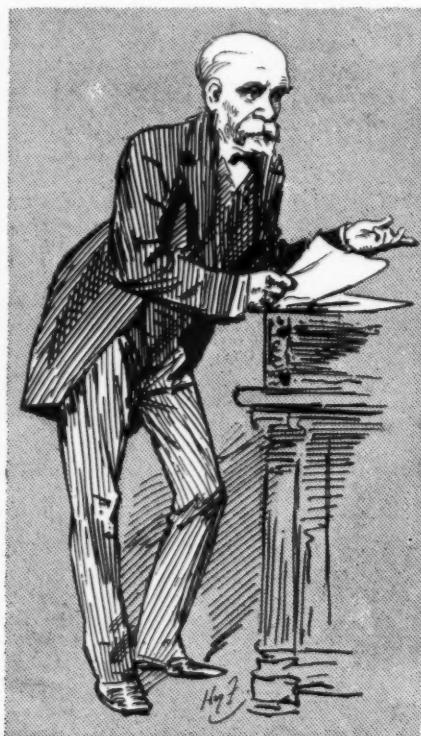
In this paper I have referred to the orators and the masters of the House of Commons. Sometimes we are startled by astonishingly humorous and interesting speeches from men who are rarely heard of in public life. There are three such speeches in my memory. A young M.P., Lord Elcho, was put up to move the adjournment of the House for Derby Day. This annual motion (formerly moved by Ministers, but, in consequence of decreasing popularity, moved in later years by popular sporting men) generally meant a lively afternoon. But Lord Elcho made, in my judgment, a speech unsurpassed for its wit, epigrammatic, smart sayings, and delightful chaff.

The next year Lord Elcho did not move the resolution, but spoke, and his speech was a shock to the House. He denounced the motion for the adjournment of the House of Commons to see the Derby run, and spoke well and humorously on the evil example we were showing the world by adjourning the House of Commons for the race.

Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P. for a Scotch constituency, astonished and delighted the House on one occasion by a speech cleverly attacking both sides. The Government and Opposition, recognising the truth of his quiet Scotch descriptions of the actual state of affairs, laughed heartily. Mr. Wallace made a few other speeches afterwards, but never approached the one referred to.

A Tragic End

A few months afterwards Mr. Wallace rose to oppose the vote of money, the public grant to Lord Kitchener. At the moment I was sitting beside the General in the gallery. Mr. Wallace was proceeding to read some extracts from his notes, and his voice became unsteady, his hands lost their power; brandy was brought to him. He sat down for an instant, and then rose again to resume his speech. He dropped the glass of brandy, and fell into the arms of some fellow-members. He was carried out to the back of the Speaker's chair, and died in a few hours.



SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN

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Mr. Labouchere

The hon. member for Northampton glories in the Radical side, and takes the people's view in most matters. Honourable members, on opening their Parliamentary business papers one morning, found a motion set down as follows: "Mr. Labouchere to move—'That the House of Lords is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished!'" An indignant Tory M.P. called the Speaker's attention to this in the afternoon, and asked if it was in order, and "if it was competent for one branch of the Legislature to discuss the abolition of the other." The Speaker, amid laughter, said he did not like the word "useless," but the motion was in order.

Labouchere's autobiography would be the most amusing book of the century.

Count out: Irreconcilables and Bores

Life in the House of Commons is enlivened by incidents innumerable, and it is indeed, as I have already shown, the best club, because it contains the most interesting and representative men of the Empire.

Outraged members occasionally appeal to the Speaker against wrongs. Then comes waiving of rules, and the member speaks, "by the indulgence of the House," and makes his personal explanation. Great latitude is allowed members for personal explanations, when they wish to prove that they are innocent of wrongs attributed to them.

At times on dull afternoons, or on members' private business days, there are attempts made to "count out" the House, and these attempts are often successful on Tuesdays and Fridays. It is necessary to have forty members present to form a quorum. It often happens that the question or bill introduced is not popular or of no public interest, excepting to a few indifferently popular M.P.s. It is very amusing to watch the tactics of those who want "a count." A plan is to get a member to stand at the door to prevent brother M.P.s going in, and then to walk into the Chamber and say, "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty members present." The bells are violently rung; the member who calls attention to the state of the House hurries out, so as not to be counted. In three minutes the Speaker rises, and often finds a few less than forty members present. Burly genial

policemen shout the quaint but welcome words, "Who goes home?"

One of the interesting scenes in the House of Commons is the procedure or dealing with urgent questions. If a great wrong has been done in any part of the Empire to British subjects, it is open to any hon. member, after questions have been disposed of, to rise in his place and ask for permission to move the adjournment of the House of Commons, "in order to discuss a definite matter of urgent public importance." (Here follows the statement of the grievance.) The Speaker asks if the hon. member has the permission of the House, and forty or more members rise to support the mover.

Questions and Questions Hour

Without questions, life in the House of Commons would be dull indeed. The liveliness, efficiency and popularity of Parliament is imperilled by the threatened curtailment of questions.

Question Hour in the House of Commons is the most entertaining part of the proceedings. No doubt the practice is liable to abuse. And what institution of human origin is not? The number of questions asked of Ministers during the Parliamentary session of seven months varies from three thousand to six thousand. The Minister of every Government department is searchingly cross-examined, and on his replies depend his existence. Hon. members can entertain their guests at Question Hour by showing them every great Minister in the House, who in turn rises and replies to questions affecting his department. In these days of the curtailment of the privileges of private members, the right to ask questions is highly valued. By means of adroit and



LORD ELCHO

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patient cross-examination a member of the House is able to advance the cause he has at heart and the wrongs of his constituents. There is often no other means left an hon. member of criticising details of administration, of correcting abuses, or of riding his hobby—if he have one—as it were on parade. It is utterly absurd to say that we have no right to pry into the administration of a public department.

Ministers themselves repeatedly ask their friends to put down questions in order that this means may be taken to make public important events.

The leaders of the Opposition, by arrangement with the Government, take this opportunity of eliciting the course of public business for days and weeks beforehand.

From forty to a hundred questions are asked on every sitting day except Wednesday. The average time for question and answer is one minute, although some replies give rise to other questions to Ministers. The total number of questions asked in ten years, 1891 to 1901, was officially stated to be 48,609.

It is sometimes annoying to hear trivial questions, such as one concerning the shooting of a neighbour's ducks by a constable, preceding a question of our national relations with Russia; but on the whole the great mass of questions affect the rights, the property, and liberty of the subject. Sir John Gorst, whose perfect and unapproachable style of answering questions delights the House, told me years ago that questions are of the greatest service to Ministers, for no matter what the answer may be, the Minister's hands are strengthened. Rarely a day passes without a very amusing scene taking place, or a smart reply and rejoinder given at question time.



MR. LABOUCHERE
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SIR JOHN GORST

Strangers from other lands should be present at Question Hour; that is from half-past three to half-past four p.m. The rules for framing questions are very strict. They must not involve (1) argument, (2) opinion, (3) inference, (4) imputation, (5) irony, or (6) hypothetical cases. I have myself broken all these rules during my Parliamentary life.

Answers to awkward questions are cleverly prepared by the expert officials, and the oldest Parliamentary hand often finds it impossible to get satisfaction. A Minister has been known to have prepared for him three different replies on a question of fact.

The prince of jokers in the House told me he would write an article on (1) the preparation of replies, (2) the art of diplomatic lying, (3) of how under cover of asking questions you may say anything you like, (4) a hundred ways of asking questions without breaking rules. The common way of showing resentment to the Minister who gives an unsatisfactory or sharp answer to a question is for the

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aggrieved member to rise at once and make a formal speech : "Mr. Speaker, in consequence of the unsatisfactory answer, I beg to give notice that in the estimates I will call attention to the matter, and move that the salary of the Secretary of State for War be reduced by £100."

An Irish Night

I shall conclude this article by giving characteristic speeches of Irish members from actual Parliamentary records.

MR. PATRICK O'SULLIVAN.—"I rise to express the dissatisfaction of the people of Ireland with British rule. The result of passing this address will be to confirm the Government in their mismanagement of Irish affairs. In the first place, if you hand over the railways, the Irish officers will be told to go to America with a vengeance or to— or Connaught."

Cries of "Order! Order!"

MR. SPEAKER said that the hon. member's language exceeded the bounds of Parliamentary debate.

MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I apologise and withdraw, but, Sir, the whole policy of the Government may be characterised as ruffianly and unscrupulous!"

Cries of "Order! Order!"

MR. SPEAKER ruled that the hon. member's words were unparliamentary, and ought not to be applied to any section of the members of the House.

MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I again apologise" (laughter). "The result of the Chief Secretary's persistent attempts to crush the free and independent spirit of the people of Ireland will be disastrous. We can get no redress from the right hon. gentleman; his statements as to the conditions which have rendered necessary the introduction of this measure are entirely false and without foundation." ("Order! Order!")

MR. SPEAKER called upon the hon. member to withdraw these words as not proper language.

MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I withdraw this expression, but none the less I assert that the Chief Secretary's words were entirely contrary to the fact, and that he has grossly misstated the case."

("Order! Order!")

MR. SPEAKER ruled that the hon. member's remarks were in order.

MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"It must be clear to every impartial observer of the system by which the present Government is seeking to rule Ireland that they resort to a series of dirty tricks."

MR. SPEAKER.—"Order! Order!"

MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I withdraw these words, and simply state that the Government is obliged to resort to trickery to—"

Cries of "Order! Order!"

MR. SPEAKER.—"The hon. member is in order."

MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"—is, I repeat, obliged to resort to trickery to pass this measure. Were their manoeuvres to be successful, the death-blow would be struck at the very liberty of the people. Unmindful of this, the Chief Secretary has seen fit to allude to the attempts made to avert disaster. He has done so in very insolent and scornful terms."

Cries of "Order!"

MR. SPEAKER called upon the hon. member to withdraw the observation, as unparliamentary.

MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I am sorry, Sir, that the rules of the House militate against telling the truth."

MR. SPEAKER.—"The hon. member has not withdrawn the expression which I declared to be unparliamentary."

MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I rise, Sir, for the purpose of withdrawing the expression; and I would only say this, that I am sorry it is not in my power within the rules of Parliament to make use of the expression."



MR. GOSCHEN

MR. SPEAKER.—"I now state that the conduct of the hon. member is offensive to the House, offensive to the right hon. member, and I name Mr. O'Sullivan as disregarding the authority of the chair."

Mr. O'Sullivan was accordingly suspended for one week.

MR. TERENCE MURPHY.—"Sir, have we no redress against the tyranny of the base, brutal and bloody Saxon?"

Cries of "Order!"

MR. SPEAKER.—"The language of the hon. member, though strong, is not out of order, not being applied to any member of the House. I hope, however, that he will restrain his language."

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MR. TERENCE MURPHY.—“Men, women and children are driven from their houses to starve ; no means of retaliation, no compensation is open to them ; the juries are packed by the subservient creatures of the Government. Liberty and justice alike are unknown to the great mass of the downtrodden Irish people. The hon. member for S—, who spoke so complacently a few minutes ago concerning the troubles of the Irish, would spend his time more profitably were he to go to Ireland and see for himself the ‘comfort and the happiness’ of the people. This hon. member, sir, was returned to this House by the refuse of a large constituency.”

An hon. member rose to order, and moved that the words be taken down.

MR. SPEAKER.—“The hon. member has used an expression which is not in order. He stated that the hon. member is returned by the refuse of a large constituency. When an hon. member has been duly returned to this House, that is not the proper way of describing his constituents.”

MR. TERENCE MURPHY apologised and continued “It is intolerable, Sir, that the hon. member for S—, who is himself notoriously unfit to look an honest man in the face—”

MR. SPEAKER.—“Order ! Order ! that is not the way to speak about an hon. member.”

MR. TERENCE MURPHY withdrew the words, and said : “I am unable to answer the hon. member, as I do not wish to exceed any of the rules of this House, but I would just like to put this before hon. members. Suppose you were to encounter in any assembly in the world—say in the dominions of the Czar, if that were possible—a low-bred, ignorant ruffian, destitute alike of truth and common rectitude, and wholly unable to understand the meaning of either ; whose very nature was made up of falsehood and malice—a living, moving, incarnate lie ; who stands pilloried in the universal opinion as a common slander-monger, and dealer in falsehood ; and when dragged before the tribunals to answer for his vile calumnies, shelters himself behind the cowardly plea of privilege—I ask, Sir, what more appropriate treatment could you offer such a ruffian than to allow him to sink out of sight, deep in your contempt, covered with your scorn, and enveloped in the hatred and detestation of all true men ?” (Great laughter and cheers from the Irish benches.) “I should like to give hon. members some slight idea of the state of things in Ireland at the present moment. It may, and it

will, I hope, have the effect of demolishing some of that self-complacency which holds that because one’s immediate surroundings show signs of prosperity, that therefore the whole world is prosperous. In other words, that because England continues to swell her coffers at an increasing rate, that for that reason an alien people, ground down by her iron-shod heel, must likewise be rich and free from any troubles, except those of her own making. The cowardly poltroons on the other side of the House—”

MR. SPEAKER.—“Order ! Order !”

MR. TERENCE MURPHY.—“I apologise. I meant to say, the hon. members on the other side of the House have no practical knowledge of the real state of affairs. The Chief Secretary, it is true, did visit Ireland ; some people like to see misery and suffering, and I strongly suspect that as to the motive that had actuated the right hon. member in going to Ireland at the time, it was to gratify his love of personal suffering.”

MR. SPEAKER said that the hon. member was attributing atrocious motives, and ordered the withdrawal of the words.

MR. TERENCE MURPHY.—“I withdraw those words ; it cannot however be denied that on the return of the right hon. gentleman, his statements concerning us—the representatives of Ireland in this House—were malicious and calumnious.”

Cries of “Order !”

MR. SPEAKER.—“The words used were ‘malicious and calumnious,’ and I think these words should not have been used.”

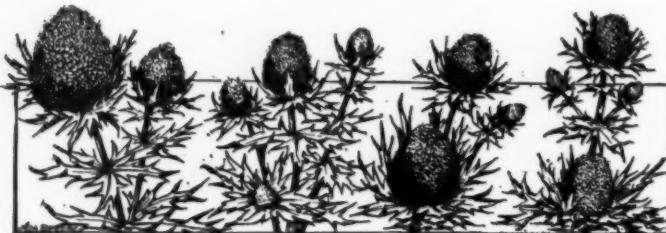
MR. TERENCE MURPHY.—“He described us as an impetuous and garrulous race. Sir, I beg to tell the House at once that if I stand here all night I will say what I mean to say.”

MR. SPEAKER.—“The hon. member has not apologised for his words ‘malicious and calumhious.’ He is now using language menacing to the House, and this is also out of order.”

MR. TERENCE MURPHY.—“Sir, this is scandalous.”

Mr. Murphy was ordered out of the House.

Speeches of English, Welsh and Scotch Members of Parliament will follow at a later period. These, from irresponsible members, are fully as strong as those of the Irish members.



John Austin's Will

BY W. MONTROSE

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

JOHN AUSTIN, an old Australian squatter, who has spent forty years on his "run" without leaving it, takes an unaccountable whim of going to Sydney. Stopping a night in a hotel on the way, he meets a young lawyer, John Millington. After he reaches Sydney, John Austin is seated one day in the Park; he notices seated near him a refined-looking woman (Mrs. Moss), shabbily dressed, and evidently in great trouble. The old man speaks to her some words of comfort and hope in God, and obtains a situation for her as housekeeper to a clergyman's wife. After six months' residence in Sydney, John Austin feels himself very unwell. He sends for Millington and Mrs. Moss, announces his intention of going back to Malugalala, and tells them that, with the exception of one or two legacies to his old servants, he is leaving them the residue of his estate to be divided equally between them. Some months after, John Austin dies. But his will cannot be found. At the sale of his furniture, his old chair, a picture, and a sideboard are bought by a man going to England, where they come into the hands of Walter Reid. The latter, through adverse circumstances, is obliged to go to the colonies, taking with him the chair and picture.

A claimant to John Austin's estates turns up in the person of an adventurer called John William Candler. He makes an unsuccessful attempt to get John Millington to take up his case, and then puts it into the hands of Henry Geeves, a lawyer who had fallen low through drink.

Harold Crapp, for whom Mrs. Moss had agreed to keep house, goes to live at Narenita Station, by the invitation of its owner, who is leaving for a visit to Scotland. There he finds Alfred Greenlands, the manager, and his wife good neighbours and kind to Mrs. Moss. There they hear of the well-known "lady-bushrangers," the Miss Fieldings, who went about disguised as men.

Walter Reid, soon after his arrival in Sydney, dies, leaving his family in straitened circumstances, and John Austin's chair and picture are again sold. His daughter goes as companion to Mrs. Greenlands at Narenita.

Bob Hawke, sitting in the bush cemetery one day, discovers a tin box hidden under a stone. It contains some papers—one of which is John Austin (Ashcroft)'s story of his life, and another is an illegible copy of a will.

At a dance, Harold Crapp meets the Miss Fieldings, and, without pretending he knew anything of them, expresses his abhorrence of bushranging. His words produce a deep impression on Martha Fielding, who determines to abandon the practice.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CROWN v. DINGLE

THE morning of the hearing of the case, the Government *v.* Dingle, came, and in a state of great excitement John Millington made his way to the court. It was a blazing hot day, and the building in which the case was to be heard was particularly oppressive. Why do not the governments build their law-courts more in keeping with the climate? Why not have punkahs and an Indian style of architecture? N.S.W. is the most conservative of all the colonies, and though priding itself—in some cases justly—on its progressiveness, it adheres too slavishly in many matters to English manners and customs. Judges, counsel, and lesser legal lights were all in the ugly, heavy English garb of law, sweltering and wretched. The perspiration rolled down their red, parboiled-looking faces, but they must appear as English-like as possible, and suffer in consequence.

It must be confessed the young lawyer did not feel the heat at all. He was beyond that stage. Although the sweat stood in

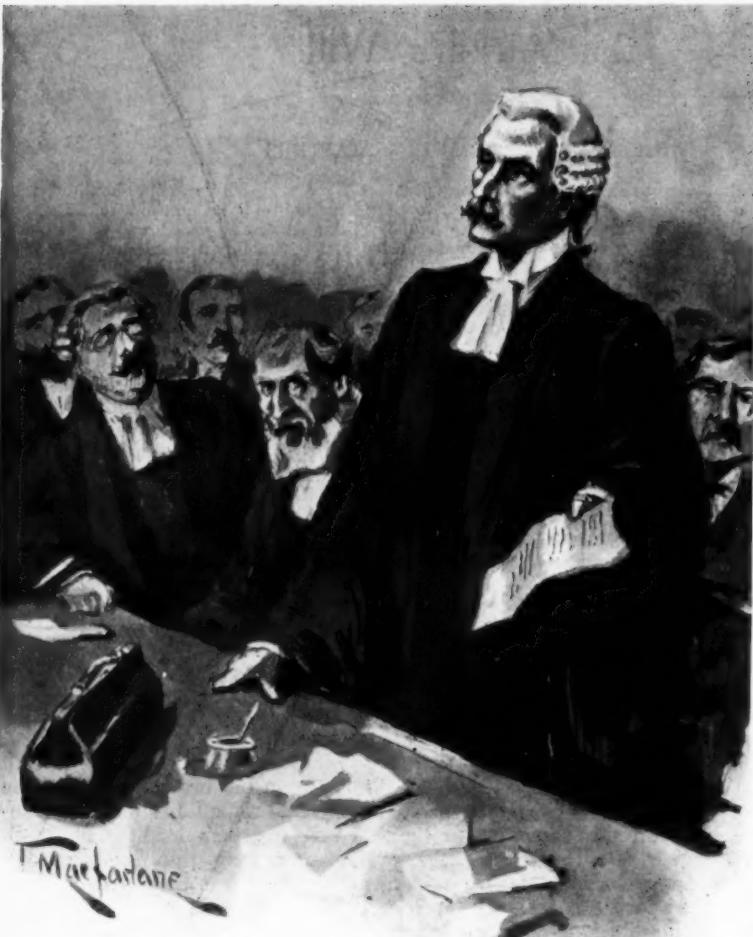
heavy beads upon his brow, he was in too excited a state to regard his physical condition. Every one, the leading lights in the profession among the number, commiserated him on what they believed was a lost cause. "It was a great want of judgment on his part," they said, "his consenting to take up the case at all." One of the leading legal men of the colony came up to him as he stood there that morning and condoled with him. Quietly and respectfully the young lawyer bowed his thanks. The judge glanced at him pityingly as he took his seat upon the bench.

The counsel for the Crown opened the case, and the crowded court looked at the young lawyer for the defence and wondered whatever he would have to say.

The Premier of the colony, also an eminent legal light, put up his eye-glass to his eye and took stock of the foolish young man who, as he thought, was so ill-advised.

The counsel expressed surprise that any contention should be offered.

John Austin's Will



"THIS, YOUR HONOUR, IS THE DOCUMENT"

"We have right on our side, and appeal to the laws of our country," interjected John Millington.

"But you are fighting the Government of the country. Are you not aware of that?" said the great man.

"I am aware of it, sir," referring to his brief.

Mr. Dingle sat by his side in a state of nervous prostration. As the hearing proceeded he grew more and more apprehensive and felt that his was a forlorn hope. Once or twice he was on the point of abandoning it in sheer despair, but John Millington held him in check.

At last the time came for hearing the

defence, and the young lawyer rose to reply. All in the court leaned forward with an expression of amused sympathy. The young fellow's utterance was at first low, and his pulses beat high. As he proceeded he gained confidence. He told of his surprise that the Government of the country to which he had the honour to belong should seek to oppress an innocent man, and to take advantage of a palpable fraud, at which the court opened its eyes at the young man's audacity. "We base our cause upon the certificate of title."

The oppos-

ing counsel arose and said, "That is absurd. There is no evidence of the grant ever having been made."

"It was made, sir."

The great man shook his head solemnly, as much as to say, "You are crushed, young man." He opened his eyes in mild surprise that the young fellow did not seem to realise his crushed condition.

That undaunted young man still continued. "I have had the register of the lands' titles, your honour, brought here, by the courtesy of the Government, and I would like to ask my learned friend on the other side, through you, sir, a few questions."

John Austin's Will

His honour bowed his head, and tapped the desk before him with his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"First of all I would ask, Was not Muldoon the registrar of the lands' titles office in —?"

"He was," replied the counsel.

"Why was he dismissed?"

"I hope, sir, you will not waste the time of this court," said the judge.

John bowed and answered, "I will not, your honour, but I should like a reply to my question."

"I cannot see the trend of your inquiry," returned his honour.

"Nor I, either," breathed the great man of law.

"I crave the indulgence of this court only for a little time further. Why was Muldoon dismissed the service?"

"For incompetence," replied the counsel, with a wave of his hand.

"That is not the answer, your honour."

"Not the one you would wish perhaps, but I know no other," interjected the counsel.

"Sir, was not Muldoon dismissed for tampering with some of the deeds of grants?"

The question created a profound impression in the court. The judge put on his glasses and looked at the young man keenly. The case was becoming interesting in spite of the great heat.

"There was something of the sort, I believe," replied the counsel, wiping his face.

"There was, sir, and I would like to draw the attention of this court to the fact that a page is missing from this folio of grants."

"What!" cried the whole assembly in astonishment. Even the usher forgot to proclaim the usual "Silence," so great was the surprise.

Mr. Dingle covered his face with his hands.

"Your honour, I would beg to draw your notice to this, *a page is missing here*," and John opened the book before the court. "You will note the figures go up to — correctly and clearly enough, but the figures following have been altered to hide the fact that one page has been eliminated," and he handed the folio up to the judge, who examined it carefully, and then passed it round. When it was returned to the table John Millington said, "I claim that the

page missing is the record referring to the grant of land under which my client holds his property. What happened in 18— could not occur now. Your honour will allow that at the early date in question the official documents of this colony were not so carefully prepared or guarded as at the present day. No Government offices in any country are so well administered or organised as those of N. S. W. to-day."

At this there was loud applause, and the usher, rising, shouted "Silence" at the top of his voice, only adding to the din.

"Yes, sir, it is so, and we can justly pride ourselves upon the fact. Our officials, high and low, are capable, honest, and efficient. In the days referred to," tapping the folio, "it was not so, I am sorry to say. Some of the officers then were venal and careless. Discrepancies occurred, and frauds were not unknown, as this court is only too well aware from experience. I would like to ask Mr. Dingle a few questions."

Mr. Dingle arose and went into the box. "Keep cool and only answer the questions I put you," said John to him under his voice as he stepped up. Then by means of a few leading questions he put before the court the gist of the squatter's discovery in the old trunk.

The audience sat breathless. The heat was quite forgotten; the silence was intense. The singing of the locusts outside seemed but a fitting accompaniment to the tension within. The Premier glanced at the legal lights around and raised his eyebrows.

When the squatter had told his story and resumed his seat, the lawyer arose once more, and said as he quietly unfolded a paper he had taken from his pocket, "This, your honour, is the document Mr. Dingle found in the old portmanteau, and it is the missing leaf from this register. It contains the entry of the grant of the Yeltana lands to James Dingle, the father of my client," and, having passed it up for the judge's inspection, he sat down.

The court having examined the document, the counsel for the Crown conferred for a moment with the Premier, and arose. Clearing his throat, he said, "The Government, the Crown I should say, withdraws from the case, and I beg to congratulate my young and learned friend for the way in which he has conducted this matter," and the great man bowed and smiled most graciously.

"And I beg to offer my congratulations

John Austin's Will

too," said his honour. "You have conducted the defence in a most patient and skilful manner. I congratulate you, sir," and the court arose.

As John crossed into the vestibule the Premier and Crown counsel came up to him and shook him by the hand most enthusiastically.

The account of the case spread far and wide, adding another leaf to the laurel wreath which was to adorn the young lawyer's brow.

"You must come to Yeltana and spend a long time with us—you saved my patrimony for me," exclaimed Mr. Dingle as he wished him good-bye.

CHAPTER XIII.—KATE LEAVES NARENITA

THE two ladies, Mrs. Pendrith and Mrs. Clarke lost no time in calling at Narenita. They drove over to the station, and had a long conversation with Mrs. Greenlands. Kate had already told her, as they had driven home, of the two ladies' intended visit, and she had learned sufficient at the introduction to know they were old friends of the girl's mother, but she knew nothing of their intentions with regard to her governess, nor did Miss Reid herself refer to it, so that when they told Polly Greenlands of their desires, that lady was considerably annoyed. "Miss Reid is comfortable with me, I hope," she said, in a very stiff tone.

"She is," replied Mrs. Clarke heartily. "She told us she was very happy, and likes Narenita so much."

"Perhaps I had better call Miss Reid," said Mrs. Greenlands, a little more mollified. "She is with the children in the schoolroom."

"Don't disturb her, pray," interposed Mrs. Pendrith. "We wish to talk to you about her welfare, and it is as well she should not be present."

"You see, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Clarke, who could not possibly keep silence for any length of time, "you see, Kate is separated from her sister and brother, which is very terrible. We purpose re-uniting them, and I am sure you will not object to that. It is very sad for families to be apart," and the old lady sighed gravely.

"I have no wish to stand in Miss Reid's way, but really I think I am rather out of it. I shall have to get a new governess, and it is a terrible risk for one so far in the bush.

it is all very well when one can see the applicants themselves, but in our case it is very much 'a pig in a poke' business, as you may guess."

"Katie was a good pig in a poke," said dear Mrs. Clarke with unconscious humour, "and you may get another equally as good."

Polly Greenlands burst out laughing in spite of her vexation. Just then Mrs. Moss came in to have a chat over the events at the dance. She did not see the Coruna buggy drive up, and, as it was now in the shed, did not notice it as she came along. "Are you in, Mrs. Greenlands?" she said, as she entered the French lights opening from the verandah into the drawing-room. Then, seeing visitors, she paused a moment and apologised. "I beg your pardon, I did not know you were engaged." She stepped forward and shook hands with the two visitors.

"Sit down, Mrs. Moss, and tell me what you think I ought to do to these ladies. They want to rob me of Kate. Now what do you think of that?" said Mrs. Greenlands, in a tone from which vexation was not altogether absent.

"I am not at all surprised," replied the other.

"You are not?" said the three in some surprise.

"No. From what Kate said last night, or rather from what she did not say, I gathered as much. You understand my meaning, do you not? You know there are times when we gather more from what is not said than from what is. Have you not found it so?"

"But don't you think it is too bad?" demanded Polly.

"For you, yes."

"Oh, don't turn against me, or I shall feel I have no one to sympathise with me," and she arose and went to the window. "Ah, here comes Alf. He'll have to take my part," and she called to him. As he came in she cried in mock distress, "Come to my rescue, do. The room is full of wicked conspirators against my peace and comfort."

He came in smiling. "Well, I must confess your plotters do not look so terribly formidable," and as he bowed to the ladies, he inquired if they had recovered from the fatigues of the festivities. "And what is the plot?" he said, turning to his wife.

"Why, to take Kate from us, and Mrs. Moss has disappointed me. She is not so sympathetic as she ought to be."

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"You surprise me, but still, my dear, you cannot expect to keep Miss Reid for ever," he replied.

"Keep her for ever! Well, indeed, and she has not been here three months yet. Oh, Alfred Greenlands, take care, I can wreak my vengeance upon you, if I may not on these. That is one advantage of possessing a husband. You can let your feelings off upon him," and the little party laughed heartily at her serio-tragic air.

At this moment a maid came in with the tea-tray, followed by Kate and one of her charges. She kissed the two old ladies warmly, and then began to pour out the tea, Mr. Greenlands handing round the cups.

Very soon the little company broke up into small knots, and the conversation became very animated under the influence of the refreshing beverage.

"I shall have to ask Mr. Millington to look out another young lady for me. It's a great nuisance," said the hostess, pouting. "It is nothing but worry. I wish we could afford to live nearer Sydney."

"I thought you loved the bush," replied Mrs. Moss, to whom she had addressed her remark.

"So I do," and she crumbled a piece of her cake. "Mrs. Moss, I do wish you would help me."

"I, my dear, how?"

"By undertaking the teaching of my children yourself. You can do it if you will."

Mrs. Moss looked at her with a strange expression. "Whatever put that into your head?" she said quietly.

"I don't know, but I hope it's an inspiration. What do you mean, dear?" noticing a peculiar expression pass over her friend's face.

"It is very strange," replied the lady. "I came over here to have a talk with you. Don't mention it to anybody, but I do not think Mr. Crapp will require my services much longer."

"What's the matter?" said the lady of the house, bending towards her visitor.

"It's rather soon to speak of the matter, perhaps, but I have very shrewd suspicions that Mr. Crapp will be taking a permanent housekeeper soon."

"You don't say so!" all her woman's interest in such matters fully aroused.

"I do, though it is early to speak of it perhaps, and I hope it will be for his good.

He is an exceedingly nice fellow, a perfect gentleman, and I would like to see him happily married."

"Is it Miss Fielding?"

"Hush. We had better not discuss it yet."

"So it is. But he is smitten I am sure, and I do not think she was very displeased at his evident admiration. I saw a good deal the other night," replied Polly Greenlands, smiling.

"You see, if he marries, it will necessitate my doing something. Mr. Moss's income is not sufficient to keep us both, and besides, I would like to be employed too."

"It is settled, then. You will teach the children. They will be delighted, for you are a great favourite of theirs," replied Mrs. Greenlands enthusiastically.

"When does Kate go?"

"That I cannot say. Soon, I fancy. The two old ladies want to get back to the Riverina, and they wish to take her with them."

"My best plan will be to ask Mr. Crapp if he objects to my teaching the children when Kate leaves, because, you see, there is no knowing when the wedding will come off."

"Thanks so much. You have taken such a weight from my mind."

"I saw Mr. Crapp out on horseback this morning. Has he gone up to 'Moonlight'?" said Mr. Greenlands, turning round.

"Is that the name of Mrs. Fielding's place?"

"Yes."

"I heard him ask old Dick the way to 'Moonlight,' and wondered where or what it was. And I noticed the old man said something about Fieldings'," replied Mrs. Moss.

"It is a queer name for a selection, but the girls named it so some few years ago. It was called 'Woodbine' when the old man bought it, and it was well-named too, for there is any amount of woodbine about the place. So we shall have to lose Miss Reid," he said in a louder tone, making the conversation more general.

"So it seems," his wife replied quietly, at which he looked at her, thinking women were queer creatures. She seemed quite resigned at the thought of the girl's going, and yet she had only just been making a fuss over it. "It is for her good, and we must not stand in her way."

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"Mrs. Greenlands, I am so glad to hear you say that," said Kate in a tone of relief. "Believe me, I am very sorry to leave you all, but, you see, I shall have Eileen and Herbert with me again."

It was settled that Kate was to leave in a fortnight's time with her new friends. They were to go first to Sydney, where they would meet her sister and brother, and then all were to go on to the Riverina district, their after-movements being uncertain. Happy as she had been at the station, her heart bounded with joy at the thought of meeting her loved ones once more. "We will never part again," she wrote to them, joyously announcing the glad news. Her two friends were at Narenita every day that she was not at Coruna. It seemed as if they could not bear to allow her out of their sight.

Two days before her departure Mr. and Mrs. Greenlands gave a farewell party, at which she might wish good-bye to her friends. It was an informal gathering, just a friendly hop, by no means so elaborate as the Coruna affair. The friends were gathered in the pretty drawing-room and on the verandah. Kate, standing in a group consisting of the host and hostess, her two friends, the Swales family, and Mrs. Moss, was the centre of friendly interest. She had already received some very pretty tokens of affectionate regard and kindness. Of these she prized perhaps the most a beautiful dark blue plush velvet cushion, worked with native flowers, the work and gift of Mrs. Moss. It was splendidly done, for the lady was a perfect artist in that kind of work, and she had put all her power into it. "I do wish you could stay over Friday," that lady was saying to her as they stood side by side. "Mr. Millington comes up on Saturday, and I would so like you to meet him."

"I would like it too, having heard you speak so often of him," Kate replied.

"I am sure you would like him. He is such a nice fellow, and so clever. He has recently won a great case against the Government, and has covered himself with glory."

"Here come Miss Fielding and Mr. Crapp. How beautiful she is, and how happy and handsome he looks. Are they engaged?" said Kate, as the two advanced up the room.

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Mrs. Moss in a low tone, feeling how true the

words were. A more handsome couple was seldom seen.

"If they are not engaged, they very soon will be, I should think," returned Mrs. Swales.

The two young people referred to made their way to a quiet corner of the verandah, and seemed to be quite unconscious of any one but themselves. They took a seat away from the rest of the guests, and sat for a time in silence. Taking her hand in his, Harold Crapp said softly, "We may announce the engagement at once then, dearest?"

"If you wish it," was the reply. "You must be prepared for great comment," and she smiled to herself. "Some, perhaps, will pity you," and she placed her other hand on his.

"Envy me, you mean, darling."

"As a family, we have been so much talked about," she continued.

"That is the worst of living in the bush. Everybody knows more about their neighbours' business than the folks themselves do."

"Unfortunately we have given some cause for talk, so they are not so much to blame," she replied gently.

"That is all over, dearest. My book, you know, is selling well, and there is no reason why we should not be married without delay. Once married, no one will dare to talk of you."

A sad smile passed over her face. "Don't you think you might be making a mistake? How will you like it if any one should say your wife had once been a bushranger?"

"That was only the freak of a high-spirited, fearless girl," he said. "Besides, it is all over and past. You have done your last bail-up."

"I have, my love," she answered, with a smile of content.

During the evening he whispered the announcement of his engagement to Mrs. Moss, and that lady congratulated him heartily. "Is it to be a secret?" she asked.

"No, certainly not," he replied proudly. "We have nothing to be ashamed of."

"That's right. Is it to be a long engagement, may I ask?"

"I hope not. Though I trust you will stay with us until you see a good opening. Don't be in a hurry to leave us, you know," he said.

"Thank you," she replied in a quiet tone.

John Austin's Will

The news was soon whispered from one to another, and much commented on. Many were the congratulations the young couple received. Ma Fielding looked conscious, and plumed herself proudly when the announcement was made to her. "I'd rather she'd got a squatter," she said in reply to a friend's congratulations. "Book-making fellows are not in my line. I never had much to do with books, I am thankful to say, but if Matt's content I dare not go against her, nor anybody else."

"But Mr. Crapp isn't a book-maker," returned her friend, glad of an opportunity of taking a rise out of the good lady.

"La, ain't he? What is he, then?" and her ruddy cheeks paled.

"He's a novelist."

"La! Whatever's that? I hope it's respectable, that I do," and she sighed deeply.

"I congratulate you heartily, Crapp," said Mr. Greenlands, coming up to that young man. "Matt is a splendid girl, and no mistake. I have known her some years, so I can speak from personal knowledge."

Sophia Fielding made no comment when the betrothal was mentioned to her. The fact was, she was very cross, and had not enjoyed the evening at all. She felt Matt's defection, as she considered it, more than she cared to acknowledge. Mr. Rutter seemed to have intentionally avoided her, and she was furious. "Look at Matt, what a fool she is making of herself," she cried angrily to her sister Mary, who had just taken a seat by her side. "Fancy, she has allowed herself to become engaged to that fellow."

"She has shown her wisdom, my dear," was the reply.

"Her folly, you mean. She will never go out again now."

"I should think she would not wish to."

"Do you want a Harold Crapp too?" and she felt as if she would like to shake her sister.

"I wouldn't mind, I am sure. He is a splendid fellow, any one can see. I told him I was very glad to have him for a brother, and I asked him if he had a brother at all like himself," was the reply.

Sophy positively glared at the girl, and marched out of the room.

Two days later the large, roomy buggy from Coruna waited to take Kate Reid and her belongings to Talworth, the first stage on her new journey in life. A goodly

number had gathered to see her off. The Narenita party came out on to the verandah.

"When shall we see you again, and where?" said Mrs. Greenlands, the tears standing in her eyes.

"I don't know, but I have a feeling that I shall come back some day," replied the girl.

"You will too, I believe," and Mrs. Moss affectionately pressed her arm.

"But how can I?" returned Kate, contradicting her own statement. "We go to England in February, you know, and that is not long now."

"I know, my dear, but still I have a presentiment you will return."

Kate got into the buggy; the whip was flourished, and away they started. The little company stood watching the fast-receding vehicle.

The poor girl quite broke down, and the eyes of all the ladies were wet as she drove away.

"She was a dear little thing," said Mrs. Greenlands, as they watched the buggy mount the hill and pass out of sight.

"She will come back again, see if she doesn't," replied Mrs. Moss, and the group, breaking up, went their several ways.

CHAPTER XIV.—JOHN MILLINGTON IS STUCK UP

JOHN MILLINGTON arrived at Malugala on the Saturday night, Dick Yeo going to meet him. His visit was very hurried, as a case on which he was engaged was coming on sooner than he expected. The next morning he went over to Narenita; first of all, to see Mrs. Moss, and secondly because he heard that Mr. Greenlands had to go into the township for the land-court, which was to be held there the next day. He was very much disappointed, and by no means in the best of tempers. He found that, it being church Sunday, Mrs. Moss was not at home. A party from Narenita had gone to church, that lady among the number.

The clergyman came to Kingstown once a month, and held service there. As it not unfrequently happened that those monthly services fell through on account of rain or stormy weather, the people of the district were only too pleased to be present when the church was opened, and came from many miles round. The district was proud, and justly too, of its little church. It stood by the road passing one of the stations, and

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was not fenced in. It was new and comfortable, standing on a little rise. It had been built by local industry, each selector and squatter doing his part with his own hands, or paying to have it done for him by another. The little chancel was exceptionally neat and tasteful.

It was late when they started and quite dark when the two gentlemen reached the ten-mile, and John Millington threw himself back in the sulky. Mr. Greenlands was sparing the horses as much as possible, and they drove along in silence. All at once the occupants of the vehicle were startled by the appearance of two men in long cloaks coming out of the bush, and commanding them to stop. Mr. Greenlands drew up the horses and waited.

"Your money and your watches. Look slippery," cried a harsh voice, and two revolvers were pointed at their heads. The driver felt in his pockets and was about to comply, when his companion said, "Don't, I have Mr. Crapp's revolver," and before Mr. Greenlands could utter a word, he fired it at the arm stretched out towards him. There was a piercing shriek, and the two bushrangers galloped off into the darkness.

"Are you hurt?" shouted Mr. Greenlands in agony.

"No," came back in a woman's voice, but as he heard a groan of pain dying fainter and fainter on the air he doubted the negative.

"What made you do that?" he demanded angrily, turning to his companion.

"What?" replied the lawyer in amazement. "Would you encourage two criminals in their nefarious actions?"

"You have shot a woman, if that's any satisfaction to you," he answered.

"A woman?" said John Millington, thinking his companion must be mad.

"Yes; that scream was from a woman, I'll dare bet, and I'm awfully sorry for Crapp."

"I really do not understand what you mean."

"I mean this, Millington," and he whipped up the horses. "You have shot one of our lady-bushrangers in your confounded folly."

"But they stuck us up, and presented revolvers at us."

"I'll bet they were not loaded."

"They have only met with their deserts."

"Have they? I would not like it to be my hand, then, that gave it them, I can tell

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you. Nor will Mr. Crapp thank you, I reckon," he said indignantly.

"What has Mr. Crapp to do with it?" replied the lawyer, blushing in the darkness. He thought Mr. Greenlands' sympathy was rather ill-placed, and his tone objectionable.

"Mr. Crapp is engaged to one of them."

"Engaged to a bushranger!" he replied in horror. "Does he know they are such?"

"Yes, and he is very much in love. Poor fellow, I am very, very sorry, and wish it had never happened. It will upset him terribly."

"I should expect it would," indignantly. "What man in his senses can like to think that his wife had been a bushranger? Why, he might introduce her to the very people she had robbed."

"As long as they did not know it, it would not matter much. How did you come by the revolver? It's Mr. Crapp's, I think you said?"

"It is. He brought it over to me this morning, and asked me if I would take it to Sydney and have it seen to. A cartridge had become fixed in it, and he could not move it. My word, that must have been the bullet which went off, for it was not charged otherwise."

"It is remarkable. Shot perhaps with her own *fiancee's* revolver," and Alfred Greenlands relapsed for a time into silence. As they drove into Talworth township he said, "Do not mention about the sticking up. It will be a good thing if it never gets out."

Millington promised, but somehow it did get out, and reached Harold Crapp too. He was sitting on the verandah a few afternoons later talking to Mrs. Moss, who was sitting on the lounge, sewing. She had already heard the story, but had not mentioned it to any one. He began talking about his marriage, which he hoped would take place in the coming April, and was in high spirits. The lady listened gravely, in her heart wishing the two were already married. A footstep sounded on the verandah. They turned and saw Edward Rutter approaching. Harold arose.

"Mrs. Swales asked me if I would bring a message over," and drawing an envelope from his pocket handed it to Mrs. Moss.

"Thank you," said the lady. "Will you sit down while I read it, and see if any answer is required?" She tore it open and said, "Yes, I'll just scribble a short note if you are not in a hurry, Mr. Rutter."



THERE WAS A PIERCING SHRIEK, AND THE TWO BUSHRANGERS GALLOPED OFF INTO THE DARKNESS

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"No, Mrs. Moss. I am staying at Malugalala to-night, and go back to Coruna in the morning."

The lady nodded, and went into her room to write the reply. While she was gone, Rutter drew his chair nearer to Mr. Crapp and said, "What do you think of this piece of business?"

"What business?" asked Harold, smiling.

"This about the Fielding girls."

The young man's face blanched, but he made no reply.

"They stuck up Mr. Greenlands and that young lawyer from Sydney, on Sunday night."

Harold's heart seemed to cease beating, and he gasped. Mrs. Moss came out at that moment, and as she handed the note to Rutter, asked what was the matter.

"I was telling Mr. Crapp about this sticking-up business on Sunday night," he answered, smiling.

"I don't believe it, and am sorry you haven't something better to do than retail paltry gossip," she cried angrily, and turned her back upon him. With a very sheepish air he took himself off.

Mr. Moss came out of his room just then, rubbing his hands, saying, "How very pleasant it is now," addressing no one in particular.

Harold Crapp looked at him, and, by that strange intuitive feeling which comes to us at times, felt the gentleman had already heard the unpleasant news. "You have heard the tidings just brought us," he said in cold, hard tones, so unlike his usual utterance.

"What news?" said the elder man, trying to fence off the inquiry.

"This about Miss Fielding."

"What?"

"You have heard it, Mr. Moss, I am sure. She stuck up Mr. Greenlands and Mr. Millington."

"I did hear something of the kind," said the gentleman regretfully. "There were two of them, and the lawyer shot one of them."

"Surely not," and the young man turned livid.

"That's how the story goes, and one of the girls has her arm in a sling, I hear."

"He must have shot her with my revolver," the young man panted, hiding his face in his hands. "Oh, Matt, Matt," he groaned, "I did not think you would break your word like this."

"Mr. Crapp," said Mrs. Moss gravely, laying her hand gently on his shoulder, "don't believe everything you hear. And even if she did go out the other night, it is not the unpardonable sin. If you love her you will let it pass."

"I do love her, God knows," he replied passionately.

"Then shield her. Go and see Miss Fielding. I am sure she will be able to explain matters, and you will find it is not so bad as you think."

Presently he arose and went, hatless as he was, down to Mr. Greenlands'. That gentleman was closing up the house, and started to see the pale white face and blood-shot eyes of his friend. He wondered for a moment what could be the matter. "I want to speak to you," panted the Englishman, as if he had been running.

"All right, come this way," and he led him into the drawing-room, and placed the lamp on a small table, on either side of which they took their seats. The light fell upon their faces with a kindly glow. Both looked troubled, the one ghastly.

"Mr. Greenlands, were you bailed up last Sunday night on your way to Talworth?"

"What meddling fool has been to you with that rot?" shouted the manager in angry tones.

"Never mind, but tell me, please, all about it, for the story seems to be pretty well known."

"There's nothing to tell."

"Yes, there is. Do tell me, Mr. Greenlands. It is a matter of life and death to me," he cried imploringly.

"There was no time to see anybody. Millington fired the revolver, and gave the poor girls no show. Look here, Mr. Crapp, take my advice; it may seem cheek on my part to offer it, but let the matter rest. It will only be a nine days' talk, and soon blow over."

The two sat silent for nearly an hour, and then Harold Crapp rose slowly and took his leave. "He's as proud as an emu, and as obstinate as a tamed kangaroo," muttered the manager to himself, as he closed the window behind the young man.

CHAPTER XV.—"DO NOT ENGLISHMEN TRUST THEIR WOMENKIND?"

THE next morning Harold Crapp rode slowly over to "Moonlight." He had been there on the Monday, but nothing had then transpired of the Sunday night's

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escapade. It was now Thursday. The breeze blew gently from the east, soft, pleasant and refreshing. He felt that all nature was in utter contrast to his mood. Everything looked so joyous and glad. The sheep in the paddocks were frisking about, and a wallaby on the roadside stood looking at him with an amused grin upon its comical little face, but there was no response in his sad heart. Some newly-mated rosellas floated by him, their brilliant plumage flashing in the sunlight, but they roused him not. The smell of the bush was sweet and refreshing, but it had no soothing power for him. Everything was glad, and he alone was sad.

"Moonlight" looked peaceful and pleasant that day. It was a long, low, one-storied building of slabs, with an iron roof. The grooves between the slabs were neatly covered with strips of zinc, and the whole painted white. The doors, window-frames, and shutters, picked out with bright green, appeared cool and fresh.

Woodbine, from which it had once taken its name, climbed all over the verandah, and a thick wistaria in full leaf covered one side. A dazzling white step led up from the garden on to the verandah, which, though floored with slabs, was deep and pleasant. The garden was brilliant with blooms, those of an old English garden, together with those of the semi-tropics. Roses of all kinds and colours hung in thick clusters everywhere.

Harold fastened his horse up to a staple fixed in a large gum-tree just outside the gate, and walked up the pathway. How calm everything was! Fido, a large, handsome kangaroo-dog came forward wagging its tail, expecting to be caressed, but he took no notice of the poor brute, and it slunk away to a shady spot at the end of the verandah.

Martha Fielding heard her lover's footstep. She had been washing her hair, and sat in her room reading while it dried. Her mother and sisters with their Irish maid were down in the cow-paddock, and she had the house to herself. She fixed a cluster of red roses at her neck and stepped out on to the verandah. She blushed with joy, and then her cheek paled as she saw the expression upon her lover's face. He had heard then, and her heart beat tumultuously.

His heart gave a great bound as he saw that on neither of her arms was there sign of injury. He thought how beautifully proud

and queenly she looked, her hair falling like a thick rich veil around her, her nostrils slightly distended with emotion, like some noble, high-bred animal.

"Miss Fielding, I want you to grant me a few minutes, please," he said, in a tone quite unnatural to his usual voice.

She bowed and motioned him to a chair standing under the window.

"Will you not be seated?" he said, and she flung herself down on a cane lounge, clasping her hands round her knees, and waited. "I have heard of a matter which has pained me much," he began haughtily. "I have hoped it is not true. Mr. Greenlands and Mr. Millington were stuck up last Sunday night while driving to Talworth." She looked at him, and there was a twinkle of amusement in her eyes, he fancied, and it made him furious. "It was disgraceful, contemptible," he continued passionately.

A slight smile passed over her face, and she bent her head. How she loved him in his indignation! His clear-cut, refined features were simply magnificent in his rage and passion; but presently she raised her head in proud scorn, her face flaming, her eyes glowing with a burning light of outraged dignity. He was saying, "It was an unmaidenly action, unwomanly, vulgar, and unworthy."

"Do you dare say my—that we are unmaidenly?" she demanded, starting to her feet.

"No! But this bushranging nonsense is. It is beneath you. The serious part about it is, you promised me to give it up, and I trusted you. You gave me your word that you would not go out again."

"I did," she replied quietly, and he thought penitently.

"And yet there were two of you."

"There were," and she resumed her seat.

"Then who can I conclude they were?" he asked in a cutting tone.

She looked at him in silence. She would not betray her sisters, no, not even to save herself. She flung back her hair with a gesture, as if it were too heavy a weight for her.

"You told me your sister Mary never liked going out, and protested against it always, so whom am I to conclude those two foolish persons were? Tell me, Mattie, who were they?" he pleaded.

"Can you not guess?" she flashed out with a wicked smile of insolence, which

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maddened him, and he exclaimed angrily, "I never heard of an English girl who would do such a thing."

It was a foolish speech to make, for if there is one thing an Australian woman cannot endure, it is to be unfavourably compared with her English sisters. It is done too often, unfortunately, and not to the advantage of Austral's fair daughters. In some things perhaps they cannot compete with the more favoured ones of Great Britain, but in others they beat them hollow, and Australia can rejoice proudly in her beautiful, noble, bright, sunny-hearted women.

Mattie Fielding sprang to her feet and clenched her fists. "And cannot an Englishman trust a lady's word?" she demanded scornfully. He started, thinking how grandly magnificent she was, the most perfect Cassandra ever seen. "Do not Englishmen trust their womenkind?" she cried in withering scorn. "Go, go," she panted, "or I shall hate you. Go to your milk-and-water, spiritless English women, and never dare to woo an Australian girl."

"I shall never woo any girl again. You have shattered my faith in the sex," and he arose and strode out of the garden. She stood watching him mount his horse, and with an appearance of perfect calmness wished him a safe return to Narenita.

He, poor fellow, went on his way in silence, not seeing where he was going, his brain in a whirl. Everything seemed strange and unnatural; the bush was unbearable. Had she acknowledged her guilt he would have forgiven her, but she had gloried in her shame! "And yet, was she guilty?" he asked himself. "She must be, or she would have denied it," he concluded.

She stood a moment or two dazed, watching his retreating figure. Turning, she cried in a harsh tone, "His confidence in me was not very strong," and she grasped at her throat, crushing the roses into a shapeless mass, and tearing her fingers with the thorns. She then returned to her room and bound up her hair as if nothing had happened, and yet her heart was bursting. "I'll let him see," she thought. "I'll prove his opinion of me is correct. I'll go out again." Then better thoughts prevailed, and she threw up her arms as if beating for air.

When her mother and sisters returned they found her at the piano playing with

great dash and verve. She was a splendid pianist, and possessed an exceptionally fine voice. Whilst they spread the table she sang over several songs, and her sisters came in to compliment her on her rendering of them, especially of "A che la morte," which she gave with exceptional power and expression. No word breathed she of the termination of her betrothal. As the days passed and Harold Crapp did not come to the house they wondered, but as she still went out riding every day, they concluded the two met as usual, and so made no comment.

Immediately Mrs. Moss saw the young fellow riding up the lane as it was called, though it was really a branch road leading from the main Talworth-Budgera road to Haldover, she divined at once what had happened. She said nothing, and when in the evening he came into the drawing-room, she put aside her work, and, going to the piano, began to play. She was a good musician, but not by any means so brilliant as Miss Fielding, and she was not a singer. Her husband sat reading the paper, enjoying the melody, while the young man lounged in a corner, gazing into the fire-place filled with ferns, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, thinking, only thinking. He went over all the scene of the morning, recalling every word and every detail, dwelling long upon them all.

The music filled the pretty room, so bright and so pleasant, but one heart was too deeply bruised to enjoy anything just then, and two kind hearts beat in silent sympathy with him, all ignorant of another sad heart outside almost bursting in its agony. The wonder was they did not hear the thunder of its passionate throbbing.

Martha Fielding all that day felt stifled in the house; and while the tea-things were being washed up went out into the cool of the evening and saddled up her horse. The poor faithful brute seemed to divine something was amiss, and rubbed its muzzle gently against the girl's shoulder.

"We cannot tell him, can we, Roany? But if he only knew, if he only knew!" and she buried her face in the animal's mane. She rode away to the place where she had first met her lover, where she had stuck him up, not knowing she had then met her fate. She followed along the places they had generally chosen for their daily gallops since becoming engaged to one another. Gradually as the shadows

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"CANNOT AN ENGLISHMAN TRUST A LADY'S WORD?"

deepened she drew nearer and nearer to Narenita. Poor Roany was beginning to show signs of fatigue, and, not sorry to have an excuse for so doing, she put the nag into the stable and took off the saddle and bridle. She stole softly back to the homestead, and listened to the music sounding from the drawing-room. Creeping noiselessly on to the verandah she stood looking through the window, watching her lover with eyes that burned in their intensity. Men tell that the power of the human eye is great, that it can influence and draw by a wonderful magnetic force, but it is not always so. Times there are when its strength fails, and though it aches with its intensity, that intensity is powerless. Had it not been so,

Harold Crapp must have felt its influence, and have been drawn to that poor suffering one.

Her gaze had no power, and he still sat thinking, thinking, while she stood watching, watching, her soul yearning for him to come to her, that once more face to face they might explain away the misunderstanding which had arisen, and all

be right and well between them again. How her heart throbbed! She pressed her hand against it, fearing lest they should hear its beating. The whole of her deep, earnest, passionate nature had gone out in love to him almost from their first meeting. She was stronger, truer, better than he, she knew, but she loved him, loved him in his weakness and unjust judgment. As she was unlike the majority of women in her fearless love of adventure and powerful spirit, so also was she unlike them in the power and intensity of her affection. She would gladly have given her life

for him, and he was so ready to condemn her for what she, and others too, in those days, thought but a breach of the conventionalities. "He must have seen I am unlike other women," she panted, "and did he not love me because of it? Can I, can I be a humdrum, colourless creature, content to walk through life? Why did you win my love? Oh, Harold, could you expect I should belong to the vulgar herd?" and, leaning her forehead against the window-pane, she held it there.

The music went on for nearly two hours, and still she watched. Mrs. Moss arose from the piano and suggested that they should go out on the verandah for a little while. The girl drew back instantly

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and crouched behind some large rose-bushes.

The three friends came out and stood watching the stars twinkling in the heavens. The Southern Cross sparkling as if with life hung over the bush where the poor girl crouched. They were very silent, each one thinking of the same subject, yet neither daring to speak of it, and that poor heart watched and panted.

"How still it is!" said Mrs. Moss, feeling the silence was too painful to be borne any longer. "On such a night as this one can hardly believe there is such a thing as misery in this sad world."

"Unfortunately there is sorrow and grief, both in town and country," replied her husband.

"How brightly the Southern Cross burns over those bushes there!" and she waved her hand towards it. "Surely the sacred symbol glows with hope. Let us go and stand under it and catch its holy influence."

"If there be no hope in the heart, the Southern Cross will not bring it, even though its ray fell directly upon you," said Harold in sad accents, and the poor soul hiding there felt how cruelly true his words were.

"I am beginning to long for the smell of the town once more, and feel I would so much like a trip to Sydney," Mrs. Moss said, hoping to bring the conversation into a more cheerful channel.

"Why not take one then, Mrs. Moss?" returned Mr. Crapp quietly.

"I cannot until the holidays, you know. Lessons must be attended to, my friend," with mock severity.

"I am thinking of taking a trip next week myself."

Martha bent her head forward and gasped.

"For Sydney?" asked Mr. Moss.

"Yes, and from thence to London. I intend to return to England."

There was a great crash by the bush, and opening the little gate on the verandah—which was railed round—the three hurried down the steps to see what had caused it. All was still. The watcher had fled and was now crouching under the fence.

"How strange!" said Mr. Moss, as they walked round the bush and shook it. "It must have been some night-bird or animal which fell against it. The wonder is, where could it have gone?" They searched for some time, but to no purpose, and then turned to walk up and down the garden.

"I do not wish to intrude upon your

affairs, Mr. Crapp," said Mrs. Moss gently, but in a very sensible tone of voice, "so trust you will take what I am going to say in good part, but I do not think I would go to England, if I were you, at least just yet. Go to Sydney, or round the colonies, if need be. It will do you good, and provide material for your next book, but to England, no. It would be extremely foolish, and you would be sorry for it afterwards."

"I do not think you understand," replied Harold coldly.

"I think I do, and I am very, very sorry for you. That is why I suggest your not going to England just yet." The watcher blessed her in her heart.

"I have made a fool of myself, and am doubtless the laughing-stock of a certain family in this neighbourhood at this moment."

"No," said the lady sternly. "You do not believe that. You know there is one in that family who would not allow you to be ridiculed by word or thought. No, Mr. Crapp, we will not mention names, but if there is a loyal, true heart in this world, it beats in the breast of a young lady of whom we are both thinking." The poor girl almost shrieked in agony. The kindly pleading on her behalf was more than she could bear. "I say what I mean," continued Mrs. Moss. "When first I heard of these escapades I was as much shocked, and felt as sternly indignant as any one, but when I saw the girls for myself, especially the eldest one, I knew at once it was only the high, exuberant spirit of splendid life. They are as unlike other girls as Mr. Nimmo's splendid racer Emperor is unlike old Violet, the heavy cross-bred scrubber in the paddock. There's a splendid bush simile for you. Don't allow hard thoughts to take possession of you. Don't listen to gossip, and don't do anything rash. There, I must not give you any more Don'ts, but I do want to see this unhappy tangle smoothed out."

They walked back to the house, and soon afterwards the lonely watcher saw the light gleaming in the room of him she loved. And he sat there thinking, thinking, ignorant of that breaking heart outside, watching, watching. She watched until that light went out, and then she stumbled on her way as if blinded to the stable, saddled her horse, and rode homewards as a new day began to dawn in the east.

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Later in the day Mrs. Moss went over to the bushes where they had heard the noise the previous night, and saw the footprints in the loose earth. She looked at them a moment or two, and then called Mr. Crapp to see them. "Some one must have been here," she said, pointing to them. "Whose footprints can they be?"

"They must be Biddy's," he replied indifferently, referring to the new maid.

"Biddy's!" in huge disdain. "Why, that's the impress of a lady's foot half the size of Biddy's good soles."

"Whose can they be then?"

"Does not your heart tell you?"

"You don't mean—" and his face paled.

"I do. Look, here is a piece of chiffon. It is the same as she wears around her neck. I was admiring it only a few days ago. No one else in the district has any like it, so I am sure I am not mistaken."

He stood for a moment or two in silence. Then turning on his heel he went to find his horse. Some time afterwards Mrs. Moss saw him riding down the lane, and guessed instinctively where he was going. Her heart went up in silent prayer that all would be well.

Harold Crapp rode to "Moonlight" with a beating heart. It was strangely quiet and deserted, he thought. He hung his horse up to the staple as he had done the day before, and went towards the gate. To his surprise it was chained and padlocked. He went round the house, but all was fast and still. What did it mean? Had they seen him in the distance, and closed the house against him as if he were some dangerous animal? He grew hot at the thought. He was naturally of a suspicious disposition, and doubts came readily to his mind. Had he been more of a bushman his eye would have been attracted to the buggy-tracks leading from the place, and he would have seen those tracks were recent.

A few days later the whole district was astonished to hear that the Fieldings had gone away, perhaps never to return; that the furniture was to be sold by auction, and the farm put upon the market. How Harold Crapp blamed his suspicious nature when he heard these tidings!

Mrs. Fielding had long wished to give up "Moonlight," and settle nearer to some town. If she could get into one of the suburbs of Sydney she considered all would be well. Her daughters' bushranging pro-

pensities kept her in a state of constant anxiety, and the only way to prevent them, in her idea, was to get right away from the bush. She had at length won Sophy and Mary to her way of thinking, but Matt would not hear of leaving the old place. When on the afternoon of the difference with her lover that young lady said she did not know what kept them at "Moonlight," that the place was simply horrible, the old lady could hardly believe her ears. She did not ask for the cause of the sudden change in her feelings, but, with a wisdom she did not often display, declared she was putting the whole concern into the hands of an auctioneer, and thought they might as well leave at once. Martha hardly heeded what was said at the time, and while she was spending her sad vigil outside the Narenita homestead, the other members of the family packed up the few things they intended to retain. The next morning they left the little place, Matt by no means sorry to do so. She wanted to get away, away as far as possible.

CHAPTER XVI.—MRS. MOSS DISCOURSES ON POVERTY

THE next day Harold Crapp moped about aimlessly, utterly miserable. In the afternoon Mrs. Moss brought her crochet on to the verandah and sat down. The young fellow was leaning back in a lounge, his hands clasped behind his head, looking, as Mrs. Moss thought, as miserable as a bandicoot. Why miserable people should be compared to that little animal tradition sayeth not, but assuredly the bandicoot is by no means a miserable-looking object.

That a young man in Mr. Crapp's position should look unhappy was no wonder. If a young gentleman will foolishly quarrel with the woman of whom he is passionately in love, it is not to be wondered at if he be wretched. Wretched he was indeed. Mrs. Moss pitied him from the bottom of her heart, and longed to help him all she could.

Notwithstanding her own sorrows and disappointments, her heart was still very tender towards all those in trouble, and she sought by every power in her nature to help and comfort. She sat for a little while wondering what she could say, and at last began by remarking quietly, "What a miserable thing it is to be poor! I saw the name of a place where I once lived

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mentioned in the paper last night, and it has set me wondering and thinking."

"Yes," replied the young man absently.

"Sometimes we speak of the meanness of poverty, but it is wrong," she continued, bent on arousing him from his sadness. "It is the poverty which prevents one from being generous. As we find we have no power to aid we try to crush down the pain of our inability, and to harden our natures. It is awful to feel you would like to help another and cannot. How poverty grinds one! how it chills the warm, generous feelings! Have you ever felt the desire warm and glowing, to do a kindness to some one, and the cold hand of powerlessness resting so heavily upon you? I was housekeeper once to a clergyman. It was the name of the place in the paper last night which revived all the old thoughts. He was in charge there, and was of a most generous disposition. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than keeping open house, but his income in the winter was often only four shillings and sixpence per week. People deemed him stingy, but that was foreign to his nature. Why, many a time we had to make three-pennyworth of meat last us for two days, and often have I seen him try to make a meal off porridge, which he positively hated. My heart has bled for him, poor fellow. He did all sorts of things to eke out his living, even painting and engraving coffin-plates. That was genteel poverty, I can tell you. And yet he always kept his home so tasteful and pretty. Everything about it had an air of refinement. When there was only dry toast for tea he would have the table prettily arranged, maintaining that poverty need not make one's surroundings unlovely and sordid. People did not understand that, and declared he must possess private means. Why should self-respect only be associated with wealth? I have known him go into the pulpit not having eaten enough to keep a bird alive. Ah, it makes one so unlike what they would be. I have seen his eyes pass over the congregation, and, when it was good, they would sparkle in the hope of a good collection; when poor, I knew his heart sank, as he thought of the week before him, and the small income."

"Were his people poor?" said Harold, feeling he must say something, if only in common courtesy.

"For the most part they were, but they could have done better than they did. They would spend more for a concert or

for an article of dress than his week's income would be. They, with a far greater appearance of poverty than his little home displayed, would live as he was not able to do, and have luxuries he could never hope to obtain. His anxieties were terrible, and I often wondered he did not go out of his mind. Poor fellow, it was pitiable. He reared fowls, sold them and the eggs, but every one thought that as he was a clergyman he should sell at a lower rate than other people, while many considered it was outrageous on his part to do it at all. They blamed him, but they knew not how unwillingly he did it. If there is a class of men in Australia more to be pitied than any other, it is clergymen. A few there are who get the plums in their church, but the majority go bare. It's all very well to talk about the reward hereafter. Let them have some of the good things here, I say. The churches all go on a wrong principle. They should make the ministers independent; then our colonies would be better. Many a man dare not speak out what's in him lest he offend, and the contributions fall off. How often does one hear the expression, 'I shall leave the church,' because something has been said or done that does not please the individual concerned. How I hate to hear my own countrymen make that remark! Think of the pride it shows, the petty, mean spirit, and the contemptible nature. 'Mr. Parson pays Mr. Somebody-else more attention than he does me, and I shall leave the church.' Much good to the Church of God their help is. Why, I have known the clergyman to whom I have referred, ride twenty-two miles and preach to a congregation of four."

"Was he a poor preacher?"

"No. Indeed, he was one of the finest I ever heard. Poor fellow, he is dead now and at rest, but that is one of the main reasons why I am not a church-member."

"But you should be one, you know," he said with mock gravity. "You might be able to help the churches to a better understanding of things."

"No, Mr. Crapp, I could not be a church-member and be happy. I do what I can, and attend as regularly as possible, but to go into the inner circle I have no wish to do. I knew a clergyman of my own church who was starved out of his parish literally. I am sorry to say that is done in these colonies too often. The

John Austin's Will

people did not like him, and he had to leave the place penniless and hungry. He left on the Tuesday, I remember. On the Friday following the bishop of the diocese came and held a meeting of the parishioners and raised over eighty pounds. What for, do you think?"

"The late clergyman, I should suppose."

"No. Although they owed him more than eighty pounds by a long way, they raised it for a new porch. Ah! the poverty the clergy have to endure is terrible. And yet there are people who declare there is no poverty in the land of the 'Golden Fleece.' Have I not known it myself in all its misery? Only last Christmas twelvemonth my husband and I were in very low water. He had been out of employment for over twelve months, had never earned a penny. I did what I could by knitting and selling the articles, and by canvassing one thing and another. The few weeks before that Christmas I had done very little. Doors were shut in my face more often than not. People grudge courtesy to the poor. My husband was going to church that morning, and he said, 'Shall I accept an invitation out to dinner if I get one, or shall I come home?' 'Please yourself,' I replied.

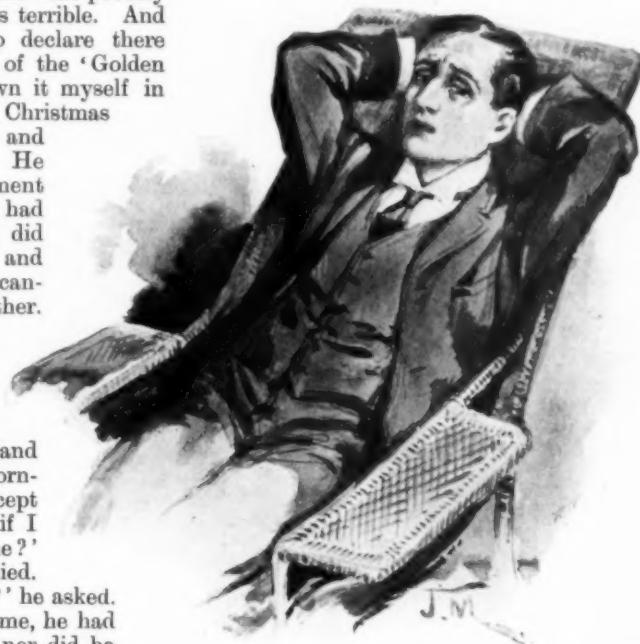
'What have you for dinner?' he asked. 'Roast duck.' He came home, he had not received an invitation, nor did he expect one. When the meal was spread I shall never forget his look of horror when he saw my 'roast duck' was dried crusts of bread. It was very, very hard to bear, Mr. Crapp. Sometimes when I think of it I feel real bad. I cannot help worrying a little over my future too. I am growing old, and I see no prospect before us except the benevolent asylum. Still, we are in the hands of God. He never leaves us. I don't know what I should have done without my confidence in Him. If ever I do become rich I will try and help others. I will find out those in need, not those who parade their poverty and trade upon it, but those in genteel poverty, the worst form of all distress, and I will help them. Why, who's this?" and she sprang up at the sound of horse's hoofs.

It was the mail-boy coming along the

lane. Up he came, a real Australian boy, thin, lithe and tall for his age. "A telegram for Mrs. Moss," he said in that deliberate tone of the bush-boy which indicates nothing can move or startle him, and he opened his saddle-bag.

"For me?" said the lady. "Who is it from?"

"Dunno," replied the boy, cantering off. She turned it over several times before



THE YOUNG FELLOW WAS LOOKING AS MISERABLE AS A BANDICOOT

opening it, wondering who it was from. At last she broke the seal and read it. "It isn't much, after all. It's from Mr. Millington. There's to be a preliminary examination before the judge of the claim preferred to Mr. Austin's estate. I don't know why he has sent to me," and she looked again at the telegram. "I will ride over and see Bob Hawke. It may be the lawyer wants those papers, though he doesn't say so."

"I'll get your horse for you while you put on your skirt," said Mr. Crapp, rising, and a few minutes later Mrs. Moss was cantering through the bush towards Malagalala. It was a lovely evening, and she was enjoying the ride thoroughly, when she saw Bob himself coming at a brisk pace

John Austin's Will

towards her. It must be confessed she was not altogether pleased to see him, as it meant the curtailing of her canter.

"I was coming to Narenita to see you," he said, touching his hat, for though a real "bushie," or "bush-whacker," as he dubbed himself, he was an innate gentleman.

"And I was coming to see you," she replied. "Let us go a little this way," striking off on to the track leading to the tanks. "We can talk as we go. What is it you want of me?"

"I am afraid you will deem me silly, but I have been very much troubled lately, both sleeping and waking. I cannot tell what my dreams are, but they have been very unpleasant. I feel as if something—some trouble were hanging over the old home-stead." Mrs. Moss turned and looked at him inquiringly. "I have thought perhaps it might be fire, and I have taken to camping there at night. I go over it every night before turning in to see that all is right. I never have a candle or light of any kind lest I myself should unintentionally do the damage. I could endure it no longer, so was coming over to consult you. Something is brewing, I am sure," he said earnestly.

"And I was coming over to ask you to go to Sydney," she said.

"I?" he replied in surprise. "I have never been there in all my life. I have never gone further than Talworth in that direction," he said, pointing towards the south-east, "nor further than Glen Innes in that," indicating the north. "And I only went there once when I was a lad. Mr. Austin sold some sheep to a squatter away up there, and I went to help overland the sheep."

"I think you had better go, and take that box to Mr. Millington, the tin box with those papers in it," she said slowly.

"Hasn't he had them yet? Oh, Mrs. Moss," he said reproachfully.

"I do not think they are of very great value, and I quite forgot them, what with Miss Reid's departure and Mr. Crapp's trouble. There's to be an examination of this claim lodged," and she handed him the telegram.

He read it eagerly, and asked, "When did you receive it?"

"A little over an hour ago, and I thought it might be as well for you to take the papers to him, if you will."

"You are the best one to go. You know your way about Sydney, and I don't."

"But I cannot afford it. I haven't the price of the ticket. We were so long without anything coming in that our debts accumulated, and I have been gradually paying them off since I have been up here. One thing, the estate will pay any expenses to which one may be put."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Moss. I will advance the money, and Mr. Millington will pay it back, I know. It may be a matter of life and death, you know. You go back to Narenita and get ready, and I'll drive you to Talworth. You will be in Sydney by to-morrow morning. We'll have to push on to be in time to catch the train," and they turned and galloped back to the homestead.

Her husband, when he heard the particulars, also urged her to go. "I will drive you into Talworth if you wish," he said.

"I think it will be better for Hawke to drive me in. He is so thoroughly acquainted with the road. He is putting a pole on the sulky, so that we shall travel with as little weight as possible."

Almost while she was speaking the sulky came to the gate. "Good-bye, everybody," she cried. "I shall be back as soon as possible," she said, kissing her husband. They drove as hard as they could, and the horses were fresh.

"Go it, horses," said Bob encouragingly. "You shall have a good spell in town, and plenty of feed." The animals seemed to understand what he said, and bounded along in glorious style. It was quite dark before they had gone half-way, but Bob knew every turn of the road blindfolded, and had the horses well in hand. They sped on, silently enjoying the journey. "Three-quarters of an hour before the train starts," he cried, as they swept gaily over the bridge. "We have done that trip grandly," and he turned into the main street of the town. "You will have time for a snack before you start. You go into the hotel, and I'll go round to the post-office and see if there is anything for you. They will be making up the mails."

Mrs. Moss went into the hotel parlour, and found the table spread for the travellers arriving and leaving. She had just sat down when Bob Hawke came in, his honest, handsome face white and anxious.

"A telegram for you, ma'am," he said.

John Austin's Will

"They were going to send it out with the mail, so I brought it round."

(Telegrams sent to the distant, scattered back-block localities are forwarded with the ordinary mails—sometimes only running once or twice a week—unless prepaid to go by special messenger. Then a message becomes, as may be expected, very costly indeed.)

Mrs. Moss tore the envelope open and read it. "My word, it is a good thing we came," and she handed the telegram to him.

He read it—"Come at once. Court meets to-morrow. Meet me at court with papers." He gave a sigh of relief. "It

may seem rude on my part," he said, "but I cannot help feeling concerned in Malugalala. I was born on the run, and have always lived there. I do wish it were all settled, and were in your hands. I should be satisfied then."

"If it were mine, Bob, you should have a deeper interest in it than now. I would make you manager. Mr. Yeo should have one of the other stations," replied the lady.

He handed her into the train, and saw to her comfort with an attention of manner not always found in an Australian bushwhacker. Yet though rough and independent, the bushwhacker is kind, and his meaning is good.

(To be continued.)



Photo by

NORWICH CATHEDRAL

Rev. Jas. L. Brown

The Coastwise Lights of England

BY GERTRUDE BACON

III.—Safeguarding the Thames

GEOLOGISTS tell us that all large and slow-flowing rivers that pour out their flood into the sea have a tendency to collect about their mouths great beds of sediment, sand or mud, which they

the stream finds its way to the sea by devious and oftentimes shifting channels.

This last is the case with our grand old Father Thames. The daily scour of the tide in and out of his wide mouth prevents

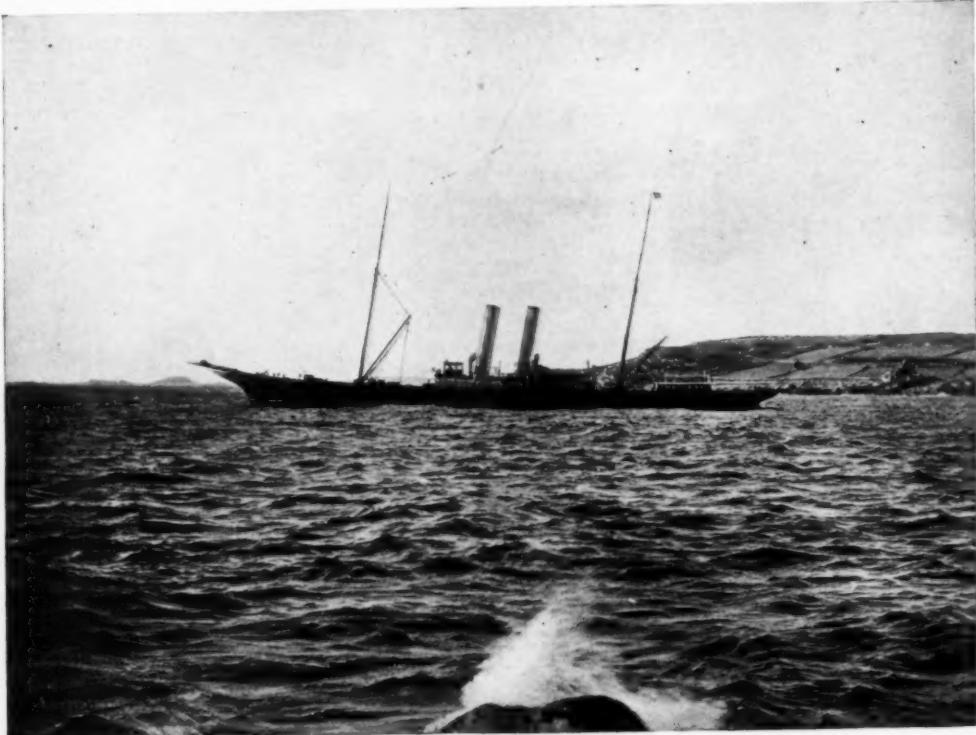


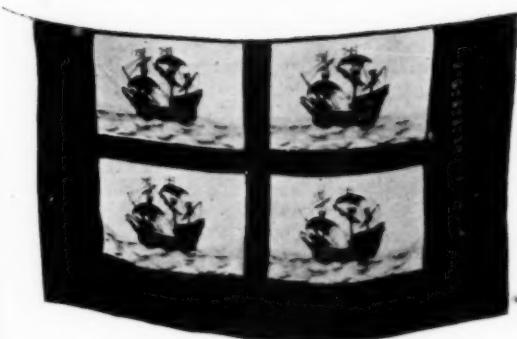
Photo by J. C. King

THE TRINITY HOUSE YACHT *IRENZ*, OFF THE SCILLY ISLES

themselves have brought down in suspension from the land. Sometimes these beds form the large extent of low-lying marshy ground which we call a delta; sometimes they make a barrier or "bar" across the mouth of the river; sometimes they manifest themselves in shoals and shallows spread about the estuary, among which

the formation of an actual delta or bar, and there is a constant free passage—or rather passages—through which the inward- and outward-bound ships may pass up and down. Nevertheless from London to Tilbury, and from Tilbury to far out into the Channel, the stream has collected for itself mud-beds and flats, shoals and sand-banks,

The Coastwise Lights of England



TRINITY HOUSE FLAG

formed of the *débris* which by rain and flood, frost, ice and snow, has been worn away from that part of the country which the river drains, and carried down to the sea. The quantity of matter thus quietly and imperceptibly filched away from the land amounts indeed, in the course of time, to an almost incredible total. Those who have studied the question assure us that almost one million tons of sediment are borne down to the sea by the Thames in the course of only a single year. Small wonder then that a portion at least of this gigantic mass should cling about the estuary and tend to block the channel.

It needs no pointing out that the presence of these sand and mud banks along the most frequented water-way in the whole world is a constant source of difficulty and danger to the fleets which pass up and down it. It is as if the Strand and Fleet Street for all their length were strewn thick with bogs and sloughs, pits and rocks; but worse, inasmuch as the river impediments are beyond the skill of man to remove, nor can the ships arrive at London by any other more circuitous route. It is easy then to see that the guarding of the Thames and the paths that lead into it is among the most important of all the duties which devolve upon Trinity House,

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and we have already shown how it was this very matter which led originally to the establishment of the great corporation four hundred years ago.

A glance at a map of the Thames estuary, where, in dotted lines, faint shadings and figures, the soundings are marked, will at once show how intricate are the passages the seaman must navigate, as he steers his course for London. Approaching from the north or north-east, his road is first barred by a large shoal, known as the "Kentish Knock." Beyond this, nearer inland, are the "Long Sand," the "East Girdler," the "Pan Sand," and the West Barrow. Southward are the Margate and Reculver Sands, northward the Essex coast is bordered by the huge extent of the Maplin Sands. As he approaches further up the stream the shoals close in upon him—the Kentish Flats, the Red Sand, the Shivering Sand; and then, right in midstream, between Shoeburyness and Sheerness, the Nore. All these and many more before ever the actual river is entered. Nor is this all. As the vessels bound for the port of London come up the Channel from south and south-west, as the greater majority of them do, they have on their left those most dangerous and dreaded of all shoals, the Goodwin Sands—that necropolis of the deep, the grave of untold treasure and of good ships and bold hearts past numbering. Although the Goodwins have no actual connection with the Thames estuary, yet, lying as they do in the track of so many Thames-bound vessels, they may well be reckoned among the dangers that specially menace the merchantmen bound for the metropolis.

Now in this all-important task of safeguarding the river, Trinity House was confronted at the outset with one very serious difficulty. We have seen how in the case of dangerous rocks and sunken



TRINITY YACHT FESTAL

Z

The Coastwise Lights of England



THE NORTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP

reefs in other parts of the coast warning lighthouses were erected, either on the nearest headland or, wherever practicable, upon the rock itself. In the case of the Goodwins and the banks and sands of the Thames estuary, however, such a course was clearly impossible. In the loose and shifting shoals no foundation was to be found for any solid structure; while the shoals themselves lay too far out to be effectually guarded by lights on the shore. It seems to have been in 1623 that the suggestion was first made of getting over this difficulty by the means of floating lights or "lightships" which could be anchored off dangerous spots, but the idea was flouted as utterly mad and impracticable. Half-a-century later it was again proposed as a "novelty," for use at the Nore; but Trinity House still did not entertain the notion, and it was, in fact, more in the nature of an accident than anything else that, fifty years after, the first lightship was actually established.

It happened in this way. The considerable shipping tolls that accrued to Trinity House in consideration of its all-important work, had long exercised the envy of certain private individuals, and in the year 1730 one Robert Hamblin conceived a novel and ingenious plan, by which it seemed to him he might effectually supplant the corporation and appropriate to himself alone the dues he so much coveted. His scheme was none other than the establishment of a system of floating lights all round the coasts at a short distance from

the land, which should answer the double purpose of protecting the shipping and also of rendering useless all the lighthouses and beacons already in existence. The wily speculator had actually gone so far as to get his patent from the Crown, and to start the construction of some of his lightships, when Trinity House and the owners of private lights became alive to the danger of the situation, and on representation being made to the Government the patent to Hamblin was hastily cancelled. Before this had happened, however, Hamblin had sold his rights in one lightship—that at the Nore—to a certain David Avery, who had already placed a vessel there. This gentleman, anxious not to lose the fruits of his purchase, entered into certain judicious dealings with Trinity House, representing to them the importance of a light on the Nore, and the benefit it would confer on the seamen, and eventually so skilfully played his cards that he persuaded the corporation to take over the *Nore* light and lease it to him for £100 a year, on which he is said to have done very well.

The *Nore* was therefore the first floating light established, but others quickly followed suit. To begin with, it was found a very difficult matter to so anchor the vessels that they should not break their moorings in rough weather, and the fact that this was



THE LANTERN, NORTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP

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The Coastwise Lights of England



NORTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP : CAPTAIN AND CREW



THE STEAM SYREN, NORTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP

at first constantly happening somewhat deferred their early use. For a long time, too, the system of lighting was extremely feeble. A cluster of tiny candles, suspended from a yard-arm, was, for very many years, the sole illuminant. Naturally these rude lights were constantly being blown out—frequently they were blown away altogether. Also it is said that in

the early days of lightships, but one solitary man was provided on each, compared with whose lot, that of Robinson Crusoe must have appeared entertaining. Now-a-days there exist from sixty to seventy lightships round our coast, each with a crew of from five to seven men, each vessel equipped at a first cost of from £10,000 to £16,000, lit with powerful lamps, and some of them connected by telephone with the mainland.

In order that we may more fully appreciate the extraordinary completeness in every detail which always characterises the work of Trinity House; in order also to enter better into a phase of life strange and curious, but little considered, let us suppose we are about to pay a visit to one of the outlying lightships anchored off the coast; choosing for our goal the *North Goodwin* light, which, as its name implies, guards the northern end of the great sands, and so participates, as it were,



NORTH GOODWIN LIGHTSHIP : THE LIVING-ROOM

The Coastwise Lights of England



THE MAPLIN PILE LIGHTHOUSE

in the greater scheme which safeguards the Thames.

The *North Goodwin* light lies some eight miles or so off Ramsgate, and during our two hours' sail thither, the old boatman regales us with tales of wreck and disaster on the dreaded sands, with which he has good acquaintance, as well he may, for is he not "cox" of the Ramsgate lifeboat, and one of the most celebrated of her "storm warriors"? He tells us how quickly, when once upon their treacherous banks, the quicksands suck down the luckless vessel into their bottomless maw; how it is possible, in heavy seas, for a ship to be washed clean over the banks into a still lagoon, within which she may ride in comparative safety, but whence it is practically impossible to extricate her. He tells of the cricket matches played, at low tide, upon the sands, firm and hard till the turn of the tide makes them "quick"; of the various schemes which, from time to time, have been mooted for the redemption of the shoals and the unearthing of the boundless treasure they have swallowed. Some of these schemes date back far into history. In the days of Queen Elizabeth one Gawen Smith proposed, in all seriousness, to erect a lighthouse upon the Goodwins big enough to accommodate forty men; all he desired was permission to try. So convinced was he of the feasibility of his scheme (which included the recovery of part of the sand) that he offered to bear all expenses himself, stipulating only that the Queen should pay him £1000 when he could deliver to her

hand "grasse, herbe, or flower," grown upon the sand, and £2000 more when his tower became capable of bearing the weight of a cannon. Nevertheless, tempting as was this offer, permission was never given, and poor Gawen died a disappointed man.

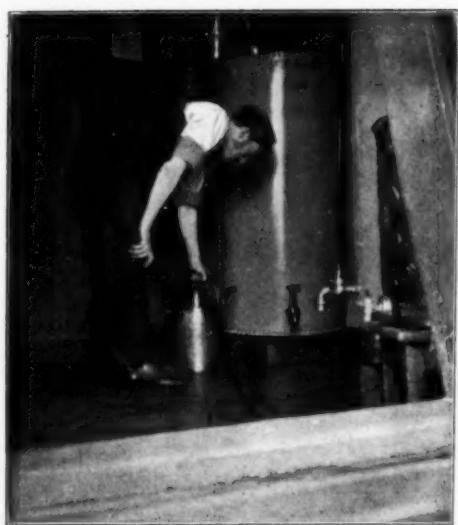
In 1703 occurred probably the greatest disaster of all for which the sands are responsible; for in the great storm of that year no less than thirteen men-of-war went ashore on those terrible banks and were lost. In referring to the strange past history of the sands, mention may be made of a curious structure which was actually erected upon the Goodwins some time in the middle of last century. It was intended as a species of refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and consisted of a mast, forty feet high, sunk in an oaken frame, and supporting a gallery sixteen feet above high-water mark. Upon this gallery—access to which was afforded by ladders—were supposed to be kept flags with which signals could be made to the shore, and a store of provisions and drink for the destitute ones. Whether this strange harbour of refuge was ever actually made use of seems doubtful, and after the space of three years or so it suddenly disappeared—whether washed away or run down remaining a mystery.

But all this while our lightship, which for long has been but a speck upon the horizon, is assuming larger and more definite form, and we now behold it as a fair-sized vessel, painted dark red, and with its name *North Goodwin* blazoned across it in



MAPLIN LIGHTHOUSE : ON THE GANGWAY

The Coastwise Lights of England



THE OIL STORE, MAPLIN LIGHTHOUSE

white letters of truly gigantic size. It possesses three masts, each crowned with a curious basket-shaped finial, and half-way up the mainmast is affixed the lantern. Long before we have approached at all close to the ship, it is apparent that we have been sighted from her deck, and as we near we see a row of faces inspecting us over the side—for visitors are rare on this lonely spot, and gladly welcomed as a variation to a monotony hard to conceive in our crowded life ashore.

Eager hands are ready to assist us up the steep rope-ladder, and soon we stand upon the snowy deck of this strange floating home. Around us are a group of seven men, one—the captain—clad in the neat blue suit of an officer, the other six in sailor garb with the words "Trinity House" embroidered in red across their ample chests. Fine stout men they are, with jolly faces and stalwart frames, which suggest that solitude and monotony have small effect upon their minds or bodies, and the provisions provided by Trinity House are sufficient in quantity and quality. The deck is filled with the usual appurtenances of a sea-going vessel—winches and capstans, ropes and chains and blocks and spars; there is a wheel and a binnacle, a boat is slung on the davits and a sail furled on the yard. And if these preparations

seem unnecessary on a ship which is never intended to be otherwise than stationary, and which we see to be moored at the head by a chain of quite gigantic proportions, let it be remembered that strong as the moorings are they may yet yield before the force of a wintry gale, or be broken by collision in a fog; and without such preparations the vessel would then drift helpless to destruction.

In the centre of the ship are the engines, the clockwork for the lamp, and the boilers with steam always up. The boilers and the engine are for the steam syren; for the *North Goodwin* is fitted with one of these apparatuses for use in foggy weather, and steam is always ready, for none can say how suddenly a treacherous sea-fog may not fall upon them in damp embrace. The syren itself is up above, and to impress the visitor steam is for a moment turned on, and a wild, piercing, unearthly shriek peals out over the water, and dies in prolonged echoes on the far horizon. The note is startling and dreary in the extreme, and all the while that fog broods upon the deep it screams forth three times every minute. For thirty-six hours at a stretch perhaps this fearsome noise (to be heard occasionally as far as Deal) may continue without intermission; nevertheless we are assured that the lightship men can sleep as peacefully through this tremendous uproar as on the quietest night ashore.



MAPLIN LIGHTHOUSE: ON THE LOOK-OUT

The Coastwise Lights of England



AT HOME: MAPLIN LIGHTHOUSE

Next we descend into the living-room—parlour, kitchen and bedroom combined—where the crew pass those hours which are not spent in work elsewhere; and which, notwithstanding its small proportions and its multifarious uses, is not without a certain snug comfort of its own. A neat and serviceable little cooking-stove is at one end, a well-scrubbed table, benches and lockers. The neatly-rolled hammocks are slung up along the ceiling; strings of onions, cooking-pots, razor-strop and looking-glass—a thousand and one odds and ends, have each their proper nook and corner, and everywhere is the most scrupulous cleanliness and order.

Aft is the more commodious cabin of the officer, the store-rooms and magazine for signal-rockets, and the powder for the two little signal-guns on the deck above. Then we are shown the all-important lantern, which is of the catoptric system—nine powerful Argand lamps with silvered reflectors being arranged in groups of three in a framework around the mast, the whole caused to revolve by clockwork so as to give the three white flashes a minute which is the special characteristic of the *North Goodwin* light. Lastly, before we go, we take a parting snap-shot of our hosts, in which figure, by special request, the banjo and mandoline which have beguiled many monotonous hours, and on which, by the

way, their owners are no mean performers (see p. 323).

In the *North Goodwin* we have a fair sample of the many other lightships, the *Mouse*, the *Gull*, the *Tongue*, the *Knock*, etc., scattered about the Thames estuary and at other places on the coast. The men on these ships, be it mentioned, are quite a distinct class from those employed on the lighthouses. They are bound to have a full knowledge of seamanship, and must have served a certain time afloat as sailors before they are eligible for the service of Trinity House. They work, as a rule, two months at a stretch upon their lightships, followed by a month ashore; and they are conveyed to and from their stations by the Trinity House yachts, of which there are several in constant employment around England and Wales, relieving, inspecting, and provisioning in turn each outlying "coastwise light."

But there is another form of beacon used in the safe-guarding of the Thames which must not be left unnoticed—namely, the "pile lighthouse." It was in the year 1838 that a Mr. Alexander Mitchell first invented a plan, by which it might be possible to erect a permanent structure upon sands and shoals by means of piles driven deep down into their depths. In



THE LIVING-ROOM, MAPLIN LIGHTHOUSE
Model-making in leisure hours

The Coastwise Lights of England

the inventor's own words he found that the means "best adapted for obtaining firm hold of soft ground or sand was to insert to a considerable distance beneath the surface a bar of iron having at the lower extremity a broad plate or a disk of metal, in a spiral or helical form, on the principle of a screw, in order that it should enter the ground with facility, thrusting aside obstacles without disturbing the strata." It was on supports such as these that Mr. Mitchell constructed his first lighthouse, the Maplin, since followed by many others in different localities and largely adopted in the United States, as proving more satisfactory than lightships and less expensive to maintain, in the long run.

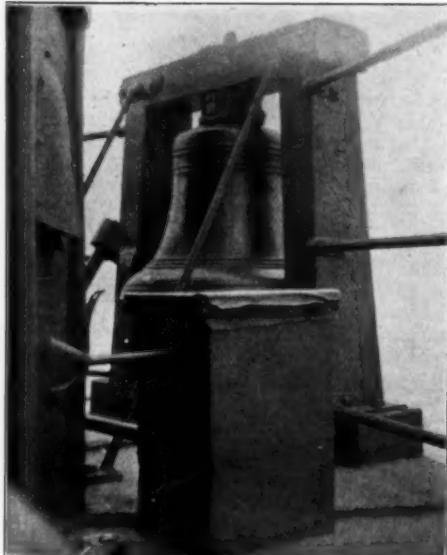
The Maplin lighthouse, which may be taken as type of all the rest, stands some seventeen miles out to sea off Southend, and upon a continuation of those interminable sandy flats with which the visitor to that watering-place is so well acquainted. Seen from the sea it presents a strange and lonely appearance; the queer rounded dwelling, surmounted by lantern and gallery, perched dangerously, so it seems, on spidery supports rising up weirdly from the waste of waters. There is something which strikes one as particularly lonesome and perilous about this human nest standing out of the waves, with never a speck of



WRITING HOME: MAPLIN PILE LIGHTHOUSE

land or rock in all the broad horizon. In point of fact this pile-supported light is really safer than the more solid-looking stone towers built on the exposed reef; for the waves meet with no resistance as they roll in and out of the thin supports, which offer no surface on which they may beat. In matter of loneliness, too, the "Maplin" has probably more "society"—or at least as much—as any rock light on the coast, for it lies full in the steamer track, and the big ocean vessels and the smaller coasting craft plough up and down at close range at all hours of the day and night. Moreover, the light is in telephonic communication with the Post Office at Southend, with whose officials the light-keepers frequently form firm friendships, though they never may meet face to face.

Three men are entrusted with the care of the Maplin light, of whom two are always on duty and the third taking his turn ashore. This is one of the few lighthouses which are provided with a boat, and the regulations concerning the use of it are necessarily very strict, by reason of the dire consequences which must result if by carelessness or accident the men were absent when the light should be burning or the fog-signal sounding. The dismal bell provided for this purpose, and which is hung upon the gallery, is struck by clockwork machinery, and the "dioptric" light is "occulted" by the same means—as explained in our last paper. The living-room of this queer dwelling is a snug enough little den, possessing its book-shelf,



MAPLIN LIGHTHOUSE: FOG-BELL

The Coastwise Lights of England

pictures, and other little details that help to make it homelike. Its occupants—as all the Trinity House servants—are first-rate cooks, and with their household employments, washing, baking (they “bake at home,” manufacturing their own yeast,

and first-rate loaves they turn out), music, reading, and model-making (very neatly executed), they contrive to make the hours not spent in the execution of their daily and nightly tasks pass, if somewhat monotonously, at least not unpleasantly.

Curiosities of Words

Frankpledge is a word found in our history-books, signifying the system by which every member of a tithing was answerable for the good behaviour of every other. The history of the word is rather curious; it is an awkward translation by Anglo-Normans of a Saxon word, *frith-borh*, meaning “peace-pledge.” They met with this in a corrupt form, *fri-borg*, and thinking the first part of it meant “free,” they rendered it by the French *franc*.

Frill. Everybody knows the ordinary meaning of this word, but there is a sense known perhaps only to housewives, and even to those only among them who market for themselves at the butcher's. It is the puckered edge of the internal membrane of a pig. The question is, did this or the article of dress get the name first? Most people will be inclined to the latter, but, as a matter of language, it seems probable that the article of dress took its name from the other.

Fritillary. This flower, well known in gardens, and even better to those who frequent the river-meadows near Oxford, takes its name from the Latin *fritillus*, “a dice-box.” The particular point in which it resembles the dice-box is said to be the delicate chequer marks on the petals. At the time the name was given, dice-boxes may have been ornamented in a similar way, otherwise the connection between them and the flower is not clear.

Gingerbread is not, as far as the word goes, any kind of bread. In the languages allied to English several words are found which all mean “preserved ginger.” In all probability they represent some mediæval Latin word such as *gingimbratum*, an apothecaries' name for this substance, used as a medicine. In English it

was easy to pass from *-brat* or *-bret* to *bread*, and thus we get our favourite term.

Gingham, with the ending *-ham*, may easily pass for an English word; but it is the English who have stuck on the familiar ending. No European language exhibits the same ending; they all have words ending in *-ang* or something like it, which is the second syllable of the original Malay, which meant “something striped.” We often leave out the stripes, especially in our umbrellas.

Gist. There are three substantives *Gist* in English, but only one has survived to our time. This is really the third person singular of a French verb, *gésir*, “to lie.” The modern French *git* and the old French *gist* mean “it lies”; passing into legal use as a substantive it means “the real ground or point of an action,” and in ordinary language “the substance or pith of a matter.”

Gossip. The old English or Anglo-Saxon word was *godsibb*, meaning “a kinsman in God,” or one spiritually related. Godfathers and godmothers were believed to enter into a spiritual relationship to one another, as well as to the child for whom they became sponsors, and in virtue of this were not allowed to intermarry. From godfathers and godmothers the word passed on to familiar acquaintances, both men and women, especially to women invited to be present at a birth. Last of all come the common significations of “one who indulges in light talk,” and “the talk of such a person.”

Gout. This word is from the Latin *gutta*, “a drop,” through the French *goutte*. The connection is not at first sight obvious; it is the outcome of a mediæval notion, that gout was caused by drops let fall from the blood in and around the joints.

Rise and Fall of Society Journalism

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT

"SIMPLY a mania for printing what formerly people did not think it worth while to say." Such was the explanation given by A. W. Kinglake of the rapid popularity reached by "society journals," now not very much less than a generation ago. To-day, according to the evidences of circulation and the verdict of publishers, the reaction has come. The nineteenth century was eventful enough to have witnessed both the rise and decline of that journalistic institution; the retrospect of both impartially may be taken now.

Between 1865 and 1867, the then limited world of Pall Mall and Mayfair was startled and entertained by the periodical appearance of a little sheet, whose chief contents were short paragraphs, embodying early news, pungent epigrams in verse, *jeux d'esprit* of different sorts, sometimes recalling in their force and felicity, as well as in their implied knowledge of state secrets, the *Anti-Jacobin* of George Canning and Hookham Freer.

The *Owl*, like the *Pall Mall Gazette* of *Pendennis*, might have made the boast—never, as a fact, put forward by its namesake—that it was written by gentlemen for gentlemen. The information it often contained in politics, especially in diplomacy, was generally in advance of, and more accurate than, that which appeared in the daily or weekly press. It might, no doubt, have commanded even then a wide and paying circulation. It was, however, ostentatiously conducted with a fine disregard of commercial principles. The writers thought themselves sufficiently rewarded by the opportunity of showing, in good company, their brightness, cleverness, knowingness, and wit to a choice circle of appreciative readers; they only sent in their copy to the editor when they were in the humour to write, or thought they had something that would repay the trouble of saying; their engagements, social, political, or diplomatic, made their movements rather uncertain; they refused to be "dunned for copy." As a consequence, newsvendors were not very keen to obtain orders for the clever columns, appearing at eccentrically uncertain intervals.

Of the *Owl's* staff, all have since made their mark in public life; the editor was the then conductor of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Algernon Borthwick, who is to-day Lord Glenesk; among his staff were Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, then in the Foreign Office, to whose literary aptitude for party service a marked tribute is paid in the memoirs of his official chief, Lord Malmesbury. Readers of Disraeli's letters to his sister will remember his frequent mention of his companion, James Clay, later universally known as member for Hull, and one of the best whist-players in Europe. Down to 1873, Mr. Clay, even when not in the House of Commons, was on terms of intimate friendship with his political contemporaries, Disraeli and others. His son, the musical critic and composer, died but recently; in the *Owl* days he was a Treasury clerk of universal acceptability in the best houses, frequently serving under Cabinet ministers, going everywhere and hearing everything. He had a pretty knack of writing; in the *Owl* his pen was usually active. The paper had another prominent contributor in Mr. Bromley-Davenport.

The little company contained no more versatile and distinguished member than the late Laurence Oliphant. In one of Lady Blessington's annuals, called *Keepsakes*, the then little known author of *Lothair* gave the first hint of the eponymous figure in his penultimate, and, as Froude always maintained, his very best, novel. So, in his *Owl* compositions, Oliphant rehearsed the characters and incidents which he afterwards elaborated in *Piccadilly* and in *Altiora Peto*. A periodical whose staff despised lucre, and faithfully observed the unwritten law of their association, that the earnings of their pens and the profits of their paper should be spent on social enjoyment, was not likely to be long-lived. About the period in which were heard the first whispers of a Conservative Reform Bill, the *Owl* brought its brief, bright, and exclusively fashionable existence to a close.

In the St. James's Street chambers of a gentleman, bearing a name well known in

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the popular literature of two generations, used at this time to meet several friends connected with the London Press, who had at one time or another been in the Civil Service of the Crown. "Let us start a comic *Punch*," was the suggestion of a witty secessionist from the first writers for the original *London Charivari*. "Why not a successor to the *Owl*, based upon a rather broader foundation, addressed to a wider public, conducted after a more methodical fashion?" Such was the question which Mr. Arthur à Beckett and his friends asked themselves at these little gatherings. The result was the *Tomahawk*; its letterpress might have been inspired by the genius of the defunct *Owl*; it had an entirely original feature in the coloured cartoons of "Mat" Morgan, once the most famous of scenic artists at Drury Lane, and endowed with a remarkable gift of lurid caricature. To these gifts he now first did justice: the sketches of Napoleon III. and the ghost (the Mexican Maximilian), as well as of the ill-starred Marquis of Hastings driving a Derby coach down the descent of Avernus, produced much sensation, and made the *Tomahawk* an immediate success. Among others who wrote regularly for this clever precursor of the twentieth-century society journals were Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, now the "candid friend" of the Ministry in the House of Commons, then in a public office; Mr. Arthur à Beckett's brother, now director of contracts at the War Office; and the late Captain Alfred Thompson, who claimed to divide with the present editor of *Punch*, Mr. F. C. Burnand, the distinction of having originated the Cambridge A.D.C.

The *Tomahawk*, I think, had a life of about two years. From its ashes sprang a little crop of journals of its own class. In 1868 Mr. T. Gibson Bowles started *Vanity Fair*, which is thus to-day the oldest of that newspaper order. About the same time Mr. Alfred Thompson, noting the fashionable popularity of the theatre, founded the *Mask*, which he not only conducted, but himself both wrote and illustrated. After leaving his dragoon regiment, he had settled down to the study of art in Paris; he soon saturated himself with the pictorial and literary spirit of the most modern France; his mastery of the language and of the superficial aspects of brilliant life opened to him the *Figaro*, then at its very best; his quick appreciation of

pictorial effect, and his skill in drawing "on the wood," secured him engagements on several illustrated Parisian papers of the lighter sort. The existence of his English venture was as bright as it was brief; among the cartoons, which he drew for himself, was one representing the writers for the *Times* as strolling players in a barn, dressing for their nightly parts in Printing House Square. Mr. Furniss's weekly experiment, some half-dozen years ago, with a little paper, *Lika-Joko*, revived some of the features of the long-forgotten *Mask*.

The next landmark in the rise of weekly chronicles of the infinitely little is an incident that brought those figuring in it into the police-court during the summer of 1869. "An Editor horsewhipped by a Nobleman" was the heading under which the evening special editions narrated, with many embellishments of their own, a by no means ferocious—a tame, an absolutely unheroic encounter in the southern section of St. James's Street. This is how it presented itself to a chance spectator, like the present writer, of one or two points of the encounter. A middle-aged gentleman, walking out of the Conservative Club, as he put his foot upon the pavement, was hustled by a rather younger gentleman, who gently brandished a riding-whip with the air of a conductor waving his *bâton*, in a manner that might at first have been taken for a rough expression of Newfoundland-dog-like affection. The ruthless severity of the castigation existed in the mind of the reporter, who wrote the paragraph, not as an eye-witness, but from the inspiration of the club page-boys and the other juvenile loafers of the famous thoroughfare, who had seen or heard something of the little tussle of an hour or two before. The assailed clubman—his dress rumpled, but not otherwise the worse for the assault—presently re-appeared in the Conservative morning-room; he decided upon bringing a charge of assault against his aggressor, Lord Carrington. In a little news-sheet, of appearance scarcely less disreputable than Dr. Kenealy's *Englishman*, and entitled the *Queen's Messenger*, had appeared an article called "Bob Coachington, Lord Jarvey." Of the newspaper in question, the registered proprietor was a son of the "horse-whipped" gentleman, whom his assailant charged with the authorship of the offensive piece.

Rise and Fall of Society Journalism

Whatever Eustace Clare Grenville Murray wrote or did not write in the *Queen's Messenger*, he was intellectually the most capable among all the founders of society journalism. A natural son of the second Duke of Buckingham, he had seen his life's prospects blighted and himself deprived of any provision by his father's fabulous extravagance. The great crash at Stowe came when Grenville Murray was still a young man. The *Times*, commenting on the Stowe sale and its personal causes, had spoken of the duke as a "man of the highest rank and of a property not unequal to his rank, who has flung away all by profusion and folly, who reduced his honours to the tinsel of a pauper and the baubles of a fool." The *Standard* of the day, then severely critical of neo-Conservative finances, represented his Grace as the victim of circumstances, and laid the blame upon "Peel's Currency Laws." The best description of these events and the recklessness which led up to them, will be found in Grenville Murray's excellently written and largely autobiographical novel *Young Brown*. This book appeared, under Mr. Frederick Greenwood's editorship, in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Its capital literary style and its suggestive delicacy in describing difficult episodes, make the work still readable and remarkable; fidelity to fact, rather than affection to a parent, gives to the portrait of the duke a historic value in the picture-gallery of the socio-political grandes of a bygone age. *Young Brown's* Crimean experiences reflect the military adventures of Grenville Murray himself; after leaving Oxford in 1851, he had served in the Austrian army; then he unexpectedly appeared one morning with nothing about him but his card-case at the English embassy in Vienna; he now took up diplomacy as a career, was sent on a mission to the Aegean Islands, became successively attaché at Teheran and consul-general at Odessa. All this time his pen was busy in the public press; more than any other writer of his day, he showed the happy effect which might be produced in the Anglo-Saxon vernacular by a thorough and artistic assimilation of the finesse and subtlety of French style. As a journalist, Grenville Murray enjoyed the advantage of a training by the most successful manufacturer of popular journalists who ever lived. Charles Dickens, then editing his *Household Words*, at once detected the original worth and the popular adaptability of the aspirant

contributor, who sent in on chance the first of a series of papers, *The Roving Englishman*. Diplomacy indeed lost what journalism gained. Murray's disclosure of abuses in the service caused his own departure from it in 1866; from that date to his death in 1881, he lived entirely at Paris or in its neighbourhood, a fine and gracious-mannered little gentleman, with strikingly patrician features of the Grenville type, known to the waiters of the *Café Anglais* and *Maison Dorée* and to a few chance visitors as the "little dook."

During these years he made the acquaintance of Mr. Edmund Yates. Between the literary ideas, as between the personal adventures of the two men, a general resemblance might have been found. Both had begun in the Civil Service of the Crown; each had wearied of the monotony of the employment; Murray left professional diplomacy in 1866; within the same decade Edmund Yates retired on a pension from his place in the Post Office, and started upon his lecturing tour in the United States; of that expedition, the pecuniary results enabled the lecturer, with some co-operation from friends, to start a newspaper of his own. Already, in the extinct *Morning Star*, the organ of John Bright and his friends, Mr. Yates had deposited the germ of his later journalistic enterprise; under the heading "Le Flâneur," he wrote a Tuesday column of gossip, chiefly personal, concerning current topics of popular interest. Like Halliday, Parkinson, and Sala, Yates and Murray had both learned their craft in the school of Dickens, and had belonged to the staff of *Household Words*; in the case of Yates (who had, however, been at the University of Bonn) the Gallic element and influence were represented by those distinctive of the school of Cockaigne. Edmund Yates knew thoroughly well the nation of London, to use De Quincey's phrase, its social divisions and its newspaper needs.

When these two men started the *World*, of which from the first Yates pulled the labouring oar, their conscious exemplar was Parisian rather than American. To be, each of them in his way, the Villemessant of London; to produce a journal, that should be to fashionable and unfashionable readers on the Thames what the *Figaro* was to the boulevardiers and gommeux on the Seine—such was the idea with which, in 1876, was started the *World*, the first and the prolific

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parent of the newspaper progeny constituting to-day the aggregate of the society press. The *Morning and Evening Star* first, and afterwards a little nocturnal broadsheet, called the *Glow Worm*, had already introduced into London the *feuilleton*, as well as the sort of paragraphs which pleased the idlers of Paris. Of all writers of his time, Grenville Murray approached nearest to the French masters of the short story or novelette—Cherbuliez and De Musset. In this art, Grenville Murray, at the time he wrote his sketches in the *World*, had no English rival; he has since found no English successors. The combined cleverness of its two promoters might have failed to make the paper a success, but for the accession of Mr. Henry Labouchere; his letters, as "the Besieged Resident" in Paris, during the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, had hit the public taste; for the *World* he provided a new sensation in his exposure of the West-End usurers. A libel action followed; there could of course have been no better advertisement. The newspaper's prosperity was assured; the new era of society journalism had begun. The thing itself, however, was far from being a novelty; it had always been practised by the London correspondent of provincial newspapers; it had been anticipated in portions of the weekly and even daily press from the beginning of the nineteenth century. When trying a case that arose out of the paragraphs in a society journal, the then Chief Justice, Lord Coleridge, expatiated upon the "utterly attenuated personalities" of the peccant print. The personalities that regularly shocked or delighted the readers of Theodore Hook's *John Bull* and of other hebdomadals of that era were indeed full-flavoured and direct; not, however, more so than were many entries and announcements of the *Chronicle*, and, in the old days, of the *Times* itself. As an independent existence, the nineteenth-century society paper might be a novelty; as to its contents, it must be pronounced to a great extent to have been a revival.

To-day the daily press has largely profited by the hint; constantly increasing space is given to paragraphs of gossip by serious journals, morning and evening, metropolitan as well as provincial. Hence the very enterprise of the new school of newspapers has provoked a fresh competition, materially interfering with their own circulation; the daily broad-sheet, giving the con-

temporary history of the world during the previous twenty-four hours, had long since become a rival to the weekly or monthly magazines; it has now taken the favourite water of the society journals as well.

Other circumstances have contributed to the decline of what a few years since was spoken of as novelties in journalism. In the proceedings above referred to, and dealt with by the judges in the High Court of Justice, about half a generation ago, the cause of the trouble, into which a clever, if in this case a rather careless, editor had fallen, was traced home to a lady of title, who added to her pocket-money by furnishing items of social small-talk to the society press. She was only a representative member of an unpleasantly common class. The action that lodged the editor of the *World*, as a first-class misdemeanant, in Holloway Gaol seriously fluttered the fashionable outside contributors to papers of this description.

Gradually, too, there came over social conversation a spirit of uneasy restraint, recalling that which checked the social chatter of imperial Rome, when Tiberius undermined its fashionable circles by his delations and espionage. When every one knows his or her neighbour at dinner to be an actual or potential contributor of gossip paragraphs, or writer of reminiscences, the chance acquaintance becomes the possible rival, to whom to impart nothing, but out of whom to extract as much material, as may be, for remunerative "copy."

There is another reason that more creditably explains the diminishing vogue of the publications now spoken of. Within the last ten or twenty years, all the well-to-do classes have developed a great number of new and more serious interests in life; even what is called smart society finds a congenial occupation in philanthropic or morally and intellectually improving pursuits. But, though neither in periodicals nor in the books of the circulating library has the writing, which is purely personal, the same attractions for the twentieth as it had for the last half of the nineteenth century, the influence exercised by these prints upon newspaper-writing generally remains. Except on the highest levels of the daily or weekly press, the jerky paragraph threatens to supplant the decorous "leader"; the journalistic vocation tends to become less that of a writer than of a touter for news.

On the Wrong Scent

BY KATHLEEN DESMOND

IN the time of the celebrated "White Boys" of old Ireland there were many exciting, romantic, and even remarkably funny things that took place. All the native vivacious characteristics, with the keen sense of the ridiculous that still shows itself in the Irish, in a way unlike that of any other people, were then given free play.

About the time of which we are writing there had been many determined attacks on the houses of the gentry in the western counties of Ireland. The "Boys" might individually be deeply attached to a particular family, yet the "Cause" always took first place. They might, perhaps, personally avoid any attack on those they served, with a view to escape being identified afterwards; but they generally did all in their power to help the "White Boys" on, giving any information they could as to the number of guns or the chance of reaching them.

One day the county was ringing with the news of, and boiling with indignation over, an attack on the house of Mr. Westropp, the magistrate. Mr. Westropp kept a large establishment; carriages and horses, grooms, and a coachman named Terence Sullivan. Mr. and Mrs. Westropp, their son Charley, and two daughters, Milliora and Eileen, comprised the family. Upon this occasion dinner had been finished, and the girls had strayed to the piano in the drawing-room, where they amused themselves for a considerable time. Then, as the elders and Charley remained chatting so long over the dining-room fire on the all-absorbing topic of "White Boys" and how they ought to be dealt with, they came back and said good-night, and retired to their rooms. Charley had been holding an interesting discussion with his father about the amount of punishment that ought to be meted out to the "Boys" for the bare attack on a house. He argued as to the difficulty of identifying them in the disguise they had adopted of white overalls and black masks, maintaining that the best way would be to try and take one of them prisoner. "I declare, I should not mind a brush with the

'Boys' here myself; only I suppose they would not care to 'beard the lion in his own den,'" said Charley.

"I don't think myself they will try it," dryly remarked Mr. Westropp.

"But hist!—what's that?" Charley held up his hand to command silence. All bent listening ears, and each distinctly heard the sound of voices and the click of a trigger or two, as if coming from outside the window. "The 'Boys,' as I live!" exclaimed Charley.

Father and son looked at each other and made for their fire-arms. Mrs. Westropp rushed up-stairs to see if the girls were still awake. In a moment Charley thought of the back doors, as he knew the servants might "accidentally on purpose" leave them open. Locking the doors and putting the keys in his pocket, he was quickly back at his father's side, and lowered the lamps not a moment too soon, as shots were being fired rapidly at the window, and demands made for the "goons." They fired back; and evidently some of the return shots began to take effect outside, for they overheard a voice, "Begob, a near shave, Mike." At this Charley dashed through the window they had raised when they commenced to fire, and in a second he and one of the "Boys" were swaying to and fro, each trying to get the other under. Some one fired out of the bushes, indeed bullets were whizzing on all sides, and Charley was wounded in the shoulder, though he still kept a firm grasp of the man.

His father, while trying to keep a sharp eye on Charley, had his attention diverted at the moment he was wounded by an attempt of one of the men to get in at the window. When he had beaten him off successfully, his eye again sought his son, and he caught sight of a fellow stealing up behind with a reversed gun raised to strike him down and release his comrade. On the instant Mr. Westropp, seizing a hunting-whip from a rack near the window, as he dare not fire lest he should hit his son, leaped out, and, grasping the fellow by the collar just in time, laid on so vigorously with the whip that the man yelled for mercy.

At this moment another shot was fired from behind the bushes, and quite by

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IN A SECOND HE AND ONE OF THE "BOYS" WERE SWAYING TO AND FRO

mistake it wounded the assailant Charley was struggling with.

Meanwhile Mrs. Westropp, who very

bravely had rushed to see what was going on, was horrified to find her husband and son on the outside of the house. Calling

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loudly to her husband, in her eagerness she herself got out through the window as best she could, and dragging him to her side, she turned to find Charley almost fainting. His father and mother succeeded in carrying him inside, and finding to their immeasurable relief that his wound was only in the shoulder, they immediately hunted up a groom to go off for Dr. De Rupard, the family physician. Amidst all the bustle, while his mother and sisters were trying to get off Charley's coat and make him as comfortable as possible, the peelers turned up, headed by Sergeant Kelly, a man who was mad after the "White Boys," for again and again had they foiled his attempts to catch even one of them.

Mr. Westropp said he thought it strange they did not try to get into the house.

"They would have done so, only some of them *smelt* us comin', sir; but we'll get 'em yet."

"Mr. Charley nearly made one prisoner, only he was wounded before he could secure him."

Deep and strong was the rage of Kelly; but he determined a day would come, and that soon.

As soon as the bullet had been extracted, and Charley was comfortably settled for the night, the doctor said he must get home, as he had a serious case on hand. His cousin, Mr. De Rupard, of Killucan, who was dangerously ill, especially demanded his attention. So, declining the pressing offer of a bed, late as it was, the doctor prepared for his return drive. It was indeed near the dawn when his horse was led out by Terence the coachman, who looked much perturbed and wild, though no one had time to notice his agitation.

When the doctor was about half-a-mile on his way he was surprised to see a man in a very tattered condition running across a field towards him, beckoning and calling him in an excited and breathless way. The doctor drew up and waited, and the man, leaping over the low ditch, clasped his hands, and with an entreating look of agony in his eyes begged of the doctor to "Cum along wid him to see his son Philip." He would not say what was the matter with him for a long time, only "Och sure, your honour, 'tisn't the faver nor nothing of that at all, but faith, 'twas hurted he wor." From the man's manner the doctor knew it could only be a wounded "White Boy" he

was being called upon to see, nor was it the first either. After a little time, while the doctor allowed the man to lead the horse up a "borheen" (side road to a farm), the fellow gradually opened his mind a little more.

"Begob, I don't care for a mother's son of 'em, 'tis yourself and no one else I'd have, knowing you're wan of the ould stock, as can always behave honourable; for sure 'tis yourself as knows right well 'tis my head in my hand I'm taking bringing you to the place at all."

Here they had to tie the horse to an old gate-post, and turning abruptly to the right they left the track and went along a narrow path, through heather and bracken, which seemed to end in a little noisy, pebbly stream. Here, suddenly, the man turned aside to a knoll covered with underwood and a perfect glory of heather. The view from this place was perfect in the early morning, and the songsters of the woods were already pouring forth their glorious, sweet, and joyful tones. When the doctor got round to what he mentally called the back of the place, he found there an opening to a kind of cave, not large or peculiarly formed enough to attract visitors, but capable of being used as a shelter in an emergency.

Obeying the look of entreaty in the man's face, he stooped over a hastily-made couch of leaves and moss. There was an old coat thrown over what seemed to be a human form crouching in pain underneath. It was indeed a wounded man. After a careful examination the doctor extracted a bullet, and did all he possibly could to make the creature comfortable, advising the elder man to remove his son to a more suitable lodging, which was, however, vehemently opposed by both. The doctor prepared to take his leave. He knew at once, of course, it was the man who had been shot by mistake by his comrades at Mr. Westropp's house, but he said nothing. At last, after a lot of shuffling and hesitating, the old man acknowledged his name was Sullivan, and that "Philip, his son, was one of the 'Boys';" that he "was hurted accidentally the night before;" that he "knowed the docther would not 'let on' about it;" that he "thrusted him entirely." The doctor assured him he would say nothing of having been called in to see any one on his way back from the Westropps', but he must now be getting on before every one was abroad.

Again and again the doctor made his

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visits to Philip with as much circumspection as possible, purposely calling late in the day at the Westropps' so as to go under cover of darkness to the cave, and he was always met by old Dan, who seemed to be ever on the watch.

The doctor said that in a few days Phil must be moved to his home, or to a neighbour's house. He had been well looked after by his friends, many of the housewives around sending milk, broth, and even a "dhrap of the crather," which did not tend to decrease the inflammation of his wounds. He managed, however, to pull through his illness, as the son of such a hardy race of forefathers would be likely to do.

But the best-laid plan may sometimes fail to be carried out.

The night that Dan arranged to bring Farmer McGuire's trap to the cave, and quietly convey Phil to his home, *some one else* had thought that it was time Phil had a little drive, and, greatly to the surprise and chagrin of Phil, Sergeant Kelly appeared on the scene, accompanied by Connell the peeler.

They very quietly slipped the "bracelets"—as handcuffs are facetiously called—over Phil's wrists, and led him to the car they had brought with them. It had happened that one night Kelly, ever closely on the watch since the raid on the Westropps' house, had discovered the doctor's horse tied to the post of the old gate, and, of course, determined to find out the why and the wherefore.

By watching and listening, he discovered that some one was ill in the little cave, and night after night, dodging old Dan, he listened to all that took place, and managed to be "first in the field" when the removal was finally arranged.

So Phil was missing when Dan came for him, and great was the surprise of the old man.

He called at one or two houses to see if some of the neighbours had taken him to their homes, but still no sign of Phil. Late as it was, he proceeded on towards the village. To the first man he met he said he "did not know whatever had happened Phil." A thought entered his mind, and was quickly banished as impossible, that he could have been "*took*." But by the time old Dan had got to the village, he soon heard the news that Phil had been seen going to the barracks with Sergeant Kelly and Connell the peeler, and "ivery man of them

wanted to *thrace the informer!* for be this and be that they'd *do* for him or her."

* * * * *

The meeting of the "Boys" was held next night at "The Harp," and never had there been a more vigorous discussion, which, of course, gradually broke into a storm of indignation. The storm grew and strengthened in intensity. The cry ever came round to the fact that "not a mortal soul but the docther knew where Phil was hid, outside his own friends round, and, faith, for sure, there warn't an *Informer* amongst 'em." Old Dan was questioned again and again as to what the doctor had promised, and he certainly stood up through thick and thin for him.

"Sure, don't I tell ye," said the half-demented man, "the docther never said a wort! Niver axed if Phil had been up to the hoose. 'Tis they at the hoose, I tell ye, as have tould on him; they would 'identify Phil as the 'Boy' Master Charley had a hoult on."

Phil had evidently told his father all about the "shindy."

"Thin, 'pon me sowkins, we'll have a hoult on some one till we know who's had a hoult on Phil," said Terence Sullivan, old Dan's eldest son, and the Westropps' coachman.

A stranger coming in would at once see that Terence was in a great measure a leader amongst these people. He seemed to stand out more prominently than the others; both physically and mentally he was the best "Boy" amongst them, and he now took the floor, more especially on this occasion, as Phil was his own brother, and it was Phil's capture they were about to avenge.

His father's idea that any one "up at the hoose" could have discovered Phil's hiding-place, and he not to find out they knew, was absurd. "All a pack of baldtherdash. 'Twas the docther done it for sure, as there was no one else as could, and for why he should do the like he could no-how e-magine."

All the others agreed entirely, so glad were they to fix on any one upon whom to wreak their vengeance; and old Dan ranted and raved at them for a pack of "bosthunes." "If they laid hands on the docther, sure wheriver and whatever was to become of ivery wan in the place, an' a power of *Colleens*!!¹ and *Gossoons*!!² expected every blessed minute. Who war

¹ Girls.

² Boys.



"DEATH TO THE TRAITOR"

On the Wrong Scent

to mind 'em if they put the docther out of the way?"

This staggered them for a short time, but Terence over-ruled the idea till Paddy McGuire—whose "thrap" was to have gone for Phil—broke in with the statement that he for one "did not want to send for ould Docther Mulcahey. Faith, he took so much rum in his tay now that he'd hardly be able to poseribe for a cauld, he'd be tellin' us all to 'dhrink a warm bath and put our feät in gruel,' as he tould ould Biddy Keary when last she went to him."

This was received with a roar of laughter, and Terence had to join in it himself. However, he returned to the charge with redoubled energy.

"How-some-ever, Boys, we must find out who bethrayed Phil; and we can anyhow get hould of the docther some way, and get out of him all he knows."

Old Dan was not satisfied. "Hould on, Boys, let's think if we have any enemies."

"No, niver a man, we's all good friends to the Sullivans," and old Dan was silenced, for the present anyway.

Terence again took the lead. "I tell ye 'twas no one else done it," protested he.

"Then we'll do for him," was answered all round, and the dark, eager faces looked expectantly at Terence, who continued:

"I knows for a fact he goes to Killucan ivery blissed night, and comes home all hours; for ould Mr. De Rupard is at death's door, and he is for iver on the throat to and fro; and I tell ye, he'll go once too often for himself for this day's work," and Terence found he was endowed with oratorical powers. "What for should Phil be took for? Master Charley is neither dead nor dying; let 'em see the English gives us our rights, and thin we'll let them alone; till they do, we'll get the goons to fight one way or 'nother. Let's see who'll stand between us and them, and see what a traitor will get." "Death to the traitor," was yelled on all sides, and Terence now held the meeting, as it were, in the hollow of his hand, and swayed them as he willed. "We'll do for him, Boys; the road is long and dark."

"Nay, Terence, he cannot have turned informer." But old Dan's words were wafted aside like smoke.

Each evil mind there propounded one more fiendish scheme than another, but Terence was the acknowledged leader. After the assurance that the doctor did

really go to the De Rupards' every night, they finally settled the matter thus: "After he is gone there we'll cook the road for his coming back," said Terence. "Let Mike Doolan and Pater Maloney have a good pick each, with a yard of the road dug hollow, and a faggot thrown in the hole. Ay, a shovel of stones and gravel on top he'll never see, and he'll dhrive straighth over it till the mare is down."

This was eminently satisfactory as far as a plan could go, but still they parted before they quite decided what should be done to the doctor when they *had* captured him.

II

THE doctor had heard of young Phil's capture by Kelly, but he had made no remark to any one, and had kept his own counsel about Phil's wound, and no one dreamed he knew the man. Also it was just then that Mr. De Rupard's case was taking up a great deal of time and thought, and as Phil ceased to be a patient he really seldom remembered him. It was quite true that his return home was often later than usual since Mr. De Rupard's illness, as he often managed, by changing horses, to get back there for a late dinner, and rested, and did not start home till late at night. This he did night after night during the exigencies of the case. But with a fresh horse he never seemed to mind, though he had to travel over the loneliest, dreariest road that stretched for three or four miles through what was practically a bog, and the rest of the way not more than half-a-dozen isolated cottages. But whoever saw one of the noble army of doctors turn aside from a call for help and attention? and in this case great personal affection existed between the patient and the doctor, and the fact that a faint starlight took the place of the cheery gas-lamp, and the rustle of reeds and the cry of the heron the only sounds in the dim night, produced in him no hesitation. Oh, it is a very different thing to be driven over a well-lit, smooth road, a mile out of town, and to drive yourself eight or ten miles through a country of boggy terra firma and "White Boy" politics. Instead of trembling at every sound or ominous silence, however, Dr. De Rupard was deep in thought as to the danger or otherwise of the symptoms of the disease, and the

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special efficacy of the remedies he considered wisest to administer.

Soon after the fight at the Westropps', the scouts were able to tell the "Boys" that the doctor still went every night to Killucan.

All the pros and cons of the situation were fully discussed, amidst much opposition from some—for the doctor was a great favourite, and had helped and cared for many a one amongst the "Boys"—and certain promises from the more violently disposed that they "meant no harm, only to frighten the auld man" (and they ought to have known that that would be no easy matter), "and make him tell who tould on Phil;" but no deed of actual violence was to be committed "on the docther, for, begob, he was a good friend to the poor." But in their eagerness they noted not the dark and evil look of some of the strange "Boys'" faces—a look that would have told the wary that mischief, and nothing but mischief, would be the outcome of *their* designs so far as they were concerned.

Dr. De Rupard, still intent on completing the cure he had already perceived advancing in his friend and patient, little dreamed that his own life was endangered by his nightly drive. Backwards and forwards still he went, till "tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep" began to soothe the weakened nerves, and hope sprang up once more in the weary hearts around the sick bed.

At last one night it was decided that Mrs. De Rupard might go to bed in a distant room, and try and get some much-needed rest, and her sister-in-law Deborah, who was strong-minded and healthy, would undertake the entire charge for the night, and rest and sleep as much as possible on a sofa-bed made up in the room for her.

We all know the relief and relaxation of vigilance when a patient is out of danger after a long illness, and half-an-hour after the doctor had finished a hearty supper of cold corned beef and hot coffee, Deborah was in the land of dreams. *Dreams!* did we say? nay, surely some horrible nightmare convulsed her. What appalling visions are bathing her in a dew of terror, till great drops of moisture stand ready to drop off her long dark hair? Her eyes open wide, and yet see nothing of her surroundings. What is the fascination that has seized her vision? For that she is passing through some terrible experience, or sees some awful danger or crime, there could have been no doubt had any one seen

her except her unfortunate patient, who, by the sympathy of his nature with that of his sister, was aroused from his refreshing sleep, and, confusing her ghastly image with some of the fancies that haunted his mind when at his worst, he kept staring at her features and their horrible contortions till he fell into a swoon.

Later, with a strong effort that almost seemed to rend her frame, Deborah shook off the mighty weight of horror, and with one wild glance at the bed, she bounded down-stairs, burst into the dining-room, gasping the words "Thank God!" when she saw the doctor still in the house, but with his driving-coat on and his hand on the bell to order his gig. She seized his arm and, dragging rather than leading him to the bottom of the stairs, she said the one word "Up." He, startled by her appearance, immediately thought that some frightful accident had happened, and was at the bedside of Mr. De Rupard before she could get there herself, which she did with the utmost difficulty. Again seizing his arm, she peremptorily said, "You are not to go home," and sank on the floor in a dead faint. Bewildered and horrified at Deborah's appearance, astounded to find his patient in a swoon, whom he had left such a short time before in a comfortable sleep, the doctor had to hurry to Mrs. De Rupard and arouse her, telling her on her arrival in the room that something very unusual had occurred.

Mrs. De Rupard was distressed beyond measure to find her husband in what seemed to be such a sudden relapse, but her amazement at seeing *Deborah!* who was never known to be guilty of such weakness;—surely something very much out of the common had happened. Mr. De Rupard soon came round under the skilful treatment, but Deborah still lay passive under all attempts made for her recovery.

Presently, after an anxious time, during which Mr. De Rupard had given them a brief outline of what he could remember having seen, and they were satisfied that no intruder had been the cause of such evidently terrified emotions, Deborah stirred slightly, and a low moan came from her lips; a little longer and she opened her eyes, but did not seem to take in where she was. At last a shuddering sigh, followed by a fit of trembling, and she immediately recognised the doctor.

An expression of almost rapturous joy

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overspread her face, and she clutched his coat-sleeve again with all her feeble strength, and again gasped the words, "Not go home to-night," and would have fainted but for the prompt measures at once applied.

The doctor looked at Mrs. De Rupard in perplexity. What on earth does it all mean? was plainly written across his face. Had it been any one but Deborah, Mrs. De Rupard could have understood it as hysterical and utterly foolish imagination, "merely giving way," as she was fond of saying; but Deborah, the strong-minded, who laughed at the idea of visions and dreams coming true, and even could not bear the slightest allusion to the fact that some of the family had been known to be gifted with second sight; she pooh-poohed the idea of belief in it as childish and absurd, declared it was "because they had had too heavy a supper; for her part she thanked goodness she was born with common-sense;" and lo! here was Deborah actually fainting, a thing she had never been known to attempt before, because she had suffered from nightmare, or what, until they knew more about the whole matter, they were bound to believe *was* nightmare. But she was coming to; now they would hear all, and half-chaff and half-scold her for frightening them. Both the chaff and the scold died down when Deborah was able to speak. For the third time the words, "You won't go home to-night," spoken more now as if delivering a message than a personal request, silenced them for a moment. Then sitting upright she said: "Have I disturbed John? I am so sorry; I must go down-stairs for a while." Mrs. De Rupard summoned a trustworthy servant, and they made Mr. De Rupard as comfortable as possible for the night, hoping he could again fall asleep, and they now took Deborah, who seemed quite limp, down to the dining-room fire.

"Take off that coat, please, at once," she said to the doctor, as he seated himself on the couch, Mrs. De Rupard sitting opposite. He saw he must not excite her, and though it was getting late he felt he must humour her. Again sitting down, he said in a bright, cheerful tone: "Now you will feel better, Deborah, when you have told us the visions that have disturbed you; nothing like a good talk to relieve the mind of a bad impression; out with it, old girl." But the witty reply, so usual to

her, was not heard, and placing her hands on her head, as if to help her to gather the threads of her story, she began:

"As you know, I made all arrangements for the night, and lay down thinking how thankful we ought to be that John was so much better, and hoping that the fire was burning up brightly for you, I must have at once dropped asleep."

THE DREAM.

"I thought I heard you drive away from the door, and I seemed to follow you on and on as one does in dreams. Then we got out on the road, and I suddenly saw white forms with wings overshadowing you, and dark forms began to gather round, and were kept back by the white messengers; and then, when we got near the bog, a greater crowd of evil-looking faces came from all round and pressed up to get near you, and were still conquered by the white visitants. Then the road itself changed and became like the edge of a cliff. Still you went on, and I totally forgot myself, all thought centred on your danger. The cliff, which had only seemed steep on one side before, now suddenly appeared to have been undermined on the other by the dark forms, and the white forms pressed closer and closer to your person as the road grew narrower and narrower, and the mare trembled and neighed with terror. On, on still, ever nearing some dark mysterious goal, till my appalled eyes beheld a fearful chasm, a moment's awestruck pause, and the mare screamed, as it were, and plunged headlong into the abyss. Still I could see you surrounded by the white forms, and safe so far. I remember no more till I saw you bending over me, but that some deadly evil is intended for you to-night, I dare not for a moment doubt. You can well imagine my intense relief when I saw you safe and sound, and out of this house you shall not stir this blessed night."

Here was a poser; the doctor was certainly impressed with the dream, and the powerful manner of telling it; but not to go home, really and truly—to leave Clara in doubt and suspense all night at his non-return—this was not to be thought of for a moment. "Now, Deborah, when you have had a cup of coffee and another good talk you will be all right." How well they remembered afterwards his cheerful chat, and how he led away to other subjects;

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and then when they were calmed and quiet once more, how determined and steadfast he looked while he made arrangements to go home. Protestations and entreaties were alike useless; home he would go.

When well under way in the stillness of the night, the remembrance of Deborah's dream came back vividly to his mind. There was no moon, and the stars were twinkling here and there, but often hidden by driving clouds. Scarcely a tree in sight, save a few straggling firs outlining the horizon, silence and loneliness reigned around. Why was that absurd dream haunting him as he drove along? All the De Rupards were absolutely without superstition, but an undefined and unallowed feeling of some trouble in the air, as it were, crept into his heart. The whispering reeds seemed to speak of it amid the solemn hush of the night. The remembrance of the dream, surely it was, that made the faint sound of moving wings around him. The clouds gathered over the stars, and the light became dimmer, and yet more dim. As he neared that part of the road that fringed the bog, an absolute stillness that could almost be felt seemed to hold all the usual sounds that one hears at night. The mare began to show signs of consciousness that something uncanny was abroad. Ah! was not that something moving there by the hedge? *Crash!* the mare is down, and before the shock is past he is set on from behind and dragged out of the trap. "Now, Boys, what is all this about?" and all the nameless horror is a thing of the past. "Ha! Sullivan, so you are here too." While he spoke, one of the "Boys" dashed up, crying out: "Millia murther, hould on; 'tis Kelly the peeler that's done it—that took Phil; he watched the doctor unknownst."

Immediately a perfect babble of tongues ran high, and a fierce dispute was going on. The horse was up again, and led away a short distance. Now while Terence was haranguing the "Boys," old Dan slipped up to the doctor and whispered in his ear, and at once turned away before any one noticed him. The doctor was trying to catch what they were saying, and the reason of his being as suddenly let alone as he was set on before. There were a number of men, and Terence still seemed to be the leader; but there was a dispute as to what exactly was to be the outcome of the doctor's capture. He heard one strange

and evil-looking man declare they were a "pack of *bosthunes* and *omathauns*; what for did they make a nate plan to be stopped agin? making *goostherumfoodles* of us all entirely. Didn't he go and turn informer? and that was enough, or ought to be, to have 'em do for him; hadn't they the wort of it on the best authority, that 'twas he, after 'tending a lad, gave him up to the peelers?" and here it was impossible to follow, as all spoke at once, and argued and even fought over what was to be done. The doctor was so astounded to find they thought it was he that told on Phil, that he lost part of the drift of the dispute.

The fact was, since the "Boys" had heard that it was Sergeant Kelly for certain who had found out and tracked Phil, though the others would not hear a word of it, Terence was inclined to hold over his vengeance on the doctor, as all his instincts pointed to Kelly, against whom he had an old score to settle. So, like many another Irishman, easily turned aside by a little persuasion to what seems a more desirable object than the one he was all hot for a moment before, particularly if his passions over some old quarrel are aroused, Terence was as eager now to get the doctor away safely as he was to do for him before, and if not to let him off altogether, to at least prevent any summary measures being taken. Old Dan caught him by the arm and whispered a word, pointing his thumb over his shoulder, but said nothing to the other. Terence, without pretending to take any notice of his father, now firmly took his stand. "Here, Boys, Phil's me brother and I'll have me way. I'll send for ye if I find the docther has done it and not Kelly. I tell ye, Boys, 'tis Kelly we'll ketch and have it out wid first; and now we know a place where the docther'll be tight as a fiddle, the auld place, the cave behind Killucan." This was received with doubtful approval, but before they had time to think of it, old Dan had the doctor's gig beside him, and Terence jumped in, Dan helping the doctor very courteously into his own trap. Terence shouting "*Faughaballagh*" (which means "clear the way"), the doctor was slowly driven off, the "Boys" all keeping up.

It was now nearly daylight, and we must get off to Castletown Park.

* * * * *

"I wonder why the doctor did not return home last night, but he is sure to be here directly," said Mrs. De Rupard to the maid

On the Wrong Scent

at the breakfast-table next morning; but luncheon time came, and from wondering she became uneasy; several patients had come and gone, but no doctor. The news began to spread. Just now the groom who was sent to inquire came back from Killucan to say that the doctor had left very late the night before, "though Miss Deborah had the or-fullest *dheam* before he left, and begged him not to go at all at all. She is nearly in a fit about him, as she is sure 'some'at' has happened him, though she believes he will turn up all right."

Mrs. De Rupard sent the man galloping off for the police, but when only half-way down the avenue he met Sergeant Kelly hurrying up to the house with a case of instruments in his hand, with Doctor De Rupard's name on a brass plate. "Where is the doctor?" "Do ye know anything of the master?" were simultaneously shouted. "Ye are to come up at wanst," said Jim, the groom. Kelly went on to tell Jim: "There was *some* devil's work going on last night near Killucan, as the patrol had found the road dug up, and trampling of many feet, and the doctor's case of instruments on the side of the road, pointing to the fact that he had been there."

While Kelly was giving Mrs. De Rupard all the particulars of the affair that he knew of, and arranging what steps it was best to take in the matter, up came old Dan Sullivan and demanded to "see the Mistress at wanst." Coming into the hall, he began: "Sure 'tis meself that's delighted to see ye, sergeant; sure now, ma'am," pulling his front lock of long black hair by way of salute, "ye shall have the dother, God bless him, home at wanst; sure, bedad, 'twas only a little frolic of the 'Boys, they niver mint no harm to the dother, not one of 'em would touch a hair of his head, for sure." Before Mrs. De Rupard's indignant protest that she did not look upon it as at all frolicsome could be heard, Dan continued: "Sure now, if the sergeant will cum alon' wid me, I will show him a thing or two, the natest hiding-place;" but here changing his tone and manner completely, he became earnest and imploring. "Sure, now I have let it out you will promise like the lady ye are, and you, sergeant, that ye'll niver tell I tould you; 'tisn't an *Informer* ye would brand me!" Flinging himself at Mrs. De Rupard's feet, he caught her dress, and went on imploring they would "promise on honour they'd never 'let on' 'twas ould Dan tould."

"If you can bring the doctor home safely, Dan, I promise not to tell," said Mrs. De Rupard, well understanding the extreme importance to Dan that it should not be known that he had given any information.

Turning rapidly to Kelly, Dan went on: "Sure 'tis yourself 'ill have the honour and glory of bringin' the dother home, and ye'll be lifted up above 'em all."

This pleasing prospect of high honours proved so enticing to the gallant sergeant that he promised faithfully never to "let on" 'twas Dan told. With a reassured manner Dan hastily arose, and taking Kelly by the arm said: "Cum off wid me now quick, before any one cums along, and I'll take ye." Dan turned to the left across some fields towards a disused mill, about a mile from Castletown Park, and explaining hurriedly that he would see more nor he ever saw afore; "ye must go up to the second loft, and look out the window towards the east till ye see the dother cum along." He daur not take him right to where he was, but he—Kelly—would see and know a dale more or he ever knew when he had watched there awhile.

Pulling a small whisky bottle out of one pocket and a piece of butter-milk cake out of another, he laid them down on the ledge of the old window, saying: "You may hap 'ill be here till towards four or five o'clock, and, faith, I don't b'lieve in a man on duty fastin'." Kelly was greatly gratified at Dan's forethought, and looked about him very complacently, thinking that his "honour and glory" was coming along very comfortably. Dan was quickly stumbling down the old rickety staircase again, setting off in a diametrically opposite direction; he only stopped now and then while he chuckled and grinned and threw up his old "cobeen" in the air with admiration at his own particular thoughts and plans.

The hours dragged on, and Mrs. De Rupard began to be again alarmed that neither Kelly nor the doctor had returned. "Perhaps he has gone over to the Westropps' first to see Charley." No sooner had this reassuring idea taken root than the Westropes' carriage was seen driving up the avenue. Mr. Westropp said "Charley was better, but as the doctor had not called and they had heard a wild rumour of his having been captured or wounded by the 'Boys' the night before, they came over to see if it were really true."

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"TISN'T AN INFORMER YE WOULD BRAND ME!"

Mr. Westropp, being a magistrate, wished to take active steps in the matter, and said he must call on Mr. Dudley, the sub-inspector, and that smart fellow Kelly. Mrs. De Rupard said she understood Kelly had already had information as to the doctor's whereabouts; she knew no more, except that she expected them every moment; she heard the doctor was unhurt.

While Mr. Westropp was speaking of Charley, he said: "That fellow, Phil Sullivan, was not the 'Boy' that wounded Charley after all, so I suppose we must let him off with a month instead of a trial," and Mr. Westropp drove away to Mr. Dudley's to institute a thorough search for the doctor.

We must now return to old Dan. He was trotting off to the Westropps' to see Terence, who, fortunately, was not driving his master, and he got there about two o'clock. Terence told him at

once that he heard Mr. Westropp saying that Phil would only get a month, as it had been proved he was not the

"Boy" that had wounded Master Charley.

"It was Master Charley himself as knowed

he were the one as he wanted to take

prisoner, and he was *not* the

one as fired." But Terence

was still very bitter against

Kelly, and declared he would

give him "a taste of a

shillelah," if nothing more,

and especially if he were

prowling round, and

should find the doctor in

the "Boys'" hiding-place.

"Oh, faith, and you

needn't throuble

about that," said

Dan; "but now as

you know 'tis that

popengerry Kelly

that tuk Phil we

must liberate the

docther, or they'll

ferret out the cave."

Terence was rather

uneasy about the

doctor telling about

the cave, but old

Dan answered:

"He'd go bail

horses wouldn't

dhraw it from him

if he was to promise

afore he left it."

Terence still seemed

very uneasy, saying:

"From what I gathered, master will be having a *skurrafunge* round for the docther." So Dan hurried off to try and steal the doctor out of the neighbourhood of the cave before any outsider discovered it.

Trotting off with all the wonderful endurance of the Irish peasantry, and planning out how he should manage to carry off the doctor, he was rudely awakened from his reverie by little Mike McGuire running against him, who, catching his arm, whispered: "Sure, Dan, they'll find the cave. The peeler and Mr. Westropp, they're huntin' the doctor and going 'a-pos-sitout' the place, very near." "Oh, murther, Mickie, run and tell 'em ye ha' seed 'em *go up the mountains* early this morning," and Dan dashed into a hedge and lay down, for fear they should see and ask him. When Mickie stole back and told him they were all tearing up the mountains, Dan hurried

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Mike off to where the doctor's gig was put up, and told him to bring it after him quickly.

When Dan entered the cave he found the doctor sitting before a peat fire, which, of course, has hardly any smoke, with three "Boys" guarding him. They were enjoying themselves, listening to a story the doctor was telling them, but they all seemed relieved to see Dan. "The top of the mornin' to ye, docther; sure I hope the 'Boys' have been takin' ivery care on ye; I seed Mrs. De Rupard this morning, and telled her ye'd be home safe and sound for dinner. Mickie McGuire is gone for the thrapp; and we just wants a wort wid ye. Being an honourable gentleman, we knows as if ye gives your wort nothing will draw it from you to break it, and so as it was all a mistake entirely of the 'Boys,' who would not hurt a hair of your head for a mine of di-monds, we wants you to promise faithful like, ye'll niver tell where ye've been this last night, for, *for sure*, the 'Boys' would be down on you then in arnest."

"Well, Dan, I understand you all thought I gave information about Phil, and you know perfectly I would not do so."

"Sure that's why I stuck *tue* you all through, sor," broke in Dan.

"Well, I believe you, since you whispered last night I would be taken care of; and you say you have seen and relieved Mrs. De Rupard's anxiety about me; and as for telling where I have been all night and up to now, I think as I have eaten your salt, and I know so many of you, and your own faithfulness to me, Dan, I can promise that." Here Dan's exuberance of spirits quite overcame

his gentility, for, pth! (slightly spitting on his hand) he held it out to the doctor to be sealed by a hearty clasp. This, though not perhaps the pleasantest way of doing things, is considered a faithful and dependable bond between two, and not to be lightly broken.

By this time the doctor's gig was announced by one of the others who were on the watch, and as Dan escorted the doctor down to the road he casually said: "We knowed the peelers were afther you, so I just sent 'em wort by a little gossoon that you were carried off to the mountains."

The doctor roared, laughing: "Well done, Dan."

"An' faith an' begob, that's not all, for I'm thinking Sergeant Kelly is having a fine rest, watching out the back windy of the ould mill to see yo cum along; and as this is west and that due east, he'll have a bit of a wait. But I had to hide him from Terence, for 'while the devil was busy wid him' [a common saying], I thought he'd be gettin' himself in the noose next, and, faith, I wasn't for that, and Phil only just out. When he hears you are safe home, an' Phil cum in out of quod, he'll be all right; he'll cool down about Kelly, and lave it to some other day to settle wid him."

"Why, Dan, you seem to have been setting them all by the ears, and all in different directions."

"Sure from the first I knowed Terence was wrong altogether when he were huntin' ye, instead of whoever tould on Phil, and, Millia murther! I knowed there'd be some damage done if I hadna sent them all

ON THE WRONG SCENT."



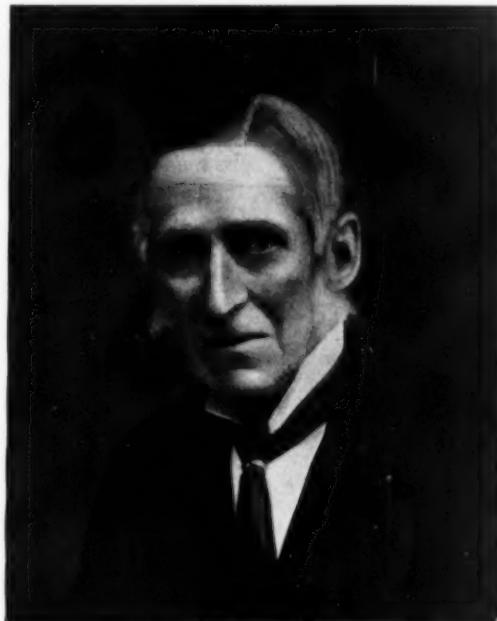
Sir James Paget

THE memoirs of Sir James Paget are in themselves a tonic. They have medicinal virtue, even as his hand had surgical skill. The life which his son has portrayed is wholesome, vigorous, wise, full of the common-sense and common virtues which make true health. There are no entralling incidents, no words of startling force, no enlivening breaks of wit or humour. The narrative, clear and compact as it is, is often occupied with small details; much of its interest in some sections appeals chiefly to the medical profession; but it is a record of keen faculty applied with rare industry and energy, and patient devotion to the humblest duty, till with fulness of knowledge and perfection of skill enabled to render the highest service. When the life closes, then it is seen that the great surgeon had not only great skill but a great nature.¹

Born at Great Yarmouth in its most stirring days, Sir James tells us that his recollection carries him back to the festivities which attended the coronation of George IV. His father, Samuel Paget, who was "ship-owner, banker, brewer, train-band captain," was mayor of the town in 1817, having by his energy made his mark there while a mere lad. His celerity in provisioning the fleet just before the battle of Camperdown won him a gold medal. Yarmouth gave the victorious admiral a dinner, but when they drank his health, Lord Duncan pointed to Paget and said, "That's the man that

won the battle." At a later period the tide of prosperity turned; failure overtook the citizen; and though he lived on in the affection of his children to a great age, and they willingly undertook the burden of his debts, these weighed for years like a millstone upon them, and in particular made more difficult the career of his son James. Yet he wrote: "I can boast of being in the best sense well-born." A boyish and

natural desire to enter the navy was frustrated only by his mother's tears. Then it was resolved that he should be a surgeon, and he was apprenticed in Yarmouth. An epidemic of cholera may be said to have been his first summons to hard work. In 1834 he passed on to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Already his brother George, to the uproarious delight of the whole family, had been bracketed eighth wrangler at Cambridge. Two other brothers at home had prepared a *Natural History*



From a Photograph by Mr. A. J. Melhuish
SIR JAMES PAGET, BART.

of Yarmouth, to which he had contributed from his own observations. It was noticeable as bringing him a letter from Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Hooker, and leading to a friendship with his son; he was then a youth of twenty. On November 3 of that year he had "two shillings in his pocket," and in a letter to his brother the same day mentions a dinner to which he was going at the house of the Rev. Henry North, two of whose sons were curates at Yarmouth. It was there that he was first to meet the lady who afterwards became his wife.

¹ *Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget*, edited by Stephen Paget, one of his sons. (Longmans.)
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Sir James Paget

A year sufficed to distinguish him as a student. At the prize-giving in 1835 he received the first prize in surgery. As again and again he was called up to receive other prizes, the applause of his companions was overwhelming. Every one was asking, "Who is this man? Where does he come from?" Two days later he passed his examination at the College of Surgeons, where at that time there was only one examination for membership. Eight years later he was chosen one of the original three hundred Fellows of the College of Surgeons, when the Fellowship was instituted.

As Huxley when a student at Guy's discovered a layer in the root of the human hair which was named from him, so Paget while a student of twenty brought to knowledge the *Trichina spiralis*, a singular animalcule which Owen named, and Virchow and others afterwards observed and described. Taken into the body by the eating of uncooked ham or pork, it produced fever. There were epidemics caused by it in Germany, which were stayed when this became known, and measures were taken to prevent the sale of infected meat.

The question now was how to maintain himself while making good his position. Seven years passed while he was waiting for an appointment from which he might rise to the hospital staff. Three months' sojourn in Paris—which it took him thirty-four hours to reach from Boulogne—gave him "a much wider range of thinking and more interest in the different modes of study." Returning to London, he took pupils to read for the examinations. More profitable was writing, "though very hard to live by." For nearly five years he was a sub-editor on the staff of the *Medical Gazette*,—his chief work being reports of lectures, reviews, and translations from French, German and Dutch, by which he earned from £50 to £70 a year. More important was his work for the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, where his annual reports on the progress of anatomy and physiology were not only such as brought him repute, but were subsequently reprinted. He was also among the younger men who gave the *Penny Cyclopaedia* its fame. His work usually went on till one o'clock in the morning. "I was at times very poor," he says, "but lived plainly and quietly." For seven years he was curator of

the hospital museum, and had, in most of the years, to be on the spot from nine to four every day but Saturday. The work was various, including all things connected with the supply of subjects for dissection. The pay began at £100 a year, but after the first year was reduced to £40. "With all its defects"—one of which was that it almost completely shut him off from practice—"and all the occasional utter weariness of the occupation," he writes, "the curatorship led straight to better things. It made me a thorough student of changes from disease; thus it led to the Demonstratorship of Morbid Anatomy, my first office in the School. It made me familiar with all the common clerical work of the entering of students and the like; and so it made me fitter to be Warden of the Hospital College, with the general charge of the School affairs. It gave me the reason and the means for writing a new edition of the catalogue of the Museum, and this led to my being employed to write the *Pathological Catalogue of the College of Surgeons' Museum*, which led to more than I can tell of."

The Pathological Catalogue described every specimen as he saw it standing or lying before him. Here is a remark of wide application:—

"Most artists know the contrast between a picture drawn from memory or imagination and one from nature; so should scientific writers; nay, so should all writers, for oh! the lies, the controversies, the evil-speakings, the hindrances to truth that spring from the inaccuracies of those who believe themselves honest and well-meaning. Imprisonment with hard labour in catalogue-making might well befit them."

Whatever might be his work, it was done with the utmost care that he could bring to it. His industry over many years was untiring. There seemed to be no such thing known to him as overwork, though he sat late into the night. "Every day for nearly seven years," he tells us, "seems to have been passed in reading, writing and museum work: with very rare amusements, rare and short vacations, and with but few indications of coming changes for the better." Of his early attempts at practice, here is a picture not to be overlooked:—

"I might have waited very long if my income had depended on practice. My name was on a door at 3 Selle Street, Lincoln's Inn, where I had the first floor over the wig-maker's shop, with a front-room decently furnished, and a back-room with only a turn-up bedstead and a washing-stand. One room was sufficient for the practice, which

Sir James Paget

was, on an average, £13 or £14 a year, and I never had two patients at a time, and visitors were so rare that a furnished waiting-room was quite unnecessary."

The first who suggested and urged in print that medical students should live in houses in or near their hospitals, under rules of conduct and some supervision, as at Oxford or Cambridge, was Mr. North, chaplain to St. George's Hospital. When the "Collegiate System" was introduced at St. Bartholomew's, Paget was made the first Warden. For the next eight years he lived in the hospital, at first in rooms, and then in a small house in the College. It so happened that Paget, who had often talked over the subject with North, was engaged to his sister. Before long the two were married, and settled within the St. Bartholomew boundaries. A new brightness came into his life. Their engagement had lasted for nearly eight years; he seems to have been drawn to her almost from the time of that memorable dinner to which we have alluded. "I had been for nearly two years," we find him writing of that earlier period, "falling in love, and now suddenly confessed it, and was believed trustworthy. The indiscretion was the happiest event of my life: the beginning of an engagement which for nearly eight years gave me help and hope to make even the hardest work seem light, and then ended in a marriage blest with constancy of perfect mutual love not once disturbed. No human wisdom could have devised a step so wise as was this rash engagement." From this time forward, with growing influence his sphere extended; yet when he left the hospital, and launched into practice for himself with an established name, he was almost as poor as when he had first come to London. "He kept himself poor," says his son, "that he might pay his share of his father's debts; he began in 1843, and the last debt was not paid till 1862." There is no glamour about such a sentence as we read it, but how much it represents of what is best in life.

We must refer to the Biography those who would trace the successive stages of his advancement. The brief and simple *Memoirs* tell chiefly of his early life: six chapters are given to the years 1814 to 1851, and only one to the years after them; they were written by Sir James thirty years later, and are supplemented by a commentary from his son, which is made more explicit by extracts from letters.

His special studies in pathology, in which his microscope proved ever like a magnet pointing across unknown paths to the pole of discovery, gave him peculiar qualifications for the work which fell to him. He found in surgery his great vocation. "I work in surgery," he wrote to his brother in 1852, "as I have worked in my other subjects. There is scarcely any one in England so working—scarcely one who reads a foreign surgical work, or who sets himself to the study with the same resolution and point as one has been obliged to have in studying modern physiology." In this sentence we find the key to his subsequent successes. For some years he had the best surgical practice in London, but its value was not to be measured by gold, though he tells us his income gradually increased till it exceeded £10,000; then when he gave up operating it fell at once to about £7000, and afterwards slowly decreased. The average working time at this period, including appointments on various "Councils," was sixteen hours each working day. The Sundays he as jealously guarded as did Mr. Gladstone. "The routine was seldom interrupted except by the need of seeing cases far out of town. . . . Such travelling amounted, in the most active years, to from 5000 to 8000 miles a year." Looking back from the days of prosperity to the half of his life which was encompassed with poverty, he more than once emphasises the remark that the most untoward events are sometimes those which lead directly to the best results.

Long after he had relinquished all other duties at Bartholomew's he continued to be Surgeon of the Hospital. This post also he surrendered in 1871, after a severe illness, brought on by blood-poisoning in a *post-mortem* examination. On his retirement he was made a Baronet. It was not the first honour that had been conferred upon him. In 1858 he had been appointed Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen. His general position in the world to which he belonged is thus defined by his son:—

"The general belief that his supremacy lay more in the science than the art of surgery, was put in an odd way by a lady who consulted him—'I understand that your speciality is diagnosis.' It was more roughly expressed at one time, in a saying that you ought to go to Paget to find out what was the matter with you, and then go to Fergusson to have it removed. His highest excellence was not in operating, but in his calculation of all the complex forces at work in a patient—heredity, temperament, habits, previous illnesses;

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in his insight into the variations and abnormalities of disease; and in his pathological knowledge of the characters, tendencies, and developments of surgical diseases."

As the years wore onward, the form of his activities changed. More and more he was drawn from his busy routine into contact with the leading men of his time. The highest of all his honours was the presidency of the International Medical Congress, which met in London in 1881. Sir William MacCormac, who writes an account of it, speaks of Sir James Paget as then "having attained the zenith of his fame, and received without stint the sympathetic admiration of the world of medicine." More than three thousand medical men were present, of whom a third came from other countries. Pasteur, Virchow, Koch, and a host of world-famous celebrities were there. The Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Germany (afterwards the Emperor Frederick) were amongst the laymen who listened to the Inaugural Address. It was a noble presentation of the great work to which they were called—"simply perfect," said some competent judges who heard it. Here is a fragment on Specialism, which has permanent bearing:—

"Many of us must, for practical life, have a fair acquaintance with many parts of our science, but none can hold it all; and for complete knowledge, or for research, or for safely thinking out beyond what is known, no one can hope for success unless by limiting himself within the few divisions of the science for which, by nature or by education, he is best fitted. In truth, the fault of specialism is not in narrowness, but in the shallowness and the belief in self-sufficiency with which it is apt to be associated. If the field of any speciality in science be narrow, it can be dug deeply. In science, as in mining, a very narrow shaft, if only it be carried deep enough, may reach the richest stores of wealth and find use for all the appliances of scientific art."

The home life had its serene hours, which were scarcely less busy than those occupied outside. He brought an abounding spirit into whatever he did; could find refreshment in the simplest pleasures; work under any conditions; sleep anywhere and digest anything; yet never squandered his powers unworthily. It was one of his maxims that full health meant easy adaptation to all changing circumstances. He made it a rule not to let talking or any alien noise in the room where he sat disturb him. Many an evening he wrote on, while his wife, who was an expert musician, discoursed

sweet sounds that seemed to pour vitality upon him. It is a unique picture which his son draws of the evenings at Harewood House, where for thirty-six years he gave consultations—the great doctor, whatever went on, claiming only his own little space at the family table.

"He usually came in about five, for tea and letters. Dinner was a very plain meal, soon over; a Spartan sort of dessert was put out up-stairs; he fetched his books and papers from his study, unlocked his desk, and set to work, at a narrow segment of the table that we all used. Two feet and a half was enough for his desk, his letters, and his glass of wine; and always, year in and out, he sat at the same point of the table's compass, and made the least possible space do for everything. He began work at once, took his wine and his tea while he wrote; heard and praised the music, but did not stop writing for it; at ten read prayers, then wrote till twelve, and sent his first batch of letters to the post; then wrote again, or read pathology or surgery till one or two in the morning. Of all memories of Harewood Place, the most vivid is of him sitting at his own small share of the big round table at his desk; and we knew the moment when he signed a letter, and the etching sound of his pen changed to a swishing sound as he wrote his name."

The later letters give us glimpses of many a pleasant holiday, but if Death knocks at the palaces of kings, Time touches with decay the fairest gardens of life, though the Masters of Healing hold them. There slowly came to him the limitations that come to all. A tranquil beauty fell upon the last years. "A few months before he died," writes another son, the present Bishop of Oxford, "when his bodily strength had failed, and his sight was failing, I chanced to tell him I had been reading Butler's *Analogy* again. 'So have I,' he said, and speaking then with difficulty, scarcely above a whisper, he summed up with masterly justice what he thought of the book, and where it seemed to him to fall short of what is needed now for the defence and confirmation of the faith. . . . His habit of theological reading kept his religion intellectually abreast of his science. . . . And with his habitual study of theology went, in a like tendency, two deeper habits—the habit of reverence and of devotion. . . . Only those who were nearest to him could ever guess at the intensity and simplicity of that inner life." During the last two years "he became unable to speak above a whisper, or to move about his room, or to stand alone." After he had ceased reading other books, his Bible and books of devotion remained to him. Music never

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failed him ; his thought for every one still found play.

Among the last words of his Biographer are these, which no one who has accompanied with such a life to the end can read without sympathy.

"But though one wrote for ever one could not

describe the wonder of these last years of his life. One looks back at the infinite fulness and energy, and strong will of his whole life ; at his devotion to science, at his laborious practices, his hospitalities, his holidays, his keen love of art and friendship ; and it is impossible to measure the height to which, through eighty years, he rose, that he might attain the consummate triumph of his final old age away from the world."

W. S.

Window-box Gardening

BY A WOMAN WORKER

AMONGST the many fascinating forms of "Gardening on Homeopathic Principles," window-box gardening is one of the most delightful. Those who do not need to study economy are free to choose charming boxes, or convenient scrollly iron arrangements, in which from one to five flower-pots may be placed ; yet the actual enjoyment of such gardening is within reach of the poorest as well as of the rich, and those of moderate means.

Any good furnishing firm will give estimates for window-boxes composed of tiles, artistic and harmonious in colouring. The price of scrollly iron stands ranges from 25s. to 60s. each, according to the number of pots it will hold. Well-made rustic, or virgin cork boxes can be bought from 3s. per foot, and upwards.

The cheapest arrangement of all is to have outer boxes, or even fronts only, behind which a few small boxes, or one movable long one, may be placed.

Sham boxes with virgin cork fronts, or plain wooden boxes, painted according to taste, cost less than 2s. per foot. As suitable lengths of wood, ready to nail up as required, cost from a few pence to 1s., according to size, and can be had from any saw-mill or box-maker, those who are "handy" should find no difficulty in providing at a low price either an outer box, or two or three small ones (short or long, as is found most convenient), to stand inside. It should be borne in mind that, where virgin cork is used for the front of a box of home manufacture, it should be well soaked before any attempt is made to nail it on to the wood.

In districts where furnace "clinkers" are procurable, they form very pretty miniature

walls, or rockeries, either in their natural state, in which they are credited with some "virtue" which causes the small ferns, mosses, or creepers planted in their crevices to flourish exceedingly, or dipped repeatedly into and fastened together with Portland cement.

Those who have plenty of money, and like their windows to look nice, but have no great taste for gardening, may employ any good florist to fill their boxes, and replenish them according to the season, or they may give them into the charge of one of the many ladies who now make a specialty of this class of gardening. For those who do this, I will give suggestions later regarding choice of plants.

FOR POTTING.

Perfectly clean pots or wooden boxes must be used ; in the latter, holes for drainage may be burnt with a red-hot poker. Have ready a supply of broken flower-pot "crock" (after breakages, these should be kept for the purpose), and some fibrous moss, or rough peat. The Fern moss (which, when fresh, is lovely for covering the outsides of the pots of indoor plants) is also very useful, when too shabby for that purpose, for potting bulbs ; it can often be procured from ladies living in moist climates, who advertise it for sale, in post-free bundles, price from 1s. to 10s. Firms who supply garden requisites keep potting mould, rough peat, Jaddo fibre, or Sphagnum moss, in large or small quantities, at from 1s. to 2s. 6d. per sack, and upwards. Proceed to pot, by covering the drainage-holes with curved pieces of crock ; then put a layer of pieces of broken crock, or of sifted cinders, decreasing in size from half an

Window-box Gardening

inch to the size of a pea, and from one to four inches in depth, according to size of box or pot; then a layer of rough peat, or fibrous moss, then fill with mould, fibre, or fertilised moss, also good for growing bulbs and small plants in, and advertised by the already-mentioned firms, at prices ranging from 1s. per sack, and upwards.

Plants required to produce short, sturdy growths should be potted very firmly. The soil should in all cases be very firmly and closely packed round the sides of the pot, so that, when watering, the roots get the full benefit of the moisture.

Bulbs, planted or potted, afford the first spring blooms. Many amateurs err by planting too deeply; bulbs should be near the surface.

A full month must be allowed for difference of climate between the north of Scotland and the south of England, the latter being so much earlier.

Dry moss, wood-ash, coal-ash, peat, or turf-mould are suitable for covering bulbs after they have been planted.

Never double or twist the roots of any plant; when potting, small fibrous roots may be cut shorter with a sharp knife, taking care not to bruise them.

CHOICE OF PLANTS.

For the depth of winter, while the bulbs (potted in October or November) are still making root-growth, a few little evergreen shrubs should be relied on to keep up appearances. These cost from 2s. 9d. to 4s. 9d. per dozen. If put into the boxes in pots, they can easily be removed to make way for the boxes or pots of bulbs, when these are ready to flower; they will be useful for indoor decoration later.

CHOICE AND ARRANGEMENT OF BULBS.

For the earliest flowers, I must—at the risk of being commonplace—introduce the ever-welcome Snowdrop. With it can be planted other bulbs, to bloom with it and subsequently. A charming arrangement is to plant alternately, in circles or in zigzag lines, Snowdrops (*Galanthus*), Chionodoxas, or Scilla Siberica, and Winter Aconite; the latter not only suggests sunshine on the dreariest day, but leaves behind it, after flowering, an abundant supply of pretty greenery.

Where economy has to be considered, a line or a circle or two of white and yellow Crocus may be planted in this first flowering box; but avoid mixing Purple Crocus with the bulbs recommended for it, as, though so lovely in combination with their white or golden brethren, they clash with the bright vivid blue of the Scilla or Chionodoxa.

The lovely Ferny Moss, already mentioned, makes a pretty "blanket" for these early flowering bulbs; some of the Mossy Saxifrages, or the *Arabis Variegata Alba*, or *A. Var. Aurea*, answer the same purpose.

I have refrained from giving prices of bulbs, as they vary so much in different localities. Belonging myself to that class of persons who are "too poor to buy cheap things," I must confess to a preference for those sold by the best-known and most reliable firms; thinking that a little, well grown and cared for, is often more satisfactory than an unmanageably large parcel of many varieties of mixed bulbs. At the same time, those who have the chance of procuring such bargains as one often hears of being found at the auctions of Dutch bulbs, would be more than human if able to resist them.



Over-Sea Notes

English Emigration in Paraguay

ONLY ten years ago Paraguay was a country scarcely known to the English emigrant, and the English families in the country might almost have been counted on the fingers. Of late years, however, Paraguay has attracted more attention; in fact, there are at present practically only two successful English-speaking "colonies" (agricultural settlements) in South America, and both of these are in Paraguay, viz. New Australia and Cosme. It is true, the Chubut "colony" in Argentina was originally founded by Welshmen, but the Welsh element has there to a great extent been obliterated by indiscriminate immigration of a cosmopolitan character, whereas the English "colonies" in Paraguay have strictly preserved their national character, so much so that many of the settlers are unable even to speak the language of the country, which is Spanish.

Many readers have heard of the "New Australia" movement some years ago, when a band of colonists from Australia formed a society, purchased a ship of their own, in which they emigrated to Paraguay, and there formed a communistic settlement. Dissensions however soon arose, some of the socialistic rules were found to be impracticable, and many of the colonists who were quite unfitted for the life of a pioneer soon left the settlement in disgust. The original settlement eventually split into two "colonies," Cosme and New Australia, the former being composed of those members who determined to adhere to their original communistic principles, while in New Australia a general division of property was made, and each individual was left to shift for himself. Both of these settlements endured great hardships during the first few years, their original capital having been dissipated before they were in a position to be self-sustaining, but they have now passed through the period of semi-starvation, and may be said to be fairly prosperous.

Both these colonies are situated at no great distance from Villa Rica, the principal agricultural centre of Paraguay. In the immediate neighbourhood of Villa Rica are also several English families engaged in farming.—J. D. L.

"Emigration on 'Spec."

EMIGRANTS "on 'spec." may be divided into two classes—those who intend to live by manual

labour (skilled or unskilled), and those who expect to obtain some kind of light employment—a hope in which they are almost invariably disappointed. These remarks do not apply to persons possessed of sufficient capital, say at least £500.

The writer speaks of personal experience, having emigrated "on 'spec." more than once, and others may benefit from what he has learned. He has frequently seen educated men in the colonies (even university graduates) engaged in the most menial occupation, and scarcely able to make a living at it, while the horny-handed son of toil, if steady and industrious, rarely fails to get on, and will often be found in circumstances to which he could not hope to aspire at home.

He has known many emigrants, who have never known what it was to do a hard day's manual labour, who nevertheless declared that they were quite willing to rough it and to turn their hand to any occupation (even menial) which might be offered them. Although such declarations may be made in perfect good faith, it will almost always be found that a man who has never wielded any tool heavier than a pen or a yard-stick is quite unfitted for the rough work of a pioneer. Many such emigrants go out with the idea of taking up farming, convinced that a living at all events can be made in that way. Let them throw such a hope to the winds; there is no life which combines greater hardship and drudgery with less profit than that of the pioneer farmer, and only the man who has been used to hardships and a rough life can make a success of it; for this reason old sailors (though ignorant of farming) frequently make successful settlers, while he who has not been habituated to a life of toil (even though he may have gained theoretical knowledge by graduating at an agricultural college) is doomed to failure. A man who really wants to learn farming should work for a year or two on a farm, paying no premium, however, as such is generally only a delusion and a snare.

Lastly, do not rely on testimonials or references from mutual friends; in nine cases out of ten they are quite useless.—J. D. L.

A Summer School of Forestry

FROM the beginning of July to the beginning of September, the Forestry School of Yale

Over-Sea Notes

University held its summer session at Milford, Pennsylvania. The Forestry School is, in fact, the creation of Mr. James W. Pinchot, the owner of the beautiful estate of Grey Towers at Milford, on which a camp is erected for the use of the students of forestry. Mr. Pinchot not only makes arrangements for the holding of the summer school on his estate, but it is he who has endowed the Forestry School at Yale. His son, who is also an enthusiast in forest lore, is Chief of the Bureau of Forestry at Washington, and to these two men is due much of the new movement in the United States for the preservation and scientific care of the nation's forest wealth. The summer school in 1901 numbered twenty-one students, fourteen men, and seven women, with two professors in charge. The women found boarding-places in Milford near by. Milford is a pleasant summer resort with about one thousand inhabitants, noted for its excellent roads and beautiful surroundings. The men were accommodated in the camp on the Grey Towers estate, each man being allotted a single tent as bedroom, with board floor, bed, chair and washstand. A great dining-tent with long tables occupied the centre of the camp, and behind it a kitchen, presided over by a Japanese cook. The dining-tent was used by the students when they desired to read or write. The building used for lecture-room and library, while still on the Grey Towers estate, was about a quarter of a mile from the camp, the walk to it being through sixty acres of woodland, the use of which for forestry purposes Mr. Pinchot has secured to the Yale University for thirty-one years. The students who attend the summer school of forestry are not confined to either graduates or undergraduates of Yale University. Some are anxious for training in order to qualify for forest rangers, under either the national or the State governments. These forest rangers are employed on the forest reservations which belong, some to the nation at large, under control from Washington; some to the individual States, and controlled from the State capitals. Some of the students are owners of forest lands, and wish to be able to manage them to the best economic advantage. Some, again, are professors or teachers, who wish either to add this branch to their previous equipment, or simply to widen their knowledge while improving their health. Others, again, already have positions in the various bureaus of forestry, and wish to qualify themselves for a rise. Whatever their

aim, the Forestry School has so far developed in its students a quiet, earnest purpose in their studies, and a real enthusiasm for their work.

A. G. P.

Political Corruption in Pennsylvania

PENNSYLVANIA has for some time past held the unenviable name of being probably the worst State, politically, in the United States. Both branches of the Legislature are controlled by a powerful political machine which is dominated in turn by an unscrupulous political boss. Several months ago, for example, the machine's leader gave out his personal promise to reform the ballot laws of the State with a view of checking election frauds. His Legislature not only failed to correct the evils of the present system of voting, but also allowed several bills which so aimed to be killed. Railroad and other corporations have been generously treated by the Legislature, while the wage-earner has been ignored. Canal companies have been given valuable rights to sell or lease power without one dollar return to the State, while miners and labourers have waited at the doors of the Legislature in vain for bills preventing the encroachment of unscrupulous bosses. Even the Judiciary has suffered, and the control of the Tax Revision Board has been "ripped" from it to be given over to the hands of the "machine." But perhaps the most daring stroke of the session was the passage within a week after introduction of the Focht and Emery bills, "conveying to a few 'inside' millionaire patrons of the machine absolute control of the available transportation routes of the State." The governor, who is a puppet of the "machine," showed no hesitation in signing the bills, and the councils of Philadelphia, which also bow to the boss of the State, immediately granted, entirely gratis, franchises to run cars on all unoccupied streets of the city to certain friends of the "machine." The Hon. John Wanamaker, the noted merchant, offered publicly \$3,000,000 for the same franchises the city was throwing away, but in the face of this, the mayor of the city signed the bills. The corruption of the State is now being universally advertised by the American press, and it is to be hoped that the decent citizens of the Commonwealth have undergone enough political robbery to force honest men into the seats of government.

A. B. R.

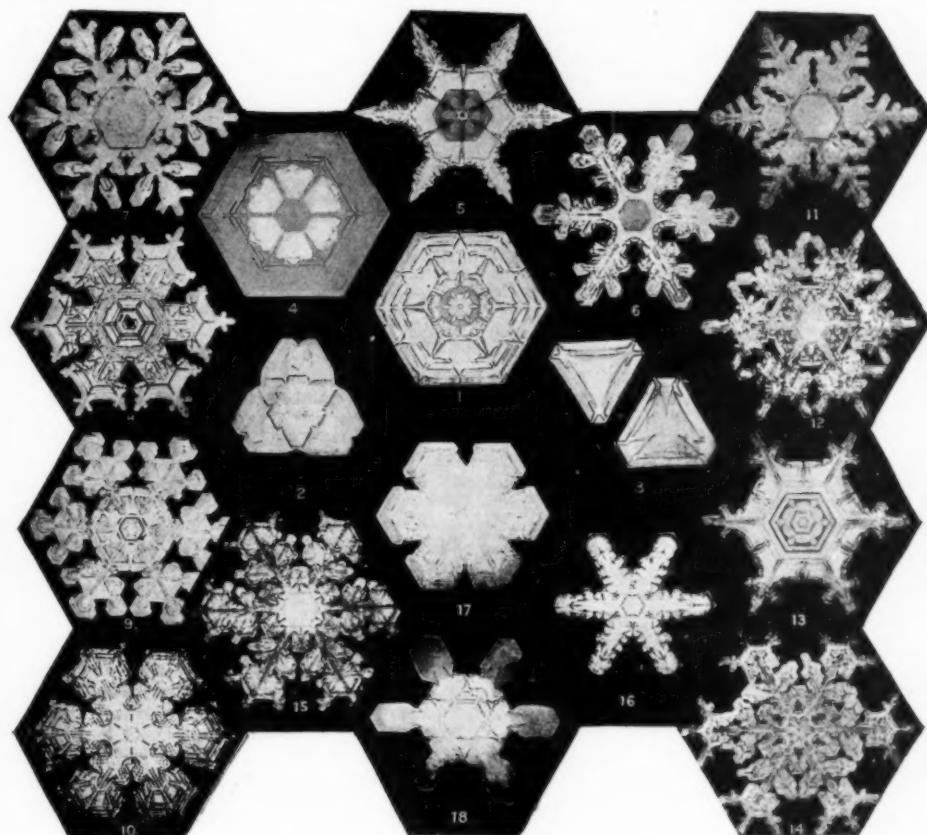
Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Forms of Snow-flakes

THOUGH thousands of drawings have been made of snow-crystals as seen under the microscope, few observers have made a systematic study of them by means of photography. By far the best collection of photo-micrographs of snow-crystals yet produced has been made by

storms. The greater number of the more perfect and beautiful tabular or flat forms are found by Mr. Bentley to occur almost entirely in the western and north-western portions of great storms and blizzards. In great storms many varieties may be associated together in one place, but in general one form occurs in one part of the storm area, and a different form in



PHOTOGRAPHS OF FORMS OF SNOW-FLAKES

Mr. W. A. Bentley, of Nashua, Vermont, U.S.A., and a few of his beautiful pictures are here reproduced from the *Monthly Weather Review*, the official publication of the U.S. Weather Bureau. Since the year 1884 Mr. Bentley has secured photographs of snow-crystals every winter, and his collection now numbers eight hundred patterns, no two alike. An examination of the various forms, in connection with the weather and storms in which they occurred, has shown that there is a general law of distribution in different parts of a snow-producing cloud, and in different kinds of

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another part. The snow from low detached clouds usually consists of large, branching tabular crystals, but that from high clouds is made up of minute compact granules. Each cloud-stratum gives a particular type of crystals in moderately cold winter weather, if there are no clouds above or below it to interfere with the formation and fall of the crystals. All the crystals here reproduced were deposited in great storms. Those numbered 11 to 17 were obtained during a storm which occurred on February 13th, 1901, when the temperature was down to zero. No. 7 is a souvenir of the great

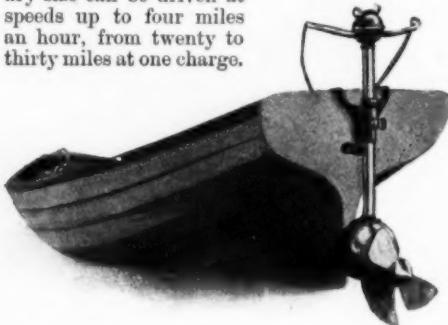
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Science and Discovery

blizzard of March 12th, 1888. It is impossible to look on these marvellous pictures without a feeling of wonder at the beauties of snow-flakes, and of admiration for the patient investigator who has devoted the spare hours of a lifetime to the study of them.

A Detachable Propeller for Small Boats

A COMPACT electric motor and propeller, by means of which a small boat can be converted into an electric launch in five minutes, will be welcomed by people who use small craft on rivers or lakes. A propelling mechanism of this kind is now made by the Submerged Electric Motor Company, of Menomonie, Wisconsin, U.S.A., and will shortly be available in England. The essential parts are a motor which is unique in the fact that it will work when submerged, though water has access to all the working parts, and an electric battery to drive it. The motor and propeller are fixed upon the stern-post of the boat in the place of the rudder, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and are connected by wires with a small battery, which can be placed under the seat. The current can be switched on or off immediately, and the motor thus easily started or stopped. The boat can be propelled ahead or astern, according to the direction in which the propeller is being rotated by the motor. Moreover, the motor not only propels the boat, but steers it as well, for when the tiller-ropes are pulled in either direction the whole mechanism is rotated, and the fin below the motor acts as a rudder, even if the motor is not running. With two boxes of four electric cells, a boat of ordinary size can be driven at speeds up to four miles an hour, from twenty to thirty miles at one charge.



ELECTRIC MOTOR AND PROPELLER ATTACHED TO STERN OF SMALL BOAT

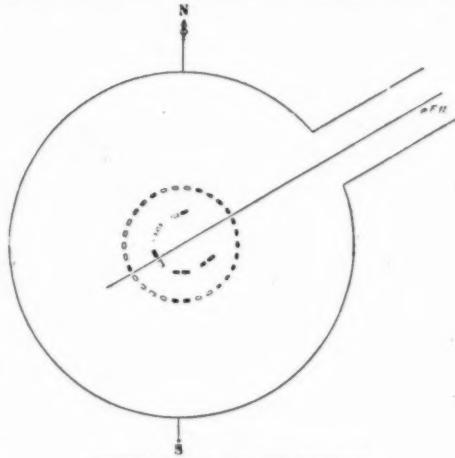
The chief difficulty to the wide use of the motor in rural districts is that the batteries are accumulators which require to be charged by means of a current from a dynamo, as primary electric cells have not been found to give very satisfactory results.

Date of the Foundation of Stonehenge

THE archaeologists and other students of an-

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tiquities who have examined the great Druidical monument at Stonehenge, with the view to determine the date of its foundation, differ in their estimates by many thousands of years. The latest investigation has been made by Sir Norman Lockyer and Mr. F. C. Penrose, and the result has been communicated to the Royal Society. The general architecture of



GENERAL PLAN OF STONEHENGE

Stonehenge can be understood from the accompanying plan. A circle of upright stones connected with lintels surrounds an inner structure of stones arranged in the form of a horse-shoe. This circular temple was also once surrounded by a circular bank (interrupted towards the north-east, and bending into two banks), which extends to a considerable distance from the structure in the general direction of the point on the horizon at which the sun rises on Midsummer-day. Within this avenue stands an isolated stone, which from a mediæval legend has been named the Friar's Heel, marked F.H. in the diagram. The banks which form the avenue have suffered much degradation, but they are still discernible for more than 1300 feet from the centre of the temple, so that a good estimate can be made of the direction of the axis. Measurements show that the axis of the avenue is the same as the original axis of the temple, and this gives support to the view that Stonehenge was a temple erected with reference to the sun, like the solar temples of Egypt and Greece. There seems to be little doubt that the temple was originally roofed in, and that the rays of the sun at sunrise on Midsummer-day shone into the darkness of the sanctuary, and was connected with some ritual. Owing to a change to which the earth's movement around the sun is subject in the course of ages, the sun does not now shine straight down the axis of the avenue and temple on Midsummer-day; but it did so about 1680 B.C.—so this may be taken as the approximate date of the foundation of Stonehenge.

Varieties

Loyal Coloured People of Nova Scotia

AMONGST the addresses presented to the Duke of York on his arrival at Halifax was a copy of a resolution of welcome passed by a large gathering of "coloured people," who declared themselves to be representatives of ten thousand coloured people in the Province of Nova Scotia. The preamble declares that "the coloured people of the British Empire always received the sympathy and support of our late lamented and beloved Queen Victoria, having received many favours at her hands during her long and glorious reign," and that "we, as a number of the recipients of such kindnesses, desire to express our loyalty to the British connection and our pride in the glorious institutions of the British Empire." "Be it further resolved," concludes the resolution, "that we express our unwavering allegiance to His Gracious Majesty King Edward the Seventh, wishing him a prosperous reign, and trusting that the present war in South Africa will be brought to a speedy termination with the success of the British arms."—E. P. W.

A Dark-skinned "V.C."

WHEN visiting Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Duke of York chanced to hear that amongst the ranks of the company of old soldiers, known as the Royal British Veterans, who were drawn up on the line of the procession near an arch erected by the military authorities, was a man wearing that coveted decoration, the Victoria Cross. His Royal Highness commanded that the hero should be brought to him, and he proved to be a "coloured" man, the son of an ex-slave. His name is William Hall, and he now lives on a small farm near his birthplace in the little village of Avonport. For nearly twenty-three years of his life he was a seaman in the Royal Navy. He wears medals for service in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. He won his cross during the relief of Lucknow. It was presented to him by Queen Victoria herself, and is said to be the only one worn by a man of his race.—E. P. W.

Mr. Pitt and Parliamentary Reporting

THE public are indebted to the late Mr. Perry for the first suggestion and introduction of the practice that has since prevailed. It was about the year 1783 that, on becoming the editor of *The Gazetteer*, he proposed the establishment of a body of reporters, to attend every night in succession at both houses. He saw clearly that, by this division of labour, he should be able to issue more ample and correct reports, and at a much earlier hour. Still, reporters were exposed to many and great inconveniences. Their only entrance to the gallery of the Commons

was that of the public generally; and on days when special interest was excited—and these were many—they had to take their places on the stairs early in the forenoon, and to battle their way with the crowd when the door was opened.

But a memorable night arrived; the premier, Mr. Pitt, was to make "a great speech," and so thronged was the gallery that neither by force nor entreaty could the reporters obtain any tolerable accommodation. They agreed forthwith to leave the house; and on the following morning, instead of the rounded and eloquent periods of the minister, the newspapers presented only a blank, accompanied by a strong comment on the grievance in which it originated. It was now speedily redressed, under the direction of the Speaker, who appropriated the uppermost bench of the gallery to the reporters, as preserving them most completely from interruption, and gave them a door for their exclusive use. A small apartment shortly afterwards bore on its glass panels the words "Reporters' Room," where they might wait when they were too early for their "turn," and also during the divisions of the house.—From *The Leisure Hour* (1853).

Astronomical Notes for February

ON the 1st, 11th, and 21st days of this month, the Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises at 7h. 41m., 7h. 24m., and 7h. 5m. in the morning respectively, and sets at 4h. 47m., 5h. 5m., and 5h. 23m. in the evening. The Moon will become new at 1h. 22m. (Greenwich time) on the afternoon of the 8th; enter her First Quarter at 2h. 57m. on that of the 15th; and become Full at 1h. 3m. on that of the 22nd. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about half-past 11 o'clock on the night of the 1st, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 6 o'clock on the evening of the 16th. No eclipses or special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 3rd inst., and will be visible in the evening until about the 12th, situated in the constellation Aquarius; he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 18th. Venus is also in Aquarius and about seven degrees due north of Mercury on the 1st; on the 5th she will pass at a short distance due south of Alpha Aquarii, and a few days afterwards set too soon to be seen, being at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 14th, soon after which she will become a morning star. Mars will not be visible until after his conjunction with the Sun at the end of March. Jupiter and Saturn will become visible before sunrise towards the end of this month; the latter, being to the west of the former, will rise somewhat earlier than his brighter neighbour. Not one of the large planets there will be visible in the evening during the second half of the present month.—W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

The Professional Woman

THE question that is likely to persist, for some generations at least, of woman's fitness for certain avocations long reserved for men, was debated recently with considerable vivacity in a Cheshire town. The governors of the infirmary there had appointed a lady possessed of a medical degree as junior house-surgeon, whereupon six medical men, holding honorary surgical appointments, tendered their resignations. The governors, panic-stricken we may presume by the prospect of seeing the invader left alone to hold the fort against disease, begged her to accept a year's salary and resign, which the lady very properly refused to do.

Now the actual result in this case is interesting from the point of view of narrative, but the question at issue is not to be settled by any single case, any more than moral questions can be decided by individual conduct.

To the infirmary dispute multitudes will be indifferent; a proportion will say, "How rude!" regarding the men; another section will say of the woman, "Serve her right, what business had she to intrude?" while the important question is beyond individual sentiment altogether, turning as it does on human nature. The question is, can men and women in daily personal contact with each other work together collectively for the benefit of their kind and for their own personal advantage? Early aspiration always says they can; observation based on a good deal of experience and some knowledge of social history says they can not.

It might be advanced that in philanthropic endeavour men and women have laboured together harmoniously and beneficially. Personally I look forward to a day when woman will have some influence in making the laws of the land she dwells in, but it must be borne in mind that ideal politics, like philanthropy, will be undertaken solely for the general good and without any desire of direct personal benefit. Where personal motives enter, where even legitimate ambition has a place, where the individual to succeed must make a personal mark—there I hold it quite impossible that unrelated men and women can work shoulder to shoulder.

The wisest woman in the world and the most foolish know alike that on her personal appearance depends three-fourths of any battle she may wage. It is not all the battle—there is always that final skirmish in which worth has its way. In counting totals at the day's end, honour and courage and ability will raise the average; but at the start, because man is man and the master, beauty in any proportion, and the power to accept, or seem to accept, sweetly the pupil's place will simply secure for any woman anything she wants from man.

Now the strenuous section of men do not desire that element introduced into their workaday world, and the strenuous female spirit says, "Yield to you where I know you are wrong! Get thee behind me." And so the conflict begins.

A professional woman has acquired her education as laboriously and expensively as a man has done; before embarking on what is still an exceptional career, she was probably conscious of force and enterprise above the average. When put into a position of trust she would naturally assume fitness to discharge its duties and accept its responsibilities: it would not occur to her that ingratiating ways were necessary, any more than to a man among his colleagues; and thus at the very outset, and without thinking about it, she rings a challenge on the armour of ages.

An essential for all professional success is a certain independence, a certain originality, freedom to experiment with the effects of personal convictions and beliefs; and the conviction of many men is that woman is not, can not, should not be original; she must not be permitted to do anything of her own initiative.

Women are wise who believe the best of their sex and aim at the highest available, but until the millennium they need not expect to gather their sheaves in peace in the fields that men have fenced and still desire to occupy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Madre.—There is a little book of home remedies for the treatment of sudden illnesses, entitled *Till the Doctor Comes*. The advice is practical and simple. It is published by the R.T.S. (6d. and 9d.). For burns caron oil is the best remedy, and might be always kept in stock in the kitchen. It is made of equal parts of lime-water and linseed oil. Apply to the burn and then cover from the air with old linen. For colds on the chest I have found Augier's Emulsion a sovereign remedy. It is a preparation of petroleum. A cold in the head can be arrested in the early stage by snuffing a little boracic acid; an established cold in the head is alleviated by lanolin ointment, rubbed into the forehead over the eyebrows, and on the bridge of the nose, and wrapping the head for a night or two in a little woolen shawl.

M. L.—Oddly enough, about the time you wrote, the Woman's Suffrage Society of Paris had legislated that the appellation of "mademoiselle" should be ruled out of use, and that single members should decline equally with the married to answer to any title but "madame." I seriously think with you that it would be a great advantage if woman graduated Mrs. at 21, as boys cease to be "master" and become Mr. at maturity.

M. K. P. (Bengal) is thanked for suggesting the inspiring heading "England, Home, and Duty" for this department. Had it come earlier it should have had our serious consideration.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

SEARCH COMPETITION

Identifications

(CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.)

1. Where was there, every Tuesday evening, lemonade and a mixed biscuit for all who chose to partake of these refreshments, and science to an unlimited extent?
2. Who said "I only know two sorts of boys, mealy boys and beef-faced boys"?
3. Who took a captain's biscuit, saying "It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and our hearts are not poor"?
4. Who taught "a not very hopeful pupil—stubborn little girl with a sulky forehead, a deep voice, and an inanimate, dissatisfied mamma"?
5. Who said "It's a trying thing waiting supper for lovers"?
6. Who declared "in literature or art; the bar, the pulpit, or the stage; in one or other, if not all, I feel that I am certain to succeed"?
7. Who dined "snapping up great blocks of everything he could get hold of like a raven"?
8. Who had a sharp nose "like an autumn evening inclining to be frosty towards the end"?
9. What was "a spectacle calculated to make the British Lion put his tail between his legs and howl with anguish"?
10. Who said "I'll have that girl in to her tea. She would never leave off if she took it by herself in the kitchen"?
11. What "fervid impassioned speaker" would "improve almost any occasion you could mention, for hours and hours"?
12. What bedroom was a "good, dull, leaden, drowsy place, where every article reminded you that you came there to sleep . . . there was no wakeful reflection of the fire . . . the old Spanish mahogany winked at it now and then as a dozing cat or dog might, nothing more."
13. Who described himself as "a perfectly idle man, a mere amateur"?
14. Who had such a passion for gravy that a whole animal would not yield the amount they expect every day at dinner?
15. Who called his lady-love "such porochial perfection," and "a angel"?
16. What voyager said on nearing port "any land will do for me, after so much water"?
17. What two characteristics sometimes are more questions of coat and waistcoat than most people imagine?
18. Who had lost all her children who "had fallen out of three-pair backs, and had damp doorsteps settled on their lungs, and one was turned up smiling in a bedstead unbeknown"?
19. Who "did things with his hat, which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in"?
20. What door was painted black and had two great glass eyes in its forehead, with an inquisitive green pupil in the middle of each?
21. Who, after some consideration, went into business as an Informer?
22. "Seventy breezy miles a day were written in," whose "very whiskers? His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot."
23. By whose fire did the smallest of all possible kettles sing a small song in a small voice?
24. Whose lean lank body, but well-conditioned soul, suggested the idea that "perhaps the Good Samaritan was lean and lank and found it hard to live"?
25. Who said "I'm thankful that I can't say from my own experience what the feelings of a gentleman may be"?

A Prize of ONE GUINEA is offered for the identification of all the characters and allusions given above. Book and chapter for each must be given. The prize will be awarded entirely according to the Editor's discretion.

Awards for Identifications in December number (see page 174).—The first two correct answers were received from F. M. KENSIT, 146 Alexandra Road, South Hampstead, and Baroness ROSA TESCHENBERG, Vienna, Austria, IV Gusshausstrasse 24, between whom the Editor divides the prize of One Guinea. Five other correct answers followed, and a large number failing only in one or two of what proved to be the three crucial questions—No. 7 (ans. Mr. Boffin's plum-pudding carriage dog), No. 13 (ans. Buffer's destiny), and No. 21 (To Mr. Venus, by Mr. Wegg).

PRIZE VALENTINE ACROSTIC.

A murmur wakes the sleeping land,
V eiled thickly by the winter snows;
A greeting fresh from Nature's hand,
L ife-stirring, life-renewing goes.
E ndowed with subtle warmth and power,
N ew every year the magic word
T o man and beast, to tree and flower,
I s swiftly passed and swiftly heard:
N o bird forgets the news to sing—
E ach bud proclaims the Birth of Spring!

JANET M. PUGH,
Bronclydwr,

Towyn,
Merionethshire.

Our Chess Page

Competitions Open: Thirteen Guineas in Prizes

NEW PROBLEM TOURNAY

TWELVE GUINEAS IN PRIZES.

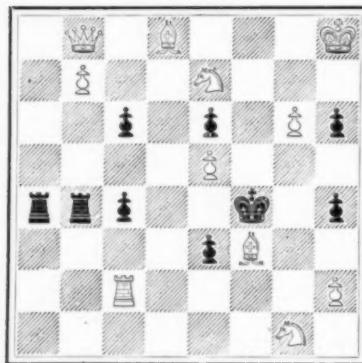
This Competition is still open: full particulars will be found on page 175 of the current volume.

QUICK-SOLVING COMPETITION

Three Prizes, ranging from Ten to Five Shillings. The particulars of this Competition were published last month, though our meaning was rendered obscure by the inadvertent repetition of the words "five shillings." Here is the second problem—one submitted by a foreign competitor in our last problem tourney.

No. 2.

BLACK—9 MEN



WHITE—11 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of problem by FRANK E. PURCHAS.

Key-move, P—Kt 8 = B.

If K × Kt B × Q (dis. ch.)
 " K—B 3 }
 " Q × B } R × B (ch.)
 " Q—B 2 }

The continuations and other variations will readily be discovered.

An experienced solver remarks: "I found the problem very interesting; . . . the sacrifice of three pieces in the main variation being brilliant in the extreme."

The first correct solution received was from J. W. DIXON, 4 West Avenue, Stoke-on-Trent, to whom the prize of five shillings goes. It is strange that a country competitor should have beaten his town opponents in the race.

Solutions were also received from (in order of time): ARTHUR JAS. HEAD, THOS. DUNNETT, J. BRYDEN, J. ELLIS PARRY, P. L. OSBORN, "F. W. M.," A. W. SHAKESPEARE, and S. W. FRANCIS.

Solutions received after December 18 cannot be acknowledged.

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THE CORRESPONDENCE MATCH

Three more games have been finished, at boards Nos. 1, 4 and 8. Messrs. Wainwright and Barlow drew with their opponents, and Mr. Hooke won an interesting game, which we give below. It is now impossible for us to lose the match, and unless Nos. 2, 5, 10, 11 and 12 are all defeated—a contingency too awful to contemplate—we must win it.

GAME.—Board No. 4.

WHITE.	BLACK.
MR. G. A. HOODE.	MR. F. HUCKVALE.
<i>Leisure Hour.</i>	<i>Leeds Mercury.</i>
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3
3. P—Q B 3	Kt—K B 3
4. P—Q 4	Kt × K P
5. P—Q 5	Kt—Kt sq
6. B—Q 3	Kt—K B 3
7. Kt × K P	B—B 4
8. Castles	Castles
9. P—Q Kt 4	B—K 2
10. P—K B 4	P—Q 3
11. Kt—K B 3	P—Q B 3
12. P × P	P × P
13. Q—B 2	Kt—R 3
14. Q Kt—Q 2	Kt—B 2
15. Kt—K 4	P—K R 3
16. Kt—Kt 3	B—Q 2
17. B—Q 2	R—K sq
18. Q R—K sq	P—Q 4
19. Kt—K 5	B—Q 3
20. Kt—B 5	B—K B sq
21. B—K 3	Kt—K 3
22. Q—K B 2	Kt—R 4
23. P—K Kt 4	Kt—K B 3
24. P—K Kt 5	Kt—R 4
25. Q—Kt 2	Q Kt × K B P
26. Kt × R P ch	P × Kt
27. P × P dis. ch	B—Kt 2
28. Q × B ch	Kt × Q
29. P—R 7 ch	K—B sq
30. B—Q B 5 ch	R—K 2
31. P Queens and mates	

NOTES.

8. . . Castles. P—Q 3 would have been better.
 21. . . Kt—K 3. Q—Q B sq. was the right move at this crucial point.

If 27. . . Kt × Q, it is mate in three moves; if 27. . . Kt—Kt 3, 28. P—R 7 ch, and mate in three more moves.

Several players have kindly offered to take a board in our second match, but so far we have received no challenge. Possibly the strength of our first team has had a deterrent effect! However that may be, we hope that by the time this "page" is published a second match will be in progress.

For recording games and problems we can cordially recommend the last edition of *The Chess-Player's Note Book*, by Rhodes Marriott.

Our Chess Page

It is published by Sherratt and Hughes, of Manchester, at 1s. net.

The *British Chess Magazine*, which has just completed its twenty-first volume, seems to increase in interest and value month by month. No player who wishes to keep himself abreast with the times in chess matters can dispense with it, and it thoroughly deserves the support of every "chessist" who can afford the modest subscription of 8s. per annum. Entries for its latest Problem Tourney (£13 in prizes) will be received up to January 31 and February 28, for European and Colonial composers respectively.

The publication of Mrs. Baird's noble collection

of Problems (700) has been undertaken by Messrs. Sotheran and Co., 140 Strand. The price is 10s. 6d. net—more than five and a half problems for a penny!

As we go to press we hear of two more games finished, the score now being 7½ to 1½.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod Results of Competitions

COMPETITION 2

ESSAY ON "THE PLACE I LIVE IN."

First Prize, One Guinea:

"Country Cousin."

Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

"Primrose."

Very Highly Commended:

"Aunt Tabitha"; "Lackwit"; "Thistledown"; "Penly Gwynn"; "Latem"; "Highfield"; "Fabien Mouillard"; "Silurian"; "Wachtoe"; "John Ashford"; "Katriona"; "Siegfried"; "Polyanthus."

Highly Commended:

MISS WALKER, Kildare; EDITH L. RICHARDS, Exeter; MRS. HARVEY, Walthamstow; M. E. MONCKTON JONES, Anglesey; MRS. WHITFIELD, Kendal; MISS EMILY NEWLING, Hawksworth; MISS K. F. ROBBINS, Bath; G. E. MOFFAT, Edinburgh; MISS ISOLÈNE B. WALMESLEY, Lancaster; MISS ANNIE BAIN, Bridge of Allan; EDITH M. SHERWIN, Hanley; S. GANDER, Bournemouth.

Honourable Mention:

MISS CICELY INNES; MISS ZAIDA DERRY; ANNIE WYLIE; JOHN ROBERTS; ROSA S. CATHERALL; MRS. NORMAN CROOKES; MARGARET B. COLLIER; MISS K. BOYLE; MARGARET R. WALLACE; DORA E. WINSHIP; E. D. BELL; J. D. TUCKER; WALTER DEWSE; MARY SKINNER; F. GILBERT; C. A. PEACH; AGNES W. WELLAND; HERBERT CROSSLEY; ANNIE COMPTON; MISS PUGH; LIZZIE SINFIELD; EDGAR HICKLING; DOROTHY BARLOW; MISS TAYLOR; MISS HAY.

[We hope to give, in a subsequent number, selections from the best of the Essays in this Competition. Of the large number of Essays sent in, only those have been mentioned which seemed to the Examiner to be of special merit.]

COMPETITION 3

ESSAY ON "OUR EDUCATION SYSTEM."

(Open to parents only.)

First Prize, One Guinea:

GEORGE ADSETT, 63 Arundel Road, Littlehampton.

Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

MRS. H. R. CLAYSON, 86 Effingham Road, Hornsey, N.

Very Highly Commended:

MRS. BARTLETT, Reading.

COMPETITION 4

ESSAY ON "OUR EDUCATION SYSTEM."

(Open to teachers only.)

First Prize, One Guinea:

JOHN W. FROST, 45 Day Street, Anlaby Road, Hull.

Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

M. L. COLLINS, Principal, Trevelyan School, Eccles.

Very Highly Commended:

GEORGE T. SAMPSON, Hull; VICTOR H. ALLEMANDY, Enfield, N.; MISS ALICE MASON, Watford; MISS KATE BASSETT, West Green Road, N.

Honourable Mention:

MISS E. L. F. DYER; MISS MARGARET R. WALLACE.

[We hope to give, in a subsequent number, a summary of the views expressed in these valuable papers on Education.]

Eisteddfod

COMPETITION 5

ESSAY ON "MY SCHOOL."
(Open to boys only.)

First Prize, One Guinea:

FRANZ WORKMAN, Newtonbreda Manse, Belfast.

Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

CHARLES BERESFORD LYNE, 2 St. John's Villas, Berkeley Street, Cheltenham.

Honourable Mention:

HENRY F. BARNETT; C. G. TUCKER.

COMPETITION 6

ESSAY ON "MY SCHOOL."
(Open to girls only.)

First Prize, One Guinea:

EVERILDA SIMPSON, Free Library, Whitehaven.

Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

MOLLY SYLVESTER, Hilden Pensionat, bei Düsseldorf, Germany.

Honourable Mention:

UNA DESIRÉE LONGSTAFF; KATHERINE MORISON; ROSE EDITH SARLL; EDITH MARY CHETTLE.

[Please, dear girls who compete, try to spell a little better! Here are some words as they were spelled in otherwise excellent essays by girls of 14 to 17—*separate, delegate, pedestal, superb* (of a city), *accomadate*. But the girls are not altogether to blame. It is quite evident that "roots," or the derivations of words, are not taught as they ought to be.]

COMPETITION 7

Art.

THE BEST COPY, IN WATER-COLOURS OR OILS,
OF OUR NOVEMBER FRONTISPICE.

First Prize, Three Guineas:

B. LEMMON, High Street, Hythe, Kent.

Second Prize, Two Guineas:

MISS H. B. LLOYD, 83A Bold Street, Liverpool.

Very Highly Commended:

MISS ISABELLA BOSTON, Comrie, Perthshire.

Highly Commended:

MISS MACFARLANE, Edinburgh; WILLIAM THOMSON, Aberdeen; MISS EDITH PARKER, Bognor; MISS EVELYN M. ARNEY, Winscombe; W. R. PRENTICE, Ipswich; AMELIA KEWLEY, Douglas; SARA KAYE, Douglas.

COMPETITION 8

Music.

Hymn Tune: "O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS."

Prize, Three Guineas:

R. G. THOMPSON, Mus. B. Dunelm, Whitehall Place, Stockton-on-Tees.

Highly Commended:

GEORGE FRANK MANWARING, Newick; E. E. MOORE, Ilkley; C. M. PENN, Farnham; L. MEADOWS WHITE, Horning.

COMPETITION 9

Needlework.

[Besides the work which obtained prizes and mention, many other articles were sent in. All have been distributed amongst the poor of London.]

(A) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.

First Prize, Two Guineas:

MISS J. M. NEILD, Mountpleasant House, Tunbridge Wells.

Two Second Prizes, Half-a-Guinea each:

MISS MABEL FOLJAMBE, Kirkham Abbey, York.

MISS ETHEL MAXWELL BROWNE, Preston

House, Redhill, Surrey.

[This prize had to be divided, owing to the equal excellence of the work.]

Highly Commended:

MRS. McCULLOUGH, 127 Glenfield Place, Ormeau Road, Belfast; MISS C. CLARK, Woodview, Tetton Hall Road, Wolverhampton.

Honourable Mention:

MISS CLARKE, 28 Compton Terrace, N.

(B) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.

First Prize, One Guinea:

MISS RANKIN, Masonic School, Ball's Bridge, Dublin.

Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

MISS L. E. BECK, 7 Hawarden Avenue, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Highly Commended:

MISS PROCTOR, Witton Vicarage, North Waltham; MRS. SIMPSON, Park Terrace, Whitby; MISS CAVEL, Melton Hill, Woodbridge.

Honourable Mention:

MISS DOBLE, Broomfield, Bridgwater; MISS SAINSBURY, St. James's Street, Brighton; MISS SARAH MIST, Myrtle Villas, Bromley, Kent.

(C) BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS.

First Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

MISS EMILY A. RUSSELL, 98 Bexley Road, Erith.

Second Prize, Five Shillings:

MISS C. T. MAUGER, High Cliff, Millbrook, Jersey.

Highly Commended:

MRS. JOHN FERGUSON, Greenbank Avenue, Plymouth; MRS. TURNER, High Street, Marylebone, w.; MISS M. W. PARSON, Coates, Cirencester.

Honourable Mention:

MISS E. GODDARD, Welborne Road, Tottenham; SAYDIE GANDER, Winton, Bournemouth; MISS A. WINIFRED BROWNE, Red Hill, Surrey; MRS. BARTLETT, Hamilton Road, Reading; MISS L. BOWIS, Kirby Moorside, Yorks.